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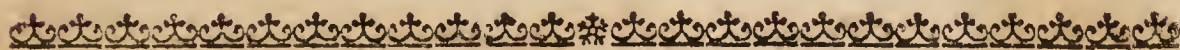
W I T H S O M E

ESSAYS in PROSE,

LETTERS to Correspondents, &c.

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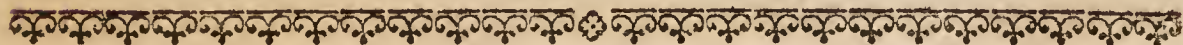
A Treatise on Health.



DEDICATED TO

CHARLES BOYLE,

Lord Viscount DUNGARVAN.



By SAMUEL BOWDEN, M.D.

Of FROME, Somersetsh'.




Agrestem tenui metitabor arundine Musam.



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To the Right Honourable
CHARLES BOYLE,
Lord Viscount DUNGARVAN,
THIS MISCELLANY,
However unworthy his LORDSHIP'S PROTECTION,
IS DEDICATED.

From a Sincere
Esteem and Admiration of his Lordship's Virtues;
And in Humble Gratitude for His
Candid Approbation of these Rural Lays;
And for the
Indulgence He has Allow'd the AUTHOR
in patronizing Them;

AND
In permitting Him thus publickly to declare Himself,

T O
HIS LORDSHIP,
AND TO
HIS NOBLE FAMILY,

*A most Devoted, and
Obliged Humble Servant,*
Samuel Bowden.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1704

By the Author

THE SECOND VOLUME

OF THE HISTORY



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT may be proper to acquaint some of my readers, that most of the following poems were publish'd before, in sepe-
 rate detach'd pieces, at various times, and
 on various occasions. These I was desired
 by my friends, and by some in particular,
 as distinguish'd for their parts and genius,
 as for their high rank and station, to col-
 lect together in one volume, and to print
 them by subscription. This is now pre-
 sented to the reader ; together with some
 new poems, essays, and letters : And not
 having materials enough of my own, to
 furnish out a volume of the size intended,
 I have added a few from other hands,
 whose

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whose performance will be an honor to the rest; and not only serve to increase the bulk, but the value of the book: For so far as these have any share in the work, I rest secure of some applause, and may be said to shine with borrow'd rays, and reflected lustre.

It may fare with me in this respect, as with a certain prince amongst the *Persians*, who having not strength enough of his own, call'd in foreign aid to his assistance: But tho' by the help of these auxiliary forces he gained a noble victory, yet it shaded his own laurels, and eclipsed his fame.

I wou'd not with an affected modesty so far undervalue or depretiate the performance, as to insinuate that the author has no share of merit in it. So much I ought to say in justice to myself, and to the mortification of those, whose sole pleasure it is to find fault and cavil, that several of the following poems have already
pass'd

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pass'd muster, and met with a favourable reception by the candor of some, whose names are superior to all censure, and wou'd drown the voice of calumny. Authors who are always degrading their own works, and in a very mortify'd strain, accusing and finding fault with themselves, may undesignedly very often speak the truth at unawares, and induce people to believe more than they intended. For so much *self-abasement* has more the appearance of *hypocrisy*, than *modesty*. This is like the mistaken and pretended humility of some canting enthusiasts, who carry the notion of their own unworthiness too far; and tho' people of a tolerable good fame, and decent behaviour, are yet always condemning, and accusing themselves, as the vilest of sinners, and full of all uncleanness, and abomination; and thus, having not the least spark of virtue or goodness in them, must consequently be damn'd, by their own account, without a strong reliance on foreign aid and protection: Tho' let the case be how it will, people
of

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of this stamp, are many of them sure of salvation, since they are amongst the number of the elect. Happy would it be for a great many of the polite, and literary stamp, if they could persuade themselves, or others, into this belief: They might then ride triumphant on the wings of fame to eternity, secure of their laurels, and glory at last; and defy all the shafts of the critics, who, like so many *Apollyons*, beset the poet's way, and infest his passage, in this state of pilgrimage, and probation. But however matters stand as to religious speculations, or rather enthusiastic conceits, it is far otherwise in the poetic dispensation, or matters of literature. Here an author must stand, or fall, according to his own *intrinsic merit*, or the soundness of his own works. There is no imputation, no protection here; no sanctuary for an impenitent scribbler, no asylum for dulness. False wit admits of no expiation, and is subject to no absolution. The throne of *Apollo* is inexorable, all obla-

tions

tions are in vain, and the most fragrant incense of no effect.

So far indeed a poet may be said to be elected, or born for glory, without any real merit of his own, who has by a sort of birthright, a portion of that divine spirit, or native celestial fire, infus'd into him by inheritance. He may then with some propriety be said to be a true son of adoption, or heir to fame.—*Igneus est illis vigor, et coelestis origo Seminibus.* Virg.—Or according to the old adage,—*Poeta nascitur, non fit.* But this innate spirit, this native propensity, or *plastic genius*, if it is not properly cherished, and cultivated, may soon be smother'd, and extinguish'd; or only *blaze* out like some delusive meteor, or *creep* in a lambent flame. It is education, and diligence alone, that must improve, and manure the latent stamina, expand the prolific matter, mould the shapeless embryo, and give it form, motion, growth, and vigor: But yet nothing is to be done, *invita minerva*: Nature alone

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alone is the bountiful *alma mater*, that must produce the original seeds, but the assistance of art must make them shoot, blossom, and bear all the rich and noble fruits of wit and learning.

*'Tis this must animate the native flame,
And make it shoot, and ripen into fame.*

But all the pains, and skill of manure, and diligence of culture, are thrown away on a bad soil, and unpropitious climate.

As a great many people wonder'd that these poems were publish'd by subscription, it may be proper to acquaint the reader, that this was done at the particular request and solicitation of some friends. This method has also been taken by a great many authors, of much superior merit, in order to propagate their labors, and disperse their works ; which might otherwise have long lain unnotic'd, and disregarded in the bookfellers shops ; and have slept with the fathers, in peaceful obscurity, amongst the dust, and cobweb of metaphysics,

physics, and bulky tomes of scholastic logic. By this means too, a book falls into many hands, and an author is sure of distributing a certain number of copys; and has very often, perhaps, more *purchasers* than he has *readers* and *admirers*. In this respect, I may be deemed very fortunate, in having such a numerous subscription. By this means too, an author's works are decently usher'd into the world: Or if the performance dies, and the writer sinks into oblivion,

*Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest;
Where Gildon banks, &c.*

If this should be the case, he may be said to make his exit with some pomp and decorum, to be honorably escorted to the grave, and have a handsome retinue to attend his manes, and grace his funeral obsequys.

So far the following performance may deserve some regard, or be said to be negatively good; that like a *Darbyshire*
charm,

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charm, if 'twill do thee no good, it will do thee no hurt ; as there is nothing in the composition that can offend the chastest reader, or violate the decency of the press. If there is nothing to improve the mind, or exalt the fancy, there is nothing to corrupt the morals, to kindle impure flames, or raise a guilty passion.

*Immodest words admit of no defence ;
For want of decency, is want of sense.*

A WRITER who indulges his imagination in these libertys, and prostitutes his poetic talents on immoral, obscene subjects, makes his pen become a *Pandar* for vice : And the more wit, or vein of fancy and genius he is inspir'd with, the more capacity he has for diffusing mischief, and extending, and propagating the poisonous impressions : Like some contagious exhalations, which the more subtle and volatile they are, the more fatal, and the fitter to expand, and insinuate the corrupt and pernicious effluvia. Fine was the character given of *Queen Anne*, in a play dedicated
to

The P R E F A C E. xiii

to her majesty, in the beginning of her reign.

*Gives glorious morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear,
And wit be that, which heaven and she might bear.*

THE original design of poetry, if we may credit the account we have of its first attempts, and flights, in the earliest ages, was to *celebrate virtue*, and record the praises of great and heroic actions: And according to the most authentic historys, either sacred or profane, poetry was the first sort of writing known, and practis'd in the world. It is generally allow'd, that the book of *Job* (who is thought by the best critics to have lived before *Moses*) was wrote originally in verse: And several parts of the scripture, *Isaiab* in particular, are wrote with a truly sublime, poetical, or rather Pindaric spirit. The oldest songs which any records of history have handed down to us, are those of *Moses* and *Deborah*: The design and language of both
which

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which exalted flights of poetry, are to record the praises of the supreme being. And according to the earliest accounts we have of *Pagan* story, the oldest compositions were all of the same stamp, and strain, all inspired with raptures of praise, and flights of devotion; and generally dedicated to the honor of their gods, their heroes, or their patriots. The first writings we have any knowledge of are songs, psalms, and hymns of praise: Such as those of *Orpheus*, of *Pindar*, *Stesichorus*, and *Tyrtæus*. *Hesiod* begins his book with a pious address to the supreme being, in ten devout lines:

*Descend, and sing th' eternal father's praise,
Ye nymphs of Pindus! with immortal lays, &c.*

Pythagoras too begins his *Aurea Carmina*, or golden lines, in the same divine, seraphic strain: —

*Th' immortal Powers, ye Muses, first address,
And god-like heroes next shall grace the verse, &c.*

HAV-

The PREFACE. xv

HAVING thus shewn that poetry was more antient than prose, and that it was originally dedicated to the service of virtue, and heroic passion, it is much to be lamented that it should degenerate from its antient purity and sublimity. It is pity so noble, and divine a spirit, should be sunk, and debas'd to low, vulgar, and ignoble subjects ; or what is worse, be prostituted to the purposes of immorality, and irreligion. If pagan temples, and the antient shrines of poetry, breath'd with such divine incense, and were warm'd with raptures of praise, and devotion, it is strange that christian altars should be so cold, and uninspir'd ; that the muses should turn apostates, or indulge to low wit, and the ungovern'd flights of a licentious imagination.

It is not to be suppos'd that the beautys of poetry should alter the nature of things, or make mean, vicious actions, agreeable, or eligible, tho' it may gloss them over with a false lustre. Vice in all shapes,

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shapes, has such a natural deformity, and turpitude, that not all the colourings even of *Ovid's* pen, or *Titian's* pencil, can set it off to advantage : Tho' witty similes, and unchaste, obscene words, and descriptions, often kindle impure passions, debauch the fancy, and corrupt the imagination ; but like the *Syren's* melody, while it *charms* it *kills*. Virtue, as it is naturally lovely and charming, so it never appears more graceful, and inviting, than when rob'd, and dress'd out with the ornaments, and embellishments of the muses, her handmaids, or tirewomen : Like a beautiful form set off, and adorn'd with all the advantages of art, and decorations of dress.

BUT while I am thus recommending virtue, and the auxiliary strength, and assistance it receives from poetry, and panegyric, I am aware of an objection some have made to the following poems, *viz.* That the subjects of most of them are low and trivial, and that they are not devoted

The PREFACE. xvii

voted enough to the themes of religion, and morality : But (not to mention that every genius is not equal to such lofty speculations) people of this stamp can relish nothing but *divine hymns*, and *spiritual songs* ; all poetry with them is prophane, and pagan, if not inspir'd with pious breathings, and tagg'd with texts of scripture ; and the mention of heathen deities, and antient mythology, is to them an abomination. But such *seraphic* critics should consider, that a useful, moral, and divine instruction, may be derived from little subjects, and insignificant incidents, as flowers are produced from humble offsprings, and impure dirt. However mean therefore, or uninspir'd, the performance may be in other respects, it so far merits regard, that the *moral sentiment* is preserv'd throughout, and poetry made the vehicle of instruction, whenever the theme would admit of it. The poem for instance on the *Mouse* and *Oyster*, the *Disappointed Travellers*, &c. are low, and trifling subjects ; but an occasion is taken from hence
to

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to convey, and inculcate some moral hint, and useful lesson, *viz.* *abstinence*, and *patience* under adversity, &c.

THERE are other people, of such a *grave*, *phlegmatic*, and *unmusical* disposition, that they have no taste, or relish for poetry ; and are always exclaiming against it, as a trifling, puerile, or dangerous entertainment : But people of this unharmonious, or I may say unhappy temper, and complexion, that have no ear, or passion for music themselves, shou'd not censure those who have, nor be at variance with a profession, because they don't understand, or relish it. This wou'd be to call in question the goodness of their *tempers*, if not of their *capacity* and constitution. But there is a party spirit, and bigotry of taste, in matters of literature, and polite knowledge, as well as in religion, and politics. Every one is apt to set up his own standard of criticism, and is orthodox in his own conceit. Persons of this rigid, cynical, and untunable composition, as they lose much of their
hap-

happinefs on earth, fo they are like to enjoy a fmaller part of the joys and felicitys of heaven, which are faid to confift chiefly of praife and melody, fongs and hallelujahs.

THE great bufinefs, and intention of poetry is to paint agreeable fcenes, and pictures on the imagination, to infpire the mind, and raife the paffions to a noble, divine pitch: The lofty flights of *heroic verfe*, with all its daring metaphors, pompous images, fublime descriptions, and harmonious numbers, are all devoted to this purpofe. *Lyric* poetry, odes, fonnets, epigrams, &c. which chiefly compofe this volume, are but like toys, and rattles, *baubles*, and *bellaria*, compar'd to the grandeur, and fublimity of *epic verfe*.

THIS book being printed in the country, there are feveral erratas, moft of which are mark'd under that title. The other faults of the prefs, as well as of the author, are fubmitted to the candor and clemency of the reader. I'm confcious of many blunders, and puerilitys, in feveral of the poems

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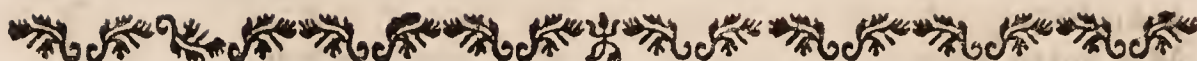
poems (some of which were printed before they cou'd be corrected): The author wou'd think himself very happy, if the performance bore any proportion to that noble list of subscribers, who have favour'd him with their names ; or to the honor and indulgence of such an illustrious patron, whose accomplishments, were they sufficiently known, would render all encomiums needless ; the muse might then be silent, and rhetoric itself dumb. And here, was I to indulge the passion I have for panegyric, I have a large unbeaten field to expatiate in ; but decency forbids, what truth, gratitude, and justice require. Yet merit will always have its advocates, and virtue extort unwilling smiles of applause even from chagrin, and envy itself: But tho' I pass over the other virtues of his lordship, with a sort of *criminal silence*, I cannot help mentioning *one*, which crowns all the rest, and without which, all other accomplishments are *vain, insipid, or pedantic*, and all learning loses its lustre: And this is the greatest *sweetness* of
of

The P R E F A C E. XXI

of *temper, affability, and benevolence* : This is so remarkable, that it exerts itself on all occasions ; but in none more than in its condescending to take notice of these humble essays of a rural muse, and sheltering her under so fair a protection.

THESE books were at first design'd to have been deliver'd in some sort of binding ; but this was laid aside on account of a larger number of poems than was then intended ; what is wanted in dress being compensated in bulk : Besides, books subscribed for are commonly delivered stitch'd in blue paper ; tho' some of them are in half binding for those who have desir'd it.

THE *Essay on Health* was added to make out the volume : And is rather a rude sketch, or specimen of what might have been said on so important a subject. The theory there recommended could have been supported by a variety of instances, and memoirs of historical facts, collected from my own observation, if there had been room to insert them. But this must be reserved to some future treatise.



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 42. After Ode to *Echo*, add By Mr. R——L.
 48. Line 6. Dele *Animal*.
 58. 15. Read *Cimmerian*,
 103. 22. Read *Harp for Heart*.
 113. 10. Read *Ilium*.
 118. Dele the two first Lines.
 127. Line 11. Lifted *for* Lifted.
 153. 6. Read an *Hermit*
 260. 20. Dele, and *Satire*.
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 344. 1. Read *tutelar*.
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 357. 2. Read *Antoninus*.

Messing



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BOYLE,

On His late MARRIAGE to

Miss HOARE of STURTON.

----- *fulsere ignes, et conscius æther*
Connubii, summoque ulnarunt vertice Nymphæ.
 VIRG.

WHILE crouds, my Lord, applaud your happy
 Choice,
 The Muse attempts the theme, with grateful voice.

YE nymphs of *Helicon* begin the song,
 For themes of love to heavenly nymphs belong.
 What swain, what savage can a song refuse,
 When *Hymen* calls, and BOYLE inspires the muse.

A

WITH

With every virtue blest, a youthful Peer,
 Friend to the shades, and to the muses dear,
 Yields to the soft captivity of love,
 What breast so hard that beauty cannot move ?
 When sweetness, sense, and innocence conspire,
 With blended charms, to fan the gentle fire.
 Thrice happy Peer ! possesst of such a Bride ;
 Thrice happy Nymph ! to such a Peer ally'd.

LET lawless libertines licentious live ;
 Virtue alone true happiness can give.
 Let cavern'd anchorites, in cell, or bower,
 With sullen pleasure spend the gloomy hour ;
 Born for a social life—the bliss we boast
 Is half in monkish celibacy lost ;
 But in connubial harmony ally'd,
 We both our pleasures and our pains divide.
 Soft are the chains, when friendship mingles hands,
 And *Cupid* yokes the doves in filken bands.
 Love fixt on Virtue, always burns the same ;
 Love stirs the fire, but Friendship fans the flame.
 If storms of adverse fortune war shou'd wage,
 Her gentle bosom softens half its rage ;
 Her peaceful smiles will smoothe the rugged way,
 Brighten the gloom, and make the desert gay.

HAIL

HAIL happy Pair ! in such blest union join'd,
 By mutual love, and sympathy of mind.
 Hark ! whispering zephyrs propagate the tale
 Thro' every conscious grove, and vocal vale :
 From hill to hill the joyful echos fly,
 And waft the pleasing tidings to the sky.
 See how gay *Flora* paints th' enamel'd ground,
 And nature smiles in all her pride around ;
 For you new beauties deck the dawning year, *
 And halcyon skys in azure robes appear :
 For you the fields new liveries assume,
 And sudden verdures open thro' the gloom :
 While morn and eve the amorous planet light,
 Gilds with unclouded beams the bridal night.
 See from afar the mountain nymphs advance,
 And *Sylphs* and *Dryads* in the valleys dance :
 See *Paphos* queen with all her train of loves,
 To *Sturton* fly, and leave the *Idalian* groves ;
 The bowers of *Cythera* no longer please,
 But yield in beauty, and in bliss to these.

HAIL happy *Sturton* ! elegant retreat !
 At once the Graces and the Muses' seat ;
 And Love now makes the Paradise compleat.

}

* Alluding to the uncommon fine serene Season, which continu'd all the Spring, and will soften the Hyperbole.

O ! cou'd my humble muse, in equal strains,
 Paint thy fair landships, and thy verdant plains ;
 Thy silver fountains, and thy fragrant flowers ;
 Thy nodding forests, and romantic bowers :
 Where solemn grottos blend with sunny glades,
 And lyric birds inspire poetic shades ;
 Then shou'd thy feat, when all these scenes decay,
 When groves, and grotts, and temples fade away,
 Smile with the laurels which the muses give,
 And in the smooth description always live.
 Thy trees should then unfading greens display,
 Thy streams still murmur in the Poet's lay;
 Clad in eternal verdure, bloom as long
 As *Windsor Walks*, immortaliz'd in song :
 Long as the Name of BOYLE's illustrious Line
 Shall grace the Seat, or in the Senate shine.





T H E
MOUSE *and the* **OYSTER:**

Occasion'd by a
 MOUSE caught in an OYSTER-SHELL.

Wrote at the COMMAND of the Right Honourable
 Lord Viscount *WEYMOUTH*.



Divina opici rodebant carmina Mures.

LET loftier pens the hero's acts relate,
 I sing the *Mouse's* memorable fate ;
 Nor let a critic ear the theme refuse,
 Immortal made by the *Mæonian Muse*.

'Twas when the shades of night o'erspread the plain,
 When bats, and fairies, mice, and meteors reign ;

When lab'ring hinds forget the toils of day,
 And *Philomel* begins her lonely lay ;
 A daring *Mouse*, that dauntless long defy'd
 The various arts which *Abigail* had try'd,
 His destin'd doom receiv'd,—for soon or late
 Both Mice and Monarchs must submit to fate.

OF T' was the moon with silver lustre crown'd,
 Since the nocturnal vagrant march'd his round.
 Soon as his foe, the sun, had took its flight,
 Tript forth the little pyrate of the night ;
 With cautious tread,—secure from fell mishap,
 Of tabby tyrant, or tremendous trap.

So from some port of *Sallee*, or *Algier*,
 Their star-light course advent'rous corsairs steer,
 Intent some bark, from *Naples* fraught, to seize,
 Or some rich merchant from *Levantine* seas.

STILL at the head of his rapacious clan,
 He skipt from shelf to shelf, and pan to pan :
 With nose sagacious snuffs the baited gin,
 Wary and conscious of the snare within.
 In vain the cook, alarm'd with frequent fear,
 On shelves aloft conceals the daily geer :
 Puddings in vain,—that smoak but once a week,
 On cupboard high a sanctuary seek ;

Vent'rous

Vent'rous he storms the garrison sublime,
Or saps that closet which he cannot climb.

WHEN pantry fails—books oft' confess his rage,
And hungry ruin spreads from page to page.
The sacred theft here mangl'd bibles shew ;
Here mystic *Bunyan* mourns, and there *De-Foe*.
Romances, riddles, tales of monks, and witches ;
With songs of *Robin Hood*, and dying speeches.
Thus liv'd the wily *Mouse* on various prey,
Plunder'd all night, and slumber'd all the day.

WHEN ruddy morn wak'd the more ruddy maid,
What scenes of ruin were around display'd !
Bright basons here in painted fragments lie,
And there the squalid relicks of a pie.
Oft' in polluted loaves, aghast ! she sees
Arch'd caverns yawn, and sepulchres of cheese.
Not more tremendous lookt the *Cyclop's* den,
Or *Cuma's* grot, describ'd by *Maro's* pen.

BUT the lamented faucer grieves her most,
Whose brims blue letters in a circle boast :
That faucer, which her swain last rural wake
Gave her, adorn'd with motto, and with cake ;
'Twas then, with weeping eyes, revenge she swore,
And threw the last sad remnants on the floor ;

Invok'd

Invok'd both Gods and Dæmons in despair,
 And mutter'd half a curse, and half a pray'r.
 Not with less grief the *Trojan* heroes found
 Their prostrate banquets scatter'd on the ground ;
 When from on high rapacious *Harpys* flew,
 With claws obscene, and all the feast o'erthrew.

Thus long, unharm'd, the Epicure patrol'd,
 And fearless o'er the silent mansions strol'd ;
 Luxurious nights in pleasing plunder past,
 Nor wot that this was doom'd to be his last.
 For now the time—the destin'd time, was sent ;
 So fate ordain'd,—and who can fate prevent ?
 Once more night's shades involv'd the *haunted house* ;
 Once more from covert bolts the advent'rous *Mouse*,
 As usual, ranging for nocturnal prey,
 In some ill hour, he crept where *Oysters* lay.
 The Fish, commission'd from the wat'ry throng,
 With tegument of scaly armour strong,
 Lay with expanded mouth—an horrid cell !
 What pen the dire catastrophe can tell ?
 Stretcht on the shore, thus ready for surprize,
 With jaws expanded, *Nile's* dread monster lies.
 'Th' insatiate thief, now fond of some new dish,
 Explores the dark apartment of the fish ;
 Conscious of bearded touch, the *Oyster* fell,
 And caught the head of caitiff in the shell.

In vain the victim labours to get free
From durance hard, and dread captivity :
Lockt in the close embrace—dire fate ! he lies
In pillory safe—pants, struggles, squeaks, and dies.

INSTRUCTED thus—let Epicures beware,
Warn'd of their fate—nor seek luxurious fare.

BUT when the Cook beheld her foe confin'd,
O say what raptures fill'd her anxious mind ?
What acclamations fill the joyful house ?
What wond'ring crouds behold the captive *Mouse* ?

STILL hangs the shell—a monument sublime,
Safe where no boys can reach, no cats can climb :
Where ostrich-eggs, and birds presaging weather,
Dry'd herbs, dry'd hams, and halcyons swing together.

AND when beneath the jovial master smoaks,
And cracks his nuts,—his bottles,—or his jokes,
This tale he tells, to grace the rescu'd Pie ;
And to the trophy'd relic points on high.





T O A
Beautiful Young LADY,
O N H E R

Conveying a VIPER into a CLERGYMAN'S
POCKET, at the EARL of ORRERY'S, at
Marston-House, Aug. 1744.



POSSEST with such resistless charms,
Why should you covet other arms?
Why any foreign aid explore,
You who cou'd wound too fast before?
With *Cupid's* whole artillery clad,
'Twas barbarous, poison'd darts to add.

In other foes 'tis deem'd unfair,
With venom'd arms to wage a war,
Achilles, or fam'd *Pella's* lord,
In poison never dipt their sword.

Tyrants

Tyrants, of high despotic views,
 Will arbitrary weapons use.
 Sure you are some tyrannic maid,
 To call in *Vipers* to your aid,
 And make us run still further risque ;
 You, who have eyes of Basilisk.
 But as of old, in *Eden's* ground,
 Serpents in flow'ry fields were found :
 So hence this Moral we may take,
 No *Paradise* without a Snake.

'Twas well a grave and reverend *Seer*
 You thus inspir'd with mortal fear ;
 For men of sanctity, they say,
 With spells can conjure harm away :
 But ah ! no spells can exorcise
 The fatal magic of your Eyes ;
 Eyes that at every glance can kill,
 And baffle *Mead's*, and *Galen's* skill.





T O
A Y O U N G L A D Y,

On her LIKING the
Preceding Verses, in Praise of Miss *P—tt.*



SINCE free from a detracting spirit,
You bear to hear a rival's merit ;
The praise which is to *Celia* due,
Fair Nymph ! but echoes back to you.

WITH candour, and good-nature blest,
No envy swells your peaceful breast.
Envy and Pride too oft' are found
Like wasps to visit flow'ry ground ;
And murm'ring most in fragrant air,
Buz thro' the circles of the fair.
Pity such guests shou'd e'er annoy
Bosoms of beauty, and of joy.
As Vipers often hide unseen,
Beneath some bank of mossy green ;
But candid minds, and generous Hearts,
Despise such low censorious arts.

Tho'

Tho' sparkling beauties *Celia* blefs,
Delia's and your's are not the lefs.
 What if the Muse applauds like you,
 Fair *Phillis*, and *Orinda* too ;
 Say, gentle Nymph, would you repine,
 If I should fing, and they should shine ?

ENVY, like fome contagious blight,
 Blasts the fair bloffoms of the light ;
 That canker beauty's force difarms,
 And robs the fair of half their charms :
 Like trees which caft fuch noxious fhadcs,
 That every plant about them fades.

TRUE merit ftill our praife extorts,
 Whether in cottages, or courts ;
 Whether it gilds the rich brocade,
 Or humbly lurks in freeze, or plaid :
 While the vain pomp, which crouds adore,
 Is only folly, varnish'd o'er.

Oh ! happy Nymph !—in whom we find
 The charms of body, and of mind :
 And happy Swain ! whofe lot fhall fhare
 A Nymph fo generous, and fo fair.



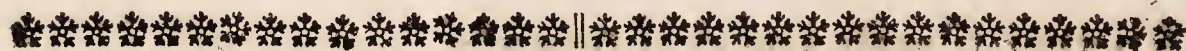
To the Reverend

Mr. *Lionel Seaman*, M. A.

O N H I S

Building a new *Vicarage-House* at FROME,
on the Ruins of the old House,

FEBRUARY, 1748.



*Vetustis dare novitatem, obscuris gratiam
Obsoletis nitorem, &c. CICERO.*

WHERE late an old monastic Structure stood,
In ruins clad, and silent solitude ;
In antient times, as popish legends tell,
Of Austin saints, a venerable cell :
(When superstition her dark empire spread,
And learning lurk'd in cobweb, and in shade ;

When

When monks in pious ignorance were nurst,
 And tomes immortal lay conceal'd in dust) ;
 A finish'd Fabric now salutes the day,
 With pleasing pomp, magnificently gay.
 Where yawning arches nodded all around,
 The fair Creation rises from the ground ;
 In graceful elegance attracts the sight,
 Smiles o'er the ruins, and dispels the night.

As when the weary traveller, with surprize,
 Sees sudden verdure in the desert rise ;
 Thus midst the waste the beauteous pile appears,
 And mocks the spoil of time, the wreck of years.
 Admiring crouds the pleasing change explore,
 While order reigns, where discord spread before.

ORDER still pleases each judicious eye,
 E'en dunces Art admire,—they know not why,
 Beauty and Harmony strike every mind ;
 In Herds and *Hottentots* a taste we find :
 That eye or organ must have some disease,
 Which sounds can't touch, or beauty cannot please.

Thus when you charm the list'ning croud around,
 With pious precepts, and pathetic sound ;
 Each tuneful period still attention draws,
 And fullen envy whispers out applause ;

The

The soft conviction strikes the poison'd ear,
 And contrite sinners drop th' unwilling tear.
 So when mad spiders * bite th' Italian swain,
 Music's soft power restores the sense again :
 Or when relax'd the tuneful hours you spend,
 To banish care, or entertain your friend,
 The conscious nerves feel each transporting string ;
 The groves are hush'd, and birds forget to sing.

OTHERS of prouder palaces may boast,
 Of blundering labour, and unmeaning cost ;
 Where shapeless plans absurdity confess,
 In Gothic ornaments, and barbarous dress ;
 Where stone and timber lie in chaos more,
 Than in the quarry, or the wood before :
 Like Babel's tower such piles blaspheme the skys,
 And mock the more, the more sublime they rise.

HERE sense and symmetry in every part,
 Command the eye, and captivate the heart.
 Now in a cornice, or a light we trace,
Romano's genius, or *Vitruvio's* grace.
 O'er all a grand simplicity is seen,
 A modest beauty, and majestic mien.
 Here *Attic* windows welcome in the day,
 Fair without state, and without splendor gay :

* The Bite of the Tarantula is cured by Music.

No wanton rays, with glaring lustre shine,
 The light looks solemn, and the day divine.
 If some fair villa, or saloon we raise,
Corinthian wreaths, and fluted columns please ;
 Inlaid *Mosaic* shews its figur'd face,
 And swol'n festoons the gaudy pillars grace :
 But when Religion bids the structure rise,
 No flow'ry sculptures shou'd allure our eyes ;
 The plan, like epic, should be grand and *one*,
 And no unhallow'd chissel mark the stone.

FROM hence expanding landskips strike the view,
 Whose wild variety seems always new.
 Deep in the vale below, the river glides ;
 Gay fields and gardens deck its verdant sides ;
 Peaceful it glides the noisy town along,
 Calm, and unmindful of the busy throng :
 As some lone pilgrim, bent on his abode,
 With steady steps pursues the silent road.
 From hence, the hills, the gardens, and the trees,
 With blended bowers, and checquer'd beauty's please ;
 While tufted farms, embosom'd deep in green,
 With miscellaneous view divert the scene.

CLOSE by the pile, where stood the antient hall,
 A new *Gymnasium* rears its humbler wall.
 Religion thus, with learning in her eye,
 Together rise—and shall together die.

One fate attends the *Rostrum* and the *Rod*,
 Still *Pallas* trembles, when her temples nod ;
 Still in one orb, like sister stars they shine ;
 Move in one track, and in one shade decline.
Frome smiles, and views with pleasure and surprize
 Her sacred walls from desolation rise.
 The mystic *Muse* sees brighter days revolve,
 The rays of knowledge dawn, the clouds dissolve :
 With eyes prophetic sees her sages rule,
 And wave the gentle sceptre o'er the school :
 Sees youths unborn inspire the classic ground,
 And learned accents o'er the roof resound.
 While factious *Ignorance*, with jealous eyes,
 Far from the rising seminary flies.

LONG may you live, to grace the happy seat,
 And peace and pleasure bless the sweet retreat.
 Correct mad vice, neglected laws restore ;
 Bid laurels bloom where ivy crept before ;
 While Arts and Learning all about you smile.
 And exil'd Muses hover o'er the pile.





A

Farewel to the Country.

By a L A D Y.



HOW shall the Muse, distress'd in numbers, tell
 The pain she feels at this sad word—*farewel*?
 Scarce can she bear the oft' repeated sound,
 While, echo like, the accents back rebound ;
 And still pursue her, like some frighted ghost,
 'Till in great *London's* crouded streets they're lost.
 Farewel to all the pleasures of the fields,
 Those sweet delights each spangl'd meadow yields.
 Farewel ye silver streams, ye bubbling brooks,
 Ye reverend lofty trees, and rural rooks.
 Farewel to the melodious feather'd throng,
 Whose artless notes inspir'd my rustic song.

B 2

While

While warbling sweetness sooth'd my cares to rest,
 And peace and harmony fill'd all my breast.
 Farewel each shady wood, each fragrant grove,
 Each verdant plain, where fleecy flocks still rove.
 Farewel the lowly huts, where virtue dwells;
 Farewel to merit, hid in lonely cells.
 Farewel each charming dear delicious shade,
 Where balmy Zephyrs fan the harmless maid.
 No more shall I your jovial pastimes join,
 Watch my dear flocks, or curious garlands twine.
 When free from care in beachen bower I sung,
 Nor ever thought the Halcyon moments long:
 That sweet retirement, and those blissful joys,
 I now exchange for tumults, crouds and noise.

FAREWEL then, *Thyrsis*, by the Gods design'd
 A blessing to these plains, and all mankind.
 Still sweetly sing your soft melodious lays,
 And with your sacred art prolong our days.

FAREWEL *Philander* ! lovely *Delia* too,
 But oh ! the muse can scarcely say adieu.
 Still to the nuptial band an honour live,
 That *Hymen*, long disgrac'd, new joys may give.

FAREWEL *Palemon* ! may that pleasing art,
 Which undefigning charms our virgin heart,

Still its unfully'd innocence retain,
 And may you never breath one sigh in vain.
 But when the speaking chords you artful prest,
 Or tuneful sung, what nymph could guard her breast?
 But oh ! may generous passions charm your soul,
 And friendship's sacred ties your love control.

To *Strephon* too I now must bid farewell,
 In whom the pleasing graces sweetly dwell :
 That sweet vivacity, that sprightly air,
 That lovely mien will charm th' admiring fair.

FAREWELL to *Philomela's* tuneful strains,
 Which bless the fields, and charm the wond'ring
 swains :
 Whose warbling numbers oft' my soul inspir'd,
 Rais'd my dull soul, and every passion fir'd.
 But tho' deny'd the music of your tongue,
 On which the softest eloquence is hung,
 Yet deign to bless me with some tuneful thought,
 And let me not, tho' absent, be forgot.
 Oh ! make these scenes immortal with your praise ;
 Still may they bloom in *Philomela's* lays.

BUT how my dear *Belinda* can I quit ?
 Blest with good humour, eloquence, and wit.
 How bright her soul ! her language how refin'd !
 How just her thoughts ! how uncorrupt her mind !

With her how swift the pleasing moments flew !
 Sure such a form can savage souls subdue.
 But yet tho' distant, may we ever prove
 The noblest friendship, pure angelic love.

AND dear *Myrtilla* with regret I lose,
 Who first did smile upon my infant muse.
 Else had she still in shades obscure have lain,
 And not appear'd on this censorious plain.
 But banish'd now from your auspicious smile,
 My muse no more shall fleeting hours beguile.
 Should she with all her rural, artless trains
 Of unsuspecting harmless nymphs and swains,
 'Midst beaus and belles, in the gay town appear,
 At virtuous innocence, how wou'd they sneer ?
 How would they listen with a strange amaze,
 To hear her pipes and reeds, 'midst balls and plays ?
 While she (unskill'd in those pernicious arts,
 By which they triumph o'er unwary hearts)
 Must be insulted by corrupted wit,
 Or fly their jeers, or what is worse, submit.
 Guilty amours must then her lays recite,
 And perjur'd love her tuneful thoughts indite.

AH ! can I wish my inoffensive muse
 Wou'd thus her virtuous innocence abuse ?
 Forbid it Heaven, my muse should faithless be ;
 Oh ! rather let her fly to shades and liberty,

And

And live unnoted on those blissful plains,
 Where spotless love in rural sweetness reigns.
 There let me visit thy delicious bowers;
 And range the fields to gather new-blown flowers;
 Watch the gay nymphs in their delightful sports,
 Which yield more joy than baneful bliss of courts.
 In vain the fates have plac'd me in the town,
 Where noise and discord would my numbers drown.
 Domestic cares may here some hours employ,
 But the dear shades will give a lasting joy.
 My tuneful fancy oft' will take her flight,
 Where once she us'd to revel with delight:
 No theme can here one well-form'd number raise,
 For all my soul was form'd for rural lays.

THEN *Philomela* will my songs approve;
 While every note *Myrtilla's* soul will move.
 Grant this request, the rest I will resign,
 Nor ask one favour of the tuneful nine.





V E R S E S,

In PRAISE of the

SOCIETY of CARD-MAKERS,

Lately Establish'd at FROME,

1738.



COME, Muse, forsake the grove, and purling rill,
To sing the wonders of mechanic skill :
More useful themes demand thy future lays,
Pregnant with blessings, and a nation's praise.

LET antient legends, of romantic *Greece*,
Applaud the union of the golden fleece :
In later days, let popish records boast,
Great *Godfry's* band, and the Teutonic host.
More worthy leagues mechanic patriots frame,
For manual arts deserve a nobler name.

ON

ON that fam'd day, when curst Jesuits vow'd
 To blast the senate in a sulphurous cloud,
 The members meet; a memorable band,
 Tho' mean their rank, their toil supports the land :
 Linkt in the chain of business, peace and love,
 Such senates are the stay of that above.
 No party feuds, no politician's prate,
 Disturb the order of the little state :
 No impious oaths, no vanity obscene,
 Pollute the synod, and the feast prophane :
 But commerce, harmony, and publick good,
 Ease for the sick, and for the hungry food ;
 Illustrious Motives ! crown the great design,
 Nor courts can frame a purpose more divine.

BUT now, the Muse, if *Pallas* deign her aid.
 In a rough verse, shall paint a rougher trade :
 She first the virgins taught to card and spin,
 And bid the loom its wond'rous web begin :
 Immortal *Vida* sung the Silk-worm's skill,
 And *Virgil's* Numbers taught the swain to till.

OF Ash or Beechen wood, an oblong square,
 Is the first basis of the future care :
 The master next, with mathematic art,
 In figur'd diagrams dissects each part ;
 Curious as those who destin'd victims slay,
 What part to save, and what to cast away :

Or

Or as fam'd *Dido*, who with leathern thong
Mark'd out the ground from whence great *Carthage*
sprung.

By artists next the leaves are well refin'd,
Shav'd, *moos'd*, and *suppl'd* for the use design'd ;
Then stretch'd on tents, of pain unconscious, feel
Two pungent darts of penetrating steel,
'Till in a thousand gaping wounds pritch'd thro' ;
Each orifice extends exactly true.

Now from its bonds th' imprison'd captive flies,
And stands the test of criticising eyes.

Review thus pass'd—each pore receives a tire
In shining weapons clad, of stapl'd wire.

So glittering cohorts, marshal'd in array,
In even files their shining arms display ;
While polish'd blades thro' every vista glide,
And in a thousand ranks the leaf divide.

HAIL Art divine ! by thy laborious toil
We see the texture of the fleecy spoil.
From hence *Britannia's* artful sons procure
Wealth to the rich, and plenty to the poor.
'Tis thus her loaded fleet the sea commands,
And cloaths the savages in distant lands.
Commerce and Liberty enrich our shore,
While slothful *Spaniards* pine amidst their store.

VERSES,



V E R S E S,

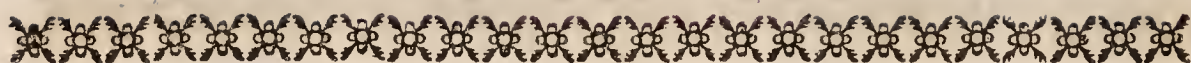
Written on the FIRST LEAF of a

LAWYER's *Coke* upon *Littleton*.



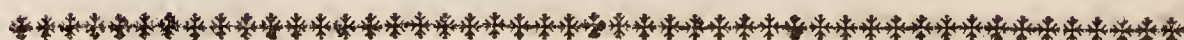
OH ! thou, who labour'st in the rugged mine,
 May'st thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine ;
 May each dark page unfold its haggard brow ;
 Doubt not to reap, if thou can'st bear to plough.
 To tempt thy care, may each revolving night
 Purfes and maces swim before thy sight,
 From hence, in times to come, advent'rous deed !
 May'st thou essay to speak, to look like *Mead*.
 When the black bag and rose no more shall shade,
 With martial air, the honors of thine head ;
 When the full wig thy visage shall inclose,
 And only leave to view thy learned nose,
 Safely thou may'st defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,
 When tenants in fee-simple stuff thy coffers.

TO



T O
A YOUNG LADY,
O N H E R
RETURN to the COUNTRY,

After a long PILGRIMAGE at BATH.



ARE you return'd at last—apostate maid !
To calm retirement, and the rural shade ?
Welcome, sweet *Sylvia*, to your silent seat,
Your sylvan solitude, and green retreat ;
Welcome to quiet days, untroubled nights,
To guiltless joys, and innocent delights ;
Welcome, fair fugitive, to peaceful *Holt*,
Almost a desert grown since your revolt.
When you withdrew, politer guests retir'd ;
The place grew dull, the fountains uninspir'd :

Your

Your wit, your company, and verse prevail'd;
And oft' recover'd when the fountains fail'd.

'Twas such a charm, as antient poets told,
Inspir'd the fam'd *Castalian* springs of old:
No healing power those sacred streams possess;
But some poetic God the region blest.
So if seraphic *Sylvia* deigns to sing,
Each list'ning stream is a *Castalian* spring;
Each grove divine, and every hill around,
Blooms with *Parnassian* laurels at the sound.

LONG the forsaken fields your absence mourn'd,
And meadows wept, in dews, 'till you return'd:
But now, again, the feather'd warblers sing,
And in the midst of winter make a spring.
The tuneful sisters, when you fled, withdrew;
For where you go, those Syrens will pursue:
While some in equipage, and showy pride,
In gilded vehicles triumphant glide;
Compar'd to yours, their shining pomp is vain,
For all the muses mingle in your train.
When poets travel, rural nymphs attend,
Sylphs dance around, and Goddesses descend.

WHAT cou'd you do in *Bath's* tumultuous air?
Can you Impertinence and folly bear?

What

What cou'd you do amongst the vain and proud,
 But live in solitude amidst the crowd :
 When to the rooms you rov'd with pensive mien,
 Still anxious *Clio* hover'd round unseen ;
 On the *Parade* oft' whisper'd in your ear,
 Fly *Sylvia*, fly,—Contentment is not here :
 Your genius calls you like some beckoning ghost ;
 Fly *Sylvia*, fly—from this enchanted coast.
 Deluded Maid, what tempts your longer stay ?
 The Country calls—come *Sylvia*, come away.

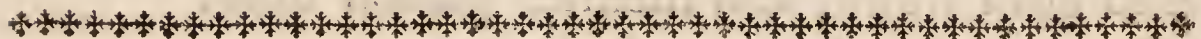
JANUARY 8, 1750-1.





To an INGENIOUS
YOUNG LADY,

Ruffled with PASSION,
Who grew Calm on Reading some Lines
in *EPICTETUS*.



SAY, much incensed Maid! can anger swell
That peaceful bosom, where the Muses dwell!
Can female passion discompose that Breast,
Where Graces us'd to smile, and Cupid's rest?
Far other flames should such a breast inspire,
Far other transport—and poetic fire.
No other flames shou'd in that region glow,
But such as Seraphs feel, and Poets know.

BUT

BUT see a ray of reason from on high,
 Dart thro' the gloom, and clear the troubl'd sky.
 (How chang'd that sky, which shone so bright
 before ?

How soon with frowns o'er-cast, and clouded o'er ?)
 Soon as her gentle influence presides;
 The tempest scatters, and the storm subsides.
 Thus *Neptune* smooths the bosom of the deep,
 Governs the winds, and bids the billows sleep.

PEACE to the soul of that immortal Sage,
 Who gave you peace, and calm'd the rising rage.
 Sacred the page, the writing all divine,
 Where heavenly rhetoric dwells in every line.
 Divine philosopher ! whose powerful spell,
 And giant truths, can monster passion quell.
 The steady stoic fits with soul serene,
 When tempests rise without, or storms within.
 Let thoughtless fops, and conscious courtiers dread,
 Earthquakes below, or meteors o'er their head ;
 The upright mind can see without a shock,
 Dissolving hills, and the convulsed rock ;
 See the earth shake, and labouring mountains bow,
 With mind unshaken, and composed brow.
 When sudden fits of rage the soul inflame,
 'Tis a short earthquake in the human frame.

In vain those momentary storms shall rise,
 When *Epictetus* at your elbow lies;
 While on your desk the stoic lamp* burns bright,
 Or near your pillow sheds its peaceful light.
 Protected thus—no storms your mind shall move,
 And S—a's bosom swell with nought but love.

MARCH 26, 1750.

* EPICTETUS commonly study'd by a Lamp at Night.—He comprised all Philosophy or Wisdom in these two words, *sustine*, et *abstine*; or *bear* and *forbear*. When he died, his earthen Lamp was sold for 3000 Drachmas, or about 50 Pounds.



C

THE



T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R ;
O R
C O N T E N T M E N T .

Republiſh'd.



H A P P Y the Man, old *Solon* cry'd,
Who with his farm content,
Can ſmile at *Croesus*' pomp and pride,
From his low tenement.

Who can at freedom range the wood,
Or reſt upon a rock ;
Can at ſome fountain take his food,
Or tend his fleecy flock,

Harm-

Harmless and innocent as they,
 And free from clam'rous strife,
 He reads or sings the time away,
 And tastes the sweets of life.

HAPPY the man, say all the wise,
 Who wears a chearful mien,
 Scorns to be govern'd by the skies,
 Or clouded by the spleen.

WHOSE thoughts, free, open, unconfin'd,
 Are void of all deceit ;
 Where reason only rules the mind,
 And keeps her God-like seat.

SMOOTH thro' his heart glides soft repose,
 No storms that feat surprize;
 Calm as the stream which by him flows,
 Or cavern where he lies.

ON Virtue's turret rais'd he stands,
 And crowds beneath him sees ;
 Firm as a pile on rocky lands,
 Sublime as cedar trees.

No dangers fright his steady soul,
 Nor discompose his rest ;
 Let the earth shake, or thunders roll,
 'Tis sun-shine in his breast.

THUS unconcern'd, *Fabricius* sat,
 When *Pyrrhus* plac'd, unseen,
 The monster arm'd in dreadful state,
 Behind the Roman's screen.

SEDATE, and steady as before,
 He saw the beast appear,
 And o'er his head, with hideous roar,
 His great proboscis rear.





On the DEATH of
Miss *G O L D N E Y*.

INSCRIB'D TO

Mrs. *S-----K*.



FAIR and unspotted, to the realms of light
Accomplish'd *Flavia* takes her silent flight :
Heaven envy'd mortals such a beauteous prize,
And to secure her, snatch'd her to the skies.
Despairing lovers languish'd here in vain,
Nor gold nor grandeur could the vestal gain :
'Till ravenous Death each avenue possess'd,
And storm'd the chrystal palace of her breast ;
Then gently lands her on that peaceful shore,
Where tempests cease, and billows rage no more.

So young, so chaste, so beautiful, so gay,
 The conqueror stood relenting o'er his prey.
 So griev'd the *Roman* o'er the town he burn'd ;
 Sigh'd o'er the flames, and as he conquer'd mourn'd.

STILL lives the Nymph blest in Elysian shades,
 Where youth still blooms, and beauty never fades.
 With pitying Eyes views this fantastic show,
 This Tragi-Comedy of Life below.
 To crown her bliss harmonious bands conspire,
 She wants but you to make her heaven entire.





A
R E B U S
O N T H E
A U T H O R ' s N A M E.



WHAT was chiefly in use before guns were
invented,
And the place of retreat for wild beasts under
ground,
Where they couch under covert, secure and
contented,
Makes the name of a Poet that's highly renown'd.



T O T H E
UNKNOWN CONTRIVER

OF THE FOREGOING

REBUS on *Bow* and *Den*.

☞ See the BATH JOURNAL of *Dec. 1, 1747*.



THE Author Bows with half his name
To him from whom the Rebus came :
And to the other moiety—Den
Invites the poet with his pen ;
There to regale with wine and fallad,
And for the desert, song and ballad.
No rarities my cave afford,
But moss and peace to bless the board.
Simple is all poetic diet ;
Bards can on vegetables riot.
If blest with freedom, peace, and quiet.

}
POETS

POETS and hermits we are told,
In dens and caverns liv'd of old.
There if I live from tumult free,
This cell a palace proves to me.

SWEET peace—that stranger to the great,
Still hovers round my rural seat.
Sweet liberty, about my cell
That mountain nymph delights to dwell.
Then teize me not to court or wed,
She reigns the mistress of my bed :
Wedded to her, with all her charms,
I clasp the Goddess in my arms.

MEAN while may you be blest by *Phæbus*,
Who thus dissect my name in Rebus ;
And could with *Bow* and *Den* contrive
To keep six letters thus alive ;
And with the trammel'd muse in fetters,
Anatomize it in six letters.
Poetic chymist, to sublime
And filtre me in witty rhyme.
The tortur'd name you thus divide
Between two words, stands crucify'd ;
Now shall my name immortal reign,
As long as *Bow*— and *Den* remain.

ODE

ODE to ECHO.

I.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air.
 Gentle Echo haste thee here.
 From the vale where all around
 Hollow rocks return the sound :
 From the swelling surge that roars,
 On the tempest-beaten shores :
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warbling *Philomel*.
 Where unseen of man you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.
 Daughter sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo haste thee here.

2.

LISTEN nymph divine, and learn
 Strains to make *Narcissus* burn.
 Hark ! the heavenly song begins,
 Air be still ! breath soft ye winds !

Peace

Peace ye noisy feather'd choir,
 While *Dione* strikes the lyre.
 See each eye, each raptur'd ear,
 Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear!
 All around enchantment reigns,
 Such the magic of her strains:
 Strains, which if thou can'st but learn,
 Soon will make *Narcissus* burn!

3.

ECHO should they fail to move
 His obdurate heart to love,
 Borrow (for she well can spare)
 Borrow her enchanting air.
 Learn her ease and elegance
 Of motion in the airy dance.
 Learn the grace with which she strays
 Thro' the light fantastic maze;
 And a thousand charms untold,
 Should *Narcissus* still be cold.
 Charms! the least of which would move
 His obdurate heart to love.





O N T H E
EARL of ORRERY's
 (NOW EARL of CORK's)

CUTTING DOWN THE
Limb of an Aged Tree,
 In his GARDEN at MARSTON,
 Which intercepted a fine View.



Annosa excelsos tendebat ad æthera ramos ;
 ————— *nulla violata securi.*

LONG unresolv'd, my Lord, you knew not how
 To save the prospect, and preserve the bough ;
 And while the dire event you anxious weigh'd,
 Alternate passions in your bosom sway'd.

LONG had the reverend branch, with head sublime,
 Defy'd the rage of tempests, and of time.

Its

Its aged top, and venerable shade,
 Its hoary honours, and majestic head;
 To save the favourite limb, pathetic plead,
 But the dark foliage intercepts the sight
 Of opening beauties, and obstructs the light.
 Condemn'd at last, in spite of all debate,
 For trees and tyrants must submit to fate;
 With trembling hand the pensive gard'ner stands,
 Unwilling to obey his Lord's commands :
 Thus *Pyrrhus* paus'd o'er *Priam's* hoary age,
 With sword suspended, and reluctant rage,
 In vain—for *Juno* frown'd, and fate decreed,
 That stately *Troy* must fall, and *Priam* bleed.

BUT while the steel inflicts the fatal wound,
 The sympathizing *Dryads* hover round ;
 At every stroke the conscious *Genii* groan,
 And mimic echos murmur to the moan.
 But cease your plaints, an aged Sylvan cries,
 In future times a nobler shade shall rise :
 Already see the new creation bloom
 With infant greens, and flourish in its room ;
 In unknown paths glad Zephyrs learn to rove,
 With pleasing whispers, thro' the rural grove.

THESE groves shall then *Boyle's* yet unborn inspire,
 And give to summer shade, to winter fire :

Here

Here the bright youths shall spend the learned hours,
In classic walks, and philosophic bowers.

BLEST is the man, and happy, if not great,
Whose fair plantations cloath his rural seat.
To future times, and publick good a friend,
He sees new forests from his hands ascend.
Descending fons shall bless the happy change,
And o'er the rising woods delight to range :
New beauties here, and verdant walks explore,
Where barren fields, and desarts spread before.
Here vocal oaks, here towering elms arise,
And waft the planter's praises to the skies :
Fair rows of ash, in vistas long extend,
And trees beneath their ruddy burden bend.
Here bowering beech, and lofty fir-trees climb,
And o'er the humble meadows wave sublime.
While the gay moderns, of politer taste,
What former ages rais'd, in riot waste :
Quit their old villas, and paternal seats,
Or in mad folly dissipate estates :
Disperse their wealth in Vanity and Vice,
And lose a Dairy at a throw of Dice ;
For smoaky towns forsake the fields and brooks,
And leave their farms to peasants and to rooks.
While some, a false capricious taste to please,
Destroy the greens, the gardens, and the trees.

Like beacons now the modern villas rise,
 To form a view, expos'd to northern skies :
 Stript of their greens, the naked mansions mourn,
 And flow'ry gardens into pastures turn.

BUT you, my Lord, who nobler views attend,
 Your wiser hours in rural business spend ;
 Bid gardens bloom, and trees adorn your pile,
 Bless the poor swain, and bid the desert smile ;
 Diffuse your generous bounty all around,
 And while you feed the peasant, bless the ground.

So high—your thoughts with noble scorn despise,
 With *mean* ambition, in a court to rise :
 And yet, from pride and haughty spirit free,
 So low—you smile upon my Muse, and Me.





On the DEATH of
Mr. John Smith, Clothier,

NOVEMBER 1745.



MUCH like the fabrick of my trade,
 Death has dissolv'd the human thread.
 My frame I thought so firmly join'd,
 Was but the Cloathing of the Mind.
 The cloth we weave, the thread we spin
 All imitate this frail Animal Machine.
 Devouring Death will soon consume
 The strongest labours of the loom :
 The closer texture of my frame,
 This Webb of Nerves is just the same.
 And now the Fates which spun the chain,
 Have cut the Thread of Life again.



T O

A Young LADY at *Holt*,

O N H E R

Recovery from the SMALL-POX,

By INOCULATION.



SYLVIA, a painful, yet a pleasing flight,
 Your health restor'd—the muse attempts to write,
 Inoculation! unharmonious name!
 And dire disease, afford no grateful theme;
 Yet thus inspir'd, no dangers shall dismay,
 When friendship prompts, and *Sylvia* smoothes the
 Way.

LONG had triumphant death, with fatal wound,
 Spread its malignant influence all around;

D

From

From age to age, with barbarous spoil convey'd
 Untimely ghosts to *Styx's* gloomy shade :
 As with fell blast, commission'd from the sky,
 O'er guilty lands avenging angels fly ;
 From realm to realm the curst contagion past,
 With raging sores, and pestilential blast.
 The spotted monster, with polluted gore,
 Breath'd putrid death at every poison'd pore :
 Not with less fury o'er *Numidian* plains,
 Or *Barca's* waste, the spotted panther reigns.
 Noxious as steams which from * *Averno* flew,
 Replete with mortal mists, and sulphurous dew ;
 The birds which o'er the gloomy caverns stray'd,
 Sudden dropt smother'd in the tainted shade ;
 O'er the blue lake, mute fish astonish'd lie,
 Forget their useless fins, and gasping die.

THUS thro' the air, *Variola* exhales
 Effluvia keen, and taints the sickening gales.
 Oft' from contagious town, th' unhappy swain
 Imbibes from foetid smell, the fatal stain.
 Home to his honest toil and rustic life,
 He meets his smiling babes, and anxious wife ;
 But thoughtless, wots not death, that silent sleeps
 Within his veins, and o'er his vitals creeps.

* The Name of a poisonous Lake near *Naples*, which formerly emitted such mortal Exhalations, that Birds were suffocated who flew over it.

Heav'n to mankind this ignorance bestows,
And in kind shades conceals our future woes.

Too long such havock had contagion spread,
And peopl'd all the regions of the dead ;
Too long had death the cruel spoil enjoy'd,
And mortals half deform'd, or half destroy'd :
As insects hovering in an eastern breeze,
Or *kill* with baneful blast, or *mark* the trees ;
'Till sent from Heaven, th' inoculating art,
Its fury checkt, and sheath'd th' envenom'd dart.

Th' immortal art, far back in distant time,
Was practis'd first in fair *Circassia's* clime.
'Twas thus the beauties of that martial race,
From foul deformity preserv'd the face :
There the fond mother, when the babes she nurs't,
Dar'd in their veins the morbid ichor trust ;
Unspotted thus the beauteous babe she saves,
Expos'd to shine amongst Seraglian slaves ;
For Turkish sale, and venal fortune bred,
To grace a *Signor's*, or a *Basha's* bed.

BLEST be th' invention, and the art ador'd,
Which sav'd mankind, and *Sylvia's* Health restor'd.

SAY, *Sylvia*, how debating passions sway'd,
With pulse alternate, when th' attempt you weigh'd ?

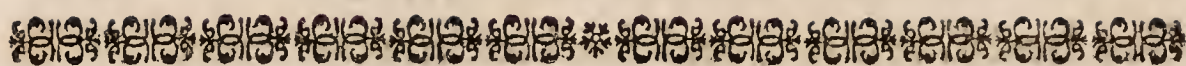
To graft distempers, and inflict disease,
 Seem'd a bold challenge on divine decrees.
 Too fast comes sickness, with its solemn train,
 Shall mortals then anticipate their pain?
 Ingenious—nature's artifice to ape,
 And seek diseases which they may escape.
 But preservation turns the dubious scales,
 And reason o'er fantastic fears prevails :
 Obvious the choice, let prejudice depart,
 To die by Nature—or to live by Art.

SAY, with what thoughts your beating breast was
 fill'd,
 When in your veins the poison first distil'd?
 Calm and sedate, no anxious cares you felt,
 For peaceful Virtue in that region dwelt.
 So undisturb'd, good *Socrates* drank up,
 The mortal mixture of the poison'd cup.
 More anxious far attentive *Sylphs* stood round,
 And conscious Muses hover'd o'er the wound :
 For all the light militia of the sky
 Still round their favourite fair patrolling fly.
 From the *Pandoran* box, with heavenly art,
 And balm divine, some chace the destin'd dart ;
 While some with poppy fans soft sleep infuse,
 And o'er your pillow pour pacific dews.
 Protected thus—what dangers cou'd you dread,
 While tutelary Saints watch'd round your bed ?

FOR

For see disease with all its fury flies,
 Gay health returns, and sparkles in your eyes.
 The smiling spring salutes your smiles again,
 And birds address you in harmonious strain.

Thus fav'd from cruel fate, good *Sylvia* say,
 What trophies will you raise, what offerings pay?
 Can you a tributary song refuse,
 Some votive shrine, some altar to the muse?
 Some grateful Hymn to that Protecting Power
 Who thus preserv'd you in the dangerous hour.
 Let others their own way the Powers address,
Sylvia's must be a Hecatomb of Verse.
 Accepted thus, poetic Prayers will rise,
 And breath in fragrant incense to the skies.



A
Description of CHEDDER-CLIFFS;
And PART of
MENDIP-HILLS near *Wells*,
In *Somersetshire*.



*Nemorosa juga, et scopulosi vertice colles.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes. VIRG.*

NOW *Chedder-Cliffs*, our wand'ring steps invite,
And o'er fam'd *Mendip's* glebe, we speed
our flight;
And as the dreary waste we bound along,
Mendip itself demands the Muse's song.

HAIL! ye bleak mountains—lin'd with hidden
store,
Fallacious wilds, concealing mines of ore;

Rich

Rich veins of calamine the desert fills
 And lead the solid basis of thy hills :
 Thus oft' disguis'd, in poverty we find
 Bright genius sparkle thro' an humble mind.
 What tho' no gold or diamonds gild the mine,
 No glittering strata in the caverns shine ;
 Yet useful minerals, of various birth,
 Lodge in the fruitful bowels of the earth.
 Here savage scenes in wild confusion reign,
 And desolating prospects fill the plain.
 Thick fern in humble forests waves around,
 And sable furzes darken all the ground.
 Scatter'd some solitary trees appear,
 And o'er the waste their haggard branches rear ;
 Whose naked fronts, like the stern *Cyclops* stand,
 When they pursu'd *Ulysses* to the strand,
 The wither'd tops confess eternal blight,
 And hungry ravens on the branches light.

SOME fruitful spots smile beautiful around,
 And charming pastures cloath the verdant ground ;
 Where peaceful shepherds slumber on the plain,
 Or with their crook direct the fleecy train.
 Here o'er our head familiar lapwings play,
 With hovering wings, and bask in open day ;
 While at a distance rapid falcons buoy'd,
 With poised pinions skim the liquid void ;

The tuneful larks, still chanting, upwards climb,
And lost in ether Sea-gulls soar sublime.

AND now the tall, tremendous cliffs arise,
And awful fronts, and towering alps surprize.
Two chains of rocks erect on either hand,
O'er many a furlong stretch'd contiguous stand.
With brow sublime, gigantic towers ascend,
And o'er the vale with frowning aspect bend.
The nodding arches big with ruin show,
And prominent still frown with ponderous woe.
Thus hangs, suspended on a single thread,
The sword still threat'ning o'er the tyrant's head. *
Their adamantine fronts ascend so high,
Half way they bid defiance to the sky.
Whose solid ribs, like parapets a-far,
Look like embattel'd garrisons of war.

YET nature here in sweet disorder smiles,
And verdant plants peep thro' the craggy piles:
Uncommon herbs, peculiar to the place,
Burst thro' the fissures, and the prospect grace.
The studious simpler here delights to stray;
Nature his guide, and his companion Ray:
And when some long-sought plants their race disclose,
The sage, with philosophic rapture, glows;

* POLYCRATES.

Pleas'd with the green anatomy, now roves
 Thro' untrod paths, and vegetable groves;
 The curious texture of each herb to find,
 Whether of *bulbous*, or *umbellous* kind,
 This search, great *Cowly*! thy last hours employ'd,
 When with gay life, and courtly duty cloy'd;
 The fields then saw their fugitive again,
 And bloom'd a fresh in his botanic strain. *

HERE flowers amidst rude precipices grow,
 And with wild sweets, and untaught beauty grow:
 Pale pinks, and purple stocks the air perfume,
 And fragrant woodbinds in the desert bloom.
 Yon lonely beasts browse on the savage weed,
 And o'er the vast abyss securely feed.
 In the deep vale astonish'd travellers stand,
 Fenc'd with aspiring rocks on either hand:
 Before the view unfathom'd vistas lie,
 And theatres of horror fill the eye;
 Each winding sound reactive hills repeat,
 And echoing flocks from distant pastures bleat.
 Thus thro' the parting sea, great *Moses* fled;
 While the uplifted waves forsook their bed,
 And pil'd on high, in terrible array,
 Silent withdrew, and made, and fenc'd the way.

* CHEDDER CLIFFS abound with curious, uncommon Herbs,
 much frequented by Botanists.

TIR'D with romantic scenes again we rise
 On *Mendip* hills, and breathe serener skies.
 Far off monastic *Wells* its domes erects,
 And from its gilded spires the sun reflects.
Wells whose Cathedral with majestic pride
 Once with Italian Architecture vy'd :
 Nor cou'd *Turin*, or *Florence* fair display
 Columns more splendid, or a Front more gay.

A NEIGHBOURING scene here gives a new surprize,
 And *Wookey* Cave attracts our wond'ring eyes.

Low in the covert of a rural vale,
 Where mighty dews from weeping rills exhale,
 Deep sunk beneath a hill the cave profound,
 With awful gulph ! divides the gaping ground ;
 With shade Ammerian, and tremendous look,
 Dark as the passage to th' infernal brook ;
 Vast, and impervious ! not one beam of light,
 There sheds its lustre, to dispel the night.
 Only faint tapers guide our doubtful way,
 And scatter thro' the gloom a sickly ray.

As when *Æneas*, led by fond desire
 To see the shade of his departed fire,
 Felt when he first approach'd those awful plains,
 A sudden horror shudder thro' his veins.

So at the entrance seiz'd with pannic dread,
 We seem to trace the regions of the dead.
 Thro' subterranean grottos winding stray,
 Entomb'd alive—and wish for absent day.
 Here secret paths, and labyrinths are found,
 Like *Delphian* shades, or *Sybils* cave profound.
 The weeping rocks distil with constant dew,
 And still a new-form'd drop the last pursues.
 With solemn sound the silent moments mark,
 And mock the adder hissing in the dark.
 A gentle lake, here calm as *Lethe* stands,
 And like a mirror shews transparent sands:
 A hollow rock the silver flood contains,
 Which never sinks with drought, or swells with rains.
 Here a low track, anon a spacious room,
 Where the arch'd vault collects substantial gloom :
 So vast the arch, the cavity so wide,
 Scarce can the eye extend from side to side.
 High o'er the roof alternate murmurs wave,
 And every step reverberates round the cave ;
 From cell to cell the wand'ring accents rove,
 Like winding Zephyrs whispering thro' the grove :
 Unnumber'd echos ring from rock to rock,
 And all the cavern trembles with the shock.

A SILVER stream, like *Nile*, of unknown source
 Here peaceful glides its solitary course :
 Thro' dark meanders bends its silent route,
 And at the cave's wide conduit issues out :

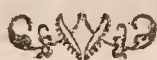
Fam'd

Fam'd *Alpheus*' stream is story'd thus to rise,
And see new light beneath *Sicilian* skies.

NOR shall the neighb'oring piles of *Stanton-drew*,
Tho' unobserv'd, escape the Muses view.
Whose monuments might once with *Stone Henge* boast,
Now sunk in ruins, and in buildings lost.

THY birth-place next, immortal *Locke* we trace,
And *Wrinton* owns the consecrated place.
Whose towering mind forsook the servile croud,
And chas'd th' enchantment of the schoolmen's cloud.
Who taught the youth on reason's wings to rise,
And bid new morning dawn thro' misty skies.

HERE nobler subjects, call for nobler strains,
To sing O! *Somerset*, thy fruitful plains;
Thy shady forests, and romantic rocks,
Thy smiling meadows, and thy numerous flocks;
But see yon gilded towers attract the sight,
And smoaky *Bristol* stops the Muse's flight.



Superstition : *A* TALE :
OR, THE
GLASTONBURY PILGRIMAGE.

————— *quid quid*
Dixerit Astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Ammonis ————— TUVEN.

AS zealous pilgrims, far and near,
Inspir'd by superstitious fear,
Flock to *Loretto's* sacred shrine,
To beg some grace, or gift divine ;
Or as to *Mecca's* holy air
Enthusiastic *Turks* repair ;
So crowds,* eke full of monkish zeal,
Repair to *Glaston's* healing well :

* It is certain that some Thousands resorted to this well every *Sunday* Morning, at least, for a considerable Time.

There

There to be conjur'd from their ails,
 When *Galen's* art no more prevails ;
 And into health to be enchanted,
 Tho' with *Pandora's* curses haunted.
 This sacred stream will soon supply
 A salve for every malady :
 The groping blind receive their sight ;
 The staggering cripple walks upright ;
 Asthmatic lungs expand again,
 And gouty patients lose their pain.
 Drink, and believe ; believe, and drink ;
Marasmus fills, and *Dropsies* sink.

BUT how this spring got reputation,
 Attend this genuine relation.

A FARMER, who had try'd much phyfic,
 In vain, to cure his lab'ring Pthific,
 Divinely dreamt the other night,
 As he lay snoring in bad plight,
 This water wou'd asthmatic fetters
 Release, if drank for *seven red letters* :
 So in observance of his dream,
 Seven *Sunday* morns he drank the stream ;
 'Till on the seventh auspicious day
 His panting lungs begun to play,
 And every ailment fled away :

}

While

While busy fame, from door to door
Soon propagates the wond'rous cure.

SAY, what strange power resides in *seven*,
To charm us into health and Heaven ?
At *seven* times *seven* trumpet's found,
Proud walls * fell prostrate to the ground.
The seventh son is doctor sworn,
By inheritance, as soon as born ;
And without learning, moods, and tenfes,
A conjurer at his birth commences.
Seven planets too adorn the sky,
To govern our nativity ;
The fatal climacteric line ;
Is sixty-three, or seven-times nine.
Then wonder not that power is given,
To work such miracles by *seven*. §

THIS water free for rich, or poor,
Works eleemosynary cure.
Too long have venal fountains flow'd
From *Bath*, from *Bristol*, *Holt* and *Road*.

BESIDES, the place is sacred ground,
Where saints lie bury'd all around.

* JERICHO.

§ 'Tho' these Storys are trifling, and are even too gross, and fabulous for Poetry itself, they were yet reported, and believ'd as Matters of Fact by the Country in general. And it was on the Sanction of these miraculous Cures, that the Waters first gain'd Reputation, and that there was a fancy'd Divinity suppos'd to reside in them.

This

This wondrous, salutary rill
 Flows from the Torr's religious hill ;
 And filters thro' the holy clay,
 Where ghostly monks, and martyrs lay :
 Whose reverend relicks still supply
 The stream with healing energy.
 Here *Arimathea*n *Joseph's* bones
 Hallow the consecrated stones,
 And *Glastonbury* thorn—like *May*,
 Still blossoms every *Christmas* day.

BE silent now, romantic *Wales* !
 With all thy legendary tales :
 No more of *Merlin's* visions tell,
 Or *Winifred's* * enchanted well :
 This panacean fount surpasses
 The brook of *Siloa*, or *Parnassus*.

Cou'd *Abbot Whiting* † from the sky,
 Or *Torr* where once he hung so high,
 Look down on this deluded rabble,
 And hear their superstitious babble,
 How wou'd he bless his aged eyes,
 To see so rich a sacrifice ;

* A famous well in *Flintshire*, much resorted to formerly for its miraculous cures.

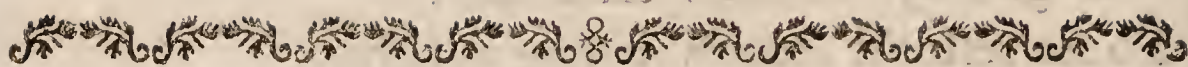
† The last *Abbot* of *Glastonbury*, who was hang'd on the *Torr* by *Henry* the 8th.

To see old relics idoliz'd,
And ghostly wonders canoniz'd.
To see restor'd *Rome's* darling daughter,
Infallibility—in water :
Still may thy manes rest in peace,
Tho' prayers of *Ora nobis* cease.

Now cease reviling *Rome* to cry
At hugonot infidelity :
No more let protestants expose
The holy-water, or the rose ;
No more the fainted beads explode,
The crucifix, or wafer-god,
Since the same spirit still prevails,
We only here have turn'd the scales.

BLEST *Becket* from thy tomb arise,
And view thy saints with ravish'd eyes :
As crowds did at thy altar bow,
So this is *Canterbury* now!

WATER that has intrinsic merit,
Needs no support from dream, or spirit.
True virtue in this fountain lies,
Without imputed sanctities ;
Founded on solid fact, and cure,
This only will its fame secure ;
Fixt on this basis, 'twill not mock us,
But all the rest is *Hocus Pocus*.



A N

Æ N I G M A.



YE Ladys, whose enchanting eyes,
 Outshine the beautys of the skys,
 Forget awhile your chat and needle,
 To find out this mysterious riddle.

INCONSTANT is my mien and shape,
 For I can various creatures ape :
 And like old *Proteus* can transform
 To mouse, or monkey, fly or worm.
 From place to place I love to range :
 My motion too is very strange.
 I sometimes fly, and sometimes creep,
 And travel most when others sleep :
 Nay often to oblige my spark,
 Perform long journeys in the dark ;
 And without whip, or spur can haste,
 And make the dullest jade go fast.

In

In stormy nights I love to roam,
 On wings of tempests far from home.
 As hermits by their beards grow sage,
 My power encreases with my age :
 I still my largest empire hold,
 When feeble, impotent and old.
 And when my teeming days are o'er,
 I often suckle as before.
 Provok'd, much mischief oft' I do,
 Proud kings my indignation rue.
 I cattle bane, and beauty marr,
 And shatter many a china jar.
 Once in a mad, fanatic trance,
 I drove the *English* out of *France*.
 Fair ladys oft my power command,
 With too severe, tyrannic hand.

Now your bright fancy soon will guess
 At what yourselves so much possess.





A N
E P I T A P H
O N A N
O N L Y C H I L D,

Remarkable for PIETY.



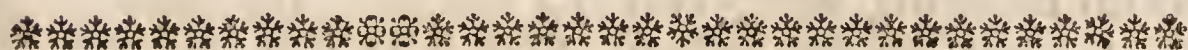
W H A T once had virtue, grace and wit,
Lies mould'ring now beneath our feet.
Poor mansion for so fair a guest,
Yet here she sweetly takes her rest.
Cold is the bed, and dark the room,
Yet angels watch about the tomb.
Pleas'd they patrol, nor sleep nor faint,
They only watch a sister faint.
'Till the loud music of the skies,
Relieves her guards, and bids her rise.



T O T H E

Memory of a Young Lady,

Who, exposing Her own LIFE to visit a
SICK BROTHER, dy'd in the SMALL-
POX, *March 15, 1732.*



AND art thou fled, O! much lamented maid!
And all thy rising glory sunk in shade?
As some gay phantom plays before the sight,
Or meteor cheats the wand'ring swain by night,
Delusive thus appear'd the fleeting fair,
Just mock'd our view, and melted into air.

THRO' what dark scenes deluded mortals stray?
How blind the stage, when death winds up the play;
Yet each brave actor may sedately die,
Laugh at vain fortune, and her darts defy.
Thus *Lucia* calmly fell in all her bloom,
Smil'd at the plot, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

Living she spread her amorous conquests wide,
 And still victorious, conquer'd when she dy'd.
 Like those brave chiefs, who dying, win the day,
 She made inexorable death obey.

To save a dying brother's breath she came,
 Wept o'er his bed, and kept alive his flame ;
 If one of us must fall—the nobly cry'd,
 'The lot be mine—and generously dy'd :
 When he lay panting, all his pains she bore,
 And in her own last anguish felt not more.

BUT oh ! ye guardian Powers, where'er she flies,
 With hovering wings conduct her thro' the skys.
 See how the clouds to grace her virgin bed, *
 Have o'er the skys a mourning mantle spread ;
 See all the fields in fleecy veils are drest,
 See all creation wear a virgin vest.
 Vain is the tinsel pomp of funeral show,
 See mournful nature, o'er her bosom throw
 A feather'd covering, and a shroud of snow. }

A HAPPY picture of the fair design'd,
 White as her bosom, gentle as her mind.
 Soft as those blossoms fall, then melt away,
 Spotless she fell, and fled to realms of day.

* A great Deal of Snow fell the Day she was bury'd.



T O A N

Astrological Gentleman,

Who pretended to draw a Circle round a
YOUNG LADY, by Way of Spell, to
secure her from all other Admirers.

GIANTS in castles strong of old,
Secur'd their damsels, and their gold ;
'Till some renown'd, adventurous knight,
Rescu'd *Dulcinea* from sad plight.
I come that knight of prowess bold,
To conquer this enchanted hold.
For tho' the doors were double barr'd,
And *Argus* watch'd upon the guard,
In spite of all that you can do,
Love and the Muse will venture thro'.

Strong garrisons will often yield,
 Soon as the Muses take the field :
 And mighty conquests have been crown'd,
 By magic force of verse and sound.
Orpheus by music's powerful spell,
 Redeem'd *Eurydice* from hell.
 And walls of *Jericho* fell down,
 When trumpets had besieg'd the town.

In vain you try with hostile air,
 To draw entrenchments round the fair,
 And in that circling battery,
 All other candidates defy.
 In vain with arbitrary arms,
 You'd fain monopolize such charms.
 But 'tis a most despotic duty,
 To lay embargo upon beauty ;
 To keep the treasure to yourself,
 As misers hoard their shining pelf.
 But what is wealth hid under ground,
 Or what is beauty thus in pound ?
 Vain is the gold that gilds the mine,
 Or beauty when it does not shine.

SUCH arts of forcery I despise,
 'Tis in her looks the magic lies ;
 Where e'er she takes her fairy round,
 'Tis every inch enchanted ground ;

That

That path is consecrated more,
Than *Delphian* groves, or *Circe's* shore.

THEN lay aside your fruitless care,
No circle can secure the fair :
Nor lines of strong circumvallation,
Keep so untenable a station.
The pale where beauty dwells should lie,
Wide as the circle of the sky :
Compast with all your spells and charms,
The surest circle is her arms.

JANUARY 24, 1747.





T O
A YOUNG LADY,
O N H E R
Plotting a Paper HAT.



C E A S E fair mechanic ! nor employ
Vain labour on this paper toy ;
Beneath whose wavy wings you mean,
Hid from the croud, to shine unseen.
Those sparkling eyes were never made,
To be envelop'd thus in shade.
Besides too weak th' umbrello'd veil,
Expos'd to each intruding gale :
Kind *Zephyrs* oft' will round you play,
And fan the paper-screen away.

Y E T 'twas ingenious to contrive,
This little emblem of a hive ;
Which oft' is plotted thus together,
To screen the bees from wind and weather :

But

But ne'er a hive with all its store,
 Such sweetness e'er inclos'd before :
 Nor bee that ever labour'd there,
 Can with your industry compare.
 With artful maze, and texture fine,
 The braided shreds, promiscuous twine ;
 In wild, perplext meanders led,
 Thro' many a labyrinth of thread.

O ! FAIR projector ! since your skill,
 Can such a paper circle fill,
 The wond'ring Muse shall weave these lays
 On the same paper to your praise.
 With this you may some other time,
 Contrive a paper-hat in rhyme :
 Crown'd on your brow—the Muse thus worn,
 Shall view a diadem with scorn.

INDUSTRIOUS nymph ! in you we find
 Oeconomy, and sweetness join'd ;
 Good humour, and good sense ally'd,
 Unstain'd with vanity, or pride :
 The distaff in *Minerva's* arms,
 Still adds fresh lustre to her charms.
 Coquets like butterflys may smile,
 In painted circles for a while ;
 'Tis but a false, delusive glare,
 But merit still adorns the fair.

MAY, 1747.



On the Death of an
ONLY CHILD,
Of very Pregnant Parts.



UN GENTLE Death with fatal dart,
 Has pierc'd young *Phillis* to the heart.
 Tyrannic death that wou'd not spare
 The wise, the witty, and the fair.
 She blossom'd with so quick a shoot,
 You had the bloom, but heav'n the fruit.
 (Young plants, thus loaded, often drop,
 Kill'd with their own luxuriant crop.)
 Transplanted to that happy shore,
 Where sickly Winters blast no more.



TRANSLATIONS
FROM
MARTIAL.*

LIB. I. EPIGRAM I.

On CÆSAR's Amphitheatre.

GIGANTIC wonders on the *Memphian* coast,
Or *Babel's* towers no more let story boast :
No more let fame *Diana's* temple sound,
Or *Delos'* god with horned altars crown'd :
In vain romantic *Carians* idolize
Mansolus' tomb suspended in the skys ;
Since *Cæsar's* pile superior praise shall claim,
And this alone employ each voice of fame.

* *Maittaire's* Edit. 1716.

E P I G. 6.

*On the Combat of a Woman with a Lion,
in the Amphitheatre.*

NOT Mars alone, great Cæsar fights for you,
In armor fierce, but Venus triumphs too.
In *Nemæa's* vale, let antient records tell,
How the dread lion by *Alcides* fell;
Your nobler shows eclipse the hero's fame,
For lo! a female arm performs the same.

E P I G. 9.

The RHINOCEROS.

UNUSUAL games now entertain our sight :
The vext *Rhinoceros* prepares for fight.
How did his anger kindle to the full ?
How strong his horn, whose javelin was a bull ?

E P I G. 72.

To the GOD of SLEEP.

WITH glasses seven *Lucinda's* name is crown'd,*
Diana's toast in five shall circle round ;
Four are to *Lucy*, fix to *Sylvia* due
Of bright champaigne, and three remain for *Sue*.
Thus health we send to every absent fair,
'Till thou, sweet sleep descend, to ease our care.

* The Romans were wont to drink their Mistresses Health in as many Glasses as there were Letters in their Names.

E P I G. 74.

To CECILIAN.

W H E N free, and unrestrain'd, your wife was
 kept,
 No beaus approach'd her, and in peace you slept :
 But guarded now, gallants unnumber'd rise,
 Methinks, *Cecilian*, you are wond'rous wife !

L I B. 2. E P I G. 90.

To QUINCTILIAN.

Q U I N C T I L I A N ! of capricious youth, bright
 guide,
 And of the *Roman* bar, the boast, and pride,
 Tho' poor and old, yet wisdom cleaves to age,
 And gilds each hour of life's declining page ;
 Time must be treasur'd while the lamp shall last,
 For who can hasten to be wise too fast ?
 Let misers toil, who sordid wealth acquire,
 And with rich furniture their seats attire.
 Some smoaky cot I chuse, by whose green side
 Thro' artless turf unlabour'd fountains glide.
 A decent servant, an unlearned wife,
 Sweet sleep at night, and days that know no strife.

E P I G.

EPIG. 59.

The V I P E R inclosed in Amber.

WHERE Amber tears the conscious poplar *
 weeps,
 With sluggish pace, th' entangled Viper creeps :
 Arrested in the liquid grave, in vain,
 He twists, and struggles with the viscous chain ;
 With sudden cramp, and glewy fetters bound,
 In captive gums, he stiffens all around.
Ægyptian sepulchres let others prize,
 Lodg'd in a nobler bed the viper lies,
 And *Cleopatra's* splendid tomb outvies.

E P I G. 60.

On CURATIUS's Death.

WHEN *Cancer* burns, we seek some rural seat,
And some to *Scarborough*, some to *Holt*
retreat.

Why blame we *Tunbridge Wells* for *Curio's* death,
Can sovereign waters save the hero's breath?
No place can fate exclude—when death has sent,
Its fatal shafts, even *Bath* becomes a *Brent*. §

* The Poplar Tree was said by the Poets to weep Amber.

§ A Place amongst the Moors, and Pens in *Somersetshire*, noted for a moist, unhealthy Air.



T H E

Description of a Cottage,

Lately Re-built by the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL of CORKE and ORRERY,

In his GARDENS at *Marston* ;

T O T H E

M E M O R Y of the Reverend Mr. ASBERRY,

Who Lived there in the YEAR 1649.



Pauperis et tugurî, congestum cespite calmen.

VIRG.

LET others praise in pompous rhyme,
 Villas, and palaces sublime ;
Chatsworth, magnificently great,
Blenheim, or *Stowe's* romantic feat :
 My humbler Muse shall not disdain,
 To sing the Cottage or the Swain :

E

Where

Where you, with wiser thoughts inspir'd,
 Vouchsafe, my Lord, to live retir'd ;
 Amidst the shade bid merit bloom,
 And raise old *Asberry* from the tomb.

IN days of pious persecution,
 When saints usurp'd the constitution.
 A grave Divine this Cottage chose,
 A safe asylum from his foes ;
 Where, free from sacrilegious rage,
 He liv'd in peaceful pilgrimage ;
 Furnish'd with books, and rustic spade,
 Alternately to dig or read ;
 'Till death, as antient records tell,
 Destroy'd the Hermit, and the Cell.
 But you, my Lord, whose candid spirit,
 Still prompts you to distinguish merit,
 Pleas'd suffering virtue to requite,
 And bring obscurity to light,
 Have the old mansion rais'd once more
 In pristine plainness, as before :
 Adorn'd with antiquated tools,
 Grave chairs, and venerable stools.

A HORSE-SHOE at the threshold lies,
 And all unhallow'd feet defies ;
 To exorcise the habitation,
 From evil spell, and fascination.

The door appears like coat of mail,
 Emboss'd with many a massy nail.
 Around the reverend walls we see
 Wainscot of antient pedigree ;
 With pictur'd Ballads cover'd o'er,
 Of *Chevy Chace*, or of *Jane Shore* ;
 The story of the *Wand'ring Jew*,
 And how St. *George* the Dragon slew ;
 Of *Prestor John*, and *Robin Hood*,
 And of the Children in the Wood ;
 Three Kings of *Cologne*, *Friar Bacon*,
 And how the town of *Troy* was taken,
 With *Merlin's* dreams—and many more,
 Hung round the wainscot, or the door.

OAK shelves, oak tables, black as jet,
 Mock the bureau, and the beau-fet.
 Joint-stools, and shining coffers vie
 With ebon, or mahogany.

HAIL! venerable, *British* oak,
 Beneath whose shade the *Druids* spoke :
 Deriv'd from thy oraculous tree,
 Sprung missestoe, and prophesy ;
 And mystic sounds inspir'd by *Jove*,
 Once murmur'd thro' *Dodona's* grove.

BRIGHT porrengers--a numerous band,
 Aloft in glittering order stand :
 And maple trenchards—decent fight !
 High on carv'd cup-boards smile in white.
 A looking-glass, adorn'd with red,
 Still glitters at the window head ;
 And not far off—akin together,
 The razor, hone, and strap of leather ;
 For things by sympathy ally'd,
 Associate near each other's side.
 Close by a painted hour-glass stands,
 Where time the moments rolls in sands.
 On hanging rack, exalted high,
 Old spits, and dusty truncheons lie ;
 Cleavers, and rusty swords forsaken,
 With hostile look, guard rusty bacon.

HERE ropes of onions please the view,
 Dangling—the anchorite's ragoût,
 Rich root—the nectar of old age,
 And honour of the hermitage.
 Plant of ambrosial, pungent taste,
 The country swain's divine repast,
 Thy vigorous juice in former days
Egyptian Pyramids cou'd raise.

NOR shall the andirons Gothic fize,
 Or pots escape the Muse's eyes;
 Whose brazen heads forever bright,
 Like *Gorgon's* shield reflect the light.
 A tinder-box of look obscure,
 With all its household furniture,
 Hangs near the rush-light candles ty'd,
 Eternal neighbours, side by side.

NOR shall thy worth unsung remain,
 O! gossip's bowl—of structure plain,
 Whose potent liquor can inspire
 The Clown with wit—the Bard with fire.
 Sweet source of many a midnight tale,
 Replete with nutmeg, toast, and ale.

WITHOUT, a garden, neat and clean,
 With leeks, and box forever green,
 Where sage, rosemary, crimsons grow,
 And savory, pot-herbs in a row;
 With parsley, not unknown to fame,
 Gay garland at the Olympic game.

HERE you, my Lord, oft' condescend
 At vacant hours to treat a friend;
 Here lay aside the forms of state,
 The splendid *harness* of the great,

Read, or converse with whom you please,
And live in philosophic ease.

Great *Epietetus* thus withdrew,
Scipio, and *Cincinnatus* too ;
Here triumph'd o'er mankind much more,
Than all their conquests did before.

LIFE's a vain farce—and he most blest,
Who finds some peaceful port of rest ;
Some safe *Linternum* of retreat,
Or mossy cell, or rural seat ;
And happy in his *Hermitage*,
Smiles at the follies of the age.



V E R S E S,

Occasion'd by the uncommon, dull, rainy Season,
which continu'd Half a Year after the

Death *of the* PRINCE,

Being the Time appointed for the

GENERAL MOURNING.

et confia sidera Fati. VIRG.

WHILE crouds in tears, great *Frederick's* loss
deplore,
And sable mourning spreads from shore to shore,
Tho' the mute court appear'd like *Memnon's* queen,
In shades of black, and robes of bombazine;
How impotent is art? how vain the show
Of pageant dress? the mockery of woe.
To mean such Mourning—for when *Frederick* dies,
All nature seems around to sympathize.

Soon as the tidings reach'd the realms of day,
 Awhile celestial anthems ceas'd to play.
 Swift from the skys deputed heralds go
 To all the tutelary powers below :
 Dispatch'd with sacred orders thro' the air,
 That nature's self shou'd in the Mourning share.
 While some to gloomy *Æolus* resort,
 Who curbs the struggling whirlwinds in his court ;
 Swift from his cell, commission'd thunders fly,
 And long imprison'd tempests shake the sky.
 Some seek the silent mansions of the deep,
 In oozy beds where drizzly *Naiads* weep,
 The watry nymphs in humid grottos mourn,
 And pour lymphatic tears at every urn.
 Creation conscious of some tragic fate,
 With all her meteors mourns in solemn state.
 The clouds distil, the winds in zephyrs sigh,
 And robes of Mourning cloath the darken'd sky.
 In Mourning stand the melancholy hills,
 Majestic mutes—in Mourning roll the rills,
 In swelling floods, impetuous torrents stray,
 And sweep in tides of sorrow to the sea.

Not *Caria's* queen with rich *Mausolean* coast,
 Or *Egypt's* towers, cou'd greater trophys boast :
 Not *Rome* in tears beheld such funeral pride,
 When *Cæsar* dropt, or young *Marcellus* dy'd.

WHEN martial *Cromwell* fell, his poet drew
 All nature round him in convulsions too ;
 “ *It must be so—Heaven his great soul does claim,*
 “ *In storms as loud, as his immortal fame ;*
 “ *His dying groans, his last breath shook the isle,*
 “ *And trees uncut, fall for his funeral pile.**

WHEN *Cromwell* fell, no race was left behind,
 To finish the great conquests he design'd :
 But brighter scenes appear, tho' *Frederick* dies,
 Succeeding princes in his offspring rise,
 With happier days to blest *Britannia's* skys.

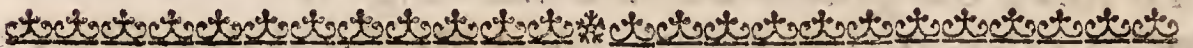
* Alluding to a fine Poem of *Waller's* on the Death of the Protector, and the great Tempest on the same Day.





TO A
GENTLEMAN,

Who sitting near a YOUNG LADY, presented a
POP-GUN at the AUTHOR.



————— *lethalis arundo.* VIRG.

MISTAKEN Marksman ! I defy
Your impotent artillery ;
Your level'd tube I value not,
Nor tremble at the threaten'd shot ;
When the fair Lady who sits by,
Shoots darts more fatal from her eye.

As well I might a hornet fear,
When the arm'd porcupine is near ;
Or from a hissing squib retire,
When lightnings set the heavens on fire.

MISTAKEN Marksman ! now you may
Such idle bullets throw away ;
For what avails your Pop-gun skill,
Your shot may wound—but hers can kill.

The Gentleman's ANSWER.

Ut vidi, ut perii.

YOUR lines, my Friend, on *Chloe's* eyes,
Nor raise my wonder, or surprize,
Since every tender breast she fills
With pains, that baffle all your pills.
Here *Laudanum*, here *Amber* fails,
No *quantum sufficit* prevails.

BUT while you my machine defame,
Certes, for this you merit blame ;
Had not that little engine there,
Your eyes diverted from the fair,
Her radiant flashes blaze so bright,
They wou'd have kill'd the Poet quite.

THUS you, with joy, I save, my friend,
From such a miserable end.
But on myself what torments wait,
When every look declares my fate.
While I with mimic art aspire
To rival her celestial fire ;
Salmonius like, my bolts I dart,
'Till *Jove's* true lightning rends my heart.



T O

Mr. JOHN PROWSE,

On seeing a POEM of His wrote at the
Age of FOURTEEN.



*Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente——
In tantum spe tollet avos.* VIRG.

TH O' venal writers, and degenerate times,
Call for *Lucilius'* lays, or *Oldham's* rhimes
While o'er neglected lyres the Muses weep,
Implor'd in vain—or in their grottos sleep;
Yet when some rising genius breaks the cloud,
Shouts of applause will echo from the croud:
Contraste by such opposing views is made,
And merit shines the brighter thro' the shade.
Such early worth commands unwilling lays
From the stern critic, and extorts our praise.
Pleas'd with your infant Muse, and manly rhyme,
Even envy speaks, and silence is a crime.

THUS

THUS when we see some plant of goodly size,
With towering state, amidst the desert rise,
Tho' savage shrubs the forest round o'erspread,
O'er the wild waste it lifts its lofty head,
With fair, luxuriant branches mounts on high,
Scorns the low earth, and blossoms to the sky.

HENCE may the bard's prophetic pen presage
Descending blessings to the rising age.
I see transported into future time,
New lights emerging thro' the foggy clime.
Dim is the ken to unassisted sight,
Yet clear in waking visions of the night.
Yet can the Muse anticipate the day,
And rapt in fancy distant scenes survey.
She from her torched watch-tower can descry
The promis'd morn, with purple gild the sky.
See from the west illustrious youths appear,
Where *Selwoods** groves once darken'd half the shire.
See *Thynne*, and *Prowse*, and bright descended *Boyle*,
Reflect new honours on their native soil:
Round their gay villas with poetic shade,
The bay-trees bloom, and lawrels never fade.
Hail! happy groves—whose shades so oft' inspire
The hermit's visions, and the poet's fire.

* The Name of a vast Forest, which once overspread all the eastern Part of *Somersetshire*, and Part of *Wiltshire*; where the Earl of *Orery*, Lord *Weymouth*, and Mr. *Prowse*, have their Country Seats.

Born on this spot seraphic *Singer* * sung,
Immortal made by *Prior's* tuneful tongue.

BEHOLD the youths in future senates shine,
With manly sense, and eloquence divine.
O! born to greatness, and reserv'd by fate,
To bless your country, and adorn the state;
To prop those altars, which vain fools despise,
Bid ruin'd domes, and prostrate temples rise.
Recal the exil'd Muses to the isle,
Bid wit return, and flighted science smile.
While drowsy dullness in her dungeon pines,
A goddess made in *Pope's* immortal lines.

THUS patroniz'd the drooping arts shall thrive,
And nodding learning from its trance revive.
'Till by tyrannic dunces cramp'd no more,
Britannia's genius to the skys shall soar;
The wither'd olives smile with greens again,
And bloom as in *Astræa's* golden reign.

* The celebrated Mrs. *Rowe*, whose Maiden Name was *Singer*, was born at *Frome*, near these Seats, where she was often visited in her Solitude by People of the first Rank, viz. the present Dutchess Dowager of *Somerset*, Lady *Carteret*, Lady *Weymouth*, Mr. *Prior*, &c. — See her Life, prefix'd to her Poetical Works, in two Volumes.

AUGUST, 1750.

T H E



T H E

ALPHABET in VERSE:

For the USE of CHILDREN.

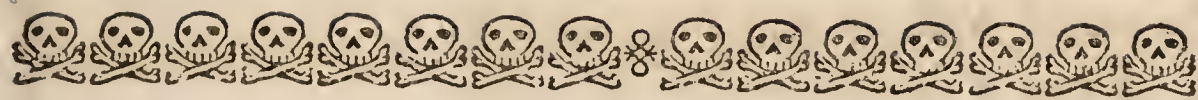


A t early dawn of day arise,
 B less first the Ruler of the skys,
 C leanse, wash, and comb, and every day
 D res, read, or work before you play.
 E ach hour in useful business spend,
 F or time soon hastens to an end.
 G overn your thoughts by wisdom's rule,
 H ate every knave, and shun a fool.
 I mprove in each ingenious art,
 K nowledge, like beauty, wins the heart.
 L ove all your friends, nor hate your foes,
 M ake these your friends, as well as those.
 N o bribe shou'd tempt you to a lie,
 O r glittering bait allure your eye.

Place not your heart on sordid pelf,
 Quarrel with no one but yourself.
 Rail not at others—since you may
 Some faults commit, as well as they.
 Tell not a secret, nor pretend,
 Under disguise, to be a friend.
 Value no one for gold, or lace.
 Wisdom will more than rubies grace.
 Exercises o'er millions weeping cry'd,
 Upon host the grave must shortly hide.
 Comes at last—best place of any,
 To fit a zealot, or a zany.

1748.



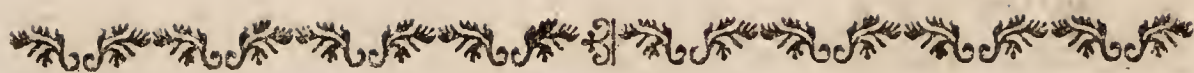


An E P I T A P H.



Here Lies
 E D W A R D B O N D, Esq;
O F T H E
 COUNTY *of* ARMAGH,
 Much Lamented by all that knew Him.
 He Ordered his Funeral should be Private;
 And, instead of Pomp,
 Order'd a Hundred Pounds to the P O O R :
 He Order'd
 A D I A L to be erected at his GRAVE,
 And the following VERSES :

No marble pomp, no monumental praise,
 My tomb this dial, epitaph these lays.
 Pride, and low moldering dust but ill agree,
 Death levels *me* to *beggars*, *kings* to *me*.
 Alive, instruction was my work each day;
 Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
 Here READER mark, perhaps now in thy prime,
 The stealing steps of never-standing time;
 Thou'lt be what I am, catch the present hour,
 Employ it well, for that is in thy power.



TO A
 Young LADY at *Holt*,
 (A Place famous for Mineral Waters)

ON HER
 Late INGENIOUS POEMS.



WHILST you from *Holt* sweet accents sound,
 Shall neighb'ring bards sit silent round?
 So tunes the bird her midnight flute,
 In shades—while all around is mute.
 Enchanted with your lays too long,
 I break from silence into song.

NYMPH of these *healing Waters*! say,
 What power inspires your magic lay?
 Smooth as the stream where You reside;
 Rich as its vein, your numbers glide.
 Say, do those salutary springs,
Pierian like, raise fancy's wings;

Not only cure the sick, the lame,
 But animate poetic flame.
 Sacred the stream—the fount divine,
 And You some sister of the Nine;
 Some tuneful *Naiad* to preside,
 And warble near the fountain's fide.

As at fam'd *Aix*, historians tell,
 Great *Charles's* horse struck out a well;*
 So now we need no farther proof,
 That *Pegasus* here stuck his hoof.
 No more shall *Holt* its name retain,
Castalian springs shall bless the plain.
 With You 'tis all poetic ground,
 And *Aganippè* murmurs round;
 Not *Holt*, but *Helicon* is seen,
 And You the *Sappho* of the green.

MARCH, 1749.

* Historians say, the Mineral Waters at *Aix-la-Chapelle* were discover'd by the Emperor *Charles's* Horse accidentally striking on the Spring.



The L A D Y 's A N S W E R.

W H A T strains are these, say Muse ! which
 strike my eyes ?
 How smooth the dangerous soothing numbers rise ?
 Come all my faults, and follies to my aid,
 E'er pride, and vanity my heart invade.
 What Muse inspir'd ? can they be female lays ;
 Can woman thus a woman deign to praise ?
 No 'tis some candid pen, some generous bard,
 Who thus vouchsafes unmerited regard.
 In whose bright Muse, mine by reflection shines,
 And borrows lustre from his brighter lines.

B U T cease—for *Rocheaucalt* says we design,
 More praise to gain, whene'er we praise decline :
 For which I dare not contradict your pen,
 Least you suppose I'd hear it o'er agen.

B L O C K H E A D S may praise, 'till their vain tongues
 are tir'd,
 We ne'er grow vain, when by vain fools admir'd :
 But when harmonious lays, and sense commend,
 From pride, what woman can herself defend ?

That

That meteor praise, does oft' our sex misguide,
By nature prone to vanity and pride.

WHY shou'd you ask what power inspires my lay?
 Does not my humble Muse herself betray.
 Some homebred offspring of inferior line,
 Who ne'er claim'd kindred with th' immortal Nine?
 But if you fancy *Holt's* salubrious streams,
 Can kindle in the soul poetic themes;
 From these she owns her feeble strains may rise,
 Since oft' to these refreshing rills she flies:
 But thoughtless drank, and never dreamt she quafft,
 'Till you inform'd her an inspiring draught.

YET blushing owns, she's quite surpriz'd to find,
 That obvious thought ne'er enter'd in her mind;
 Since 'tis as evident as noon-day light,
 What streams are drank, when *Sylvia* dares indite:
 Since Water only does her Muse inspire;
 No wonder if she wants poetic fire.

WHILE here, inclos'd in shades, I tune my voice,
 And with the painted warbling race rejoice,
 While in these streams I dip my humble quill,
 Methinks I see you mount the sacred hill.
 While every Muse does every line inspire,
 And *Phæbus* warms them with celestial fire.

HOLT,
 APRIL 1749.

SYLVIA.



T H E

Author's Reply to Sylvia,
Who pleaded NOT GUILTY of the Charge
lately exhibited against Her :

O R,

The YOUNG LADY's TRYAL.



S YLVIA, in vain you wou'd evade
The accusation I have laid :
Your witty, criminal excuses,
Prove your intrigues with all the Muses.
Your guilty commerce with the nine,
Appears from each harmonious line ;
Your guilt encreases—since 'tis fit,
We now add modesty to wit.

For at the Poets last affize,
Held at their temple near the skys,
The *Cause* was fairly tried at large,
And you found guilty of the *Charge*.

The Muses gave in their *Report*,
 Unspotted witnesses at court.
 Fancy can raise—her cause to plead,
 Poetic counsel from the dead.
 Departed Bards—an awful show,
 Rose from *Elysian* bowers below,
 By *Mercury* subpoena'd all,
 Bright cohorts croud the heav'nly hall,
 And round the court attentive prest,
 In myrtle wands, and lawrel drest.
 In jury some impanel'd fate,
 To hear the elegant debate :
 While *Pallas* to prevent all jar,
 Sat Umpire of the heav'nly bar :
 For feuds, sometimes, like those below,
 Will in immortal bosoms glow.

Now every witness being try'd,
 (Tho' some say *Cupid* was deny'd)
 Without much pause, they soon withdrew,
 And verdict gave, the charge was true :
 For *Clio* swore point-blank one day,
 That you had stole her heart away.
Thalia clos'd it with a vow,
 She saw you pluck a lawrel bough :
 A Third depos'd, you climb'd the hill.
 And drank the *Hippocrenian* rill :

I saw you too, *Urania* said,
 In concert with the *Pythian* maid ;
 From her with enigmatic flight,
 You learnt dark oracles to write.*

THEN *Cowley* cry'd--what need we more,
 Examine witnesses, a score ?
 And *Prior* said, 'twas all a jest
 Celestial counsel to contest :
Waller and *Congreve* too were there,
 And *Wicherly* began to swear :
 But *Pallas* murmur'd, and was loth
 To take the rebel poet's oath ;
 While *Dryden's* shade, with nodding bow,
 Shook all the lawrels on his brow ;
Pope's satyr-ghost stood mute awhile,
 But soon consented with a smile.

THEN sentence pass'd—the court was hush'd,
Pallas condemn'd,—and *Sylvia* blush'd :
 Loud rung the sound—and every muse,
 O'er all *Parnassus* spread the news.

* The Lady was famous for writing *Enigmas*.

THUS guilty—you're to make confession,
At the next Poets petty session :
And *Iris*, herald of the court,
Attends you now with this report.

THEN clos'd the books—the court withdrew,
Back to the skys, the Muses flew ;
And poets tir'd with noisy law, and light,
Again to shades, and silence bent their flight.





A N
EPITHALAMIUM.
By a BATCHELOR.

Address'd to a
Young GENTLEMAN on his late MARRIAGE.



SINCE you, my friend, o'er-rul'd by fate,
Have ventur'd on the marriage-state,
At your request, I hail the station,
With verses of congratulation.

'Twas wisely done, tho' young and gay,
No more to trifle time away ;
No more to rove this sea of life,
But make safe harbour in a wife.
While we inconstant chace maintain,
Advent'rous rovers on the main,
Safe anchor'd on this peaceful shore,
Tempestuous passions rage no more :

While

While from this station we survey
 The shipwreckt Batchelors at sea.
 Now tost by billows, here, and there,
 Or sunk in quicksands of despair ;
 Now on piratic plunder bent,
 Which, when obtain'd, gives no content ;
 Still wishing, wand'ring after rest,
 Still bless pursuing, never blest.

LET anxious Batchelors complain,
 That wedlock is a servile chain ;
 But soft the chain, the bondage sweet,
 When lovers in such fetters meet.
 When gentle bonds the union bind,
 'Tis freedom to be thus confin'd.
 Blest freedom from a thousand snares,
 Temptations, tumults, sighs, and cares.
 In vain we rove the world around,
 In wild pursuit no bliss is found.
 In vain mad pleasures we pursue,
 Without some object in our view.
 Without this gaol we still embrace,
 Some phantom in th' eternal chace ;
 And in the room of *Juno's* charms,
 Clasp some false phantom in our arms.

THIS happiness, my friend, you prove,
 Thus wedded to the Fair you love.

No fordid views of worldly pelf
 Inspir'd your love, to curse yourself.
 The happy husband thus ally'd,
 Enjoys a goddess in his bride.
 Let the low wretch of fordid view,
 Match with the mountains of *Peru* ;
 The nymph, content, aspires not so,
 But dwells in the sweet vale below ;
 Hid in some solitary dale,
 With the melodious nightingale ;
 Or seated in the shady grove,
 Smiles at the storms, which roll above.
 On high battlements, and towers,
 See how the swelling tempest pours,
 While only harmless zephyrs blow,
 To fan the peaceful seats below.

WITH such a gentle Confort blest,
 Here all your passions are at rest.
 If adverse fortune war shou'd wage,
 Her bosom softens half its rage ;
 Her smiles can smoothe the rugged way,
 And make the barren prospect gay :
 With such a Fair content to dwell,
 Or in a cottage, or a cell ;
 Nor envy all the pomp and strife
 Of the gay slaves in higher life.

T O

PETER LOVEL, *Esq;*

Occasion'd by

His V E R S E S in Praise of the Author's
Poem on the *Vicarage-House* at *Frome*,†
and his censuring him for omitting the
ARCHITECT.

INGENIOUS *Lovel*! your harmonious lays,
By meaning mine, establish your own praise.
Thus public favour, generous *Cæsar* won,
And raising *Pompey's* statues,—fix'd his own.
But tho' you find some beautys to commend,
And often lose the critic, in the friend ;
Yet you arraign the Poet of neglect,
Who prais'd the pile, and not the Architect.
But to applaud the structure couches still,
An approbation of the builder's skill :

You

You who a Poem, I a Pile commend,
The Author's merit modestly intend.

THE Artist's Virtues too conspicuous shine,
To need such humble eulogys as mine.
At nobler schemes he aims—*The Good of Man*,
The state his care—the commonwealth his plan.
He can design a landscape, or a pile,
And with that pencil make his country smile :
Not only sketch a building for his friend,
But laws project, that building to defend :
Tho' fine the taste, fair fabrics to erect,
A Patriot is the noblest Architect.
Such best adorn the structures which they raise,
And lofty palaces proclaim their praise.
'Tis Merit only makes a happy feat,
A cavern glorious, and a cottage great.

JULY, 1748.





The DISAPPOINTED
TRAVELLERS *of* Frome:
OR, THE
Three Professions *in* Tribulation.

Occasion'd by

A GENTLEMAN's inviting some Friends to Dinner;
and, tho' of a very hospitable Disposition, through
mere Inadvertence forgot the Appointment.



Suadet enim vesana fames.

VIRG.

A LAWYER, Physician, and reverend Divine,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine,
The weather was pleasant, the season was *May*,
All nature around them look'd smiling and gay:
The fields, in new liverys ravish'd the view,
And smiling, and gay lookt the travellers too.

INVITED

INVITED to *Banquet* three miles out of town,
 They threw aside business, and books, and the gown.
 Overjoy'd with the jaunt—they said to themselves,
 Let *Coke*, *Shaw*, and *Sherlock* now sleep on the shelves.
 Farewel to concordance, dull statutes, and *Mead*,
 While we feast abroad, let the pale student read,
 They thought it far best, to relax, and to roam,
 And pity'd their pensive companions at home.

THUS forward they march'd, amus'd with chit-chat,
 The *Rebels*—*Don Carlos*—the *Dutch* and all that :
 Much pleas'd with the prospect this time of the year,
 But more with the thoughts of approaching good
 cheer.

As the walk now grew less--their hunger wax'd more,
 They think of full dishes, and bowls running o'er.
 Anticipate all the delights of the feast,
 And smell fancy'd fumes, full a furlong at least :
 Imagine they see a table well spread ;
 Here smoakt the fat beef—there lay a calfs head ;
 The gammon, and fowls, rang'd in order close by,
 And *lease-hold*, wou'd wind up the whole with a pie.
 But *Lebeck*, and corpulent *Bently* will tell ye,
 That chimerical banquets will not fill the belly :
 That love is platonic—some stoics declare,
 But diet platonic—no mortal can bear.

Now

Now the house, their wish'd haven, appear'd to
the view,

One adjusted his wig, and another his shoe.
But the parson, much wont to contemplate on high,
Looking up—cou'd no smoak in the chimney descry :
The complaisant Lawyer first knockt at the door,
—*Is your master at home, pray ?*—and lookt so
demure.

*Lord ! Sir, why my master a journey is gone ;
And said, he should not be at home 'till anon.*

ÆNEAS of old, lookt not more like a ghost,
When searching old *Iliam*, *Creusa* was lost ;
Nor half-famish'd *Trojans* were so much aghast,
When the *Harpys* devour'd their rural repast.

THE thunder-struck pilgrims withdrew very sad,
For hunger, like hemlock, will make a man mad.
The parson declar'd, with a sorrowful face,
To fly from engagements shew'd great want of grace.

For first,—*Revelation*, and *Reason* allow,
That a promise obliges as much as a vow :
It appears next from *Habukkuk* chapter the first,
That denounces a breach of performance accurst ;—
And thirdly—the fathers—from old *Martyr-Justin*,
Condemn breach of trust—down to *Jerom*, and
Austin.

H

And

And fourthly—Hold, crys *Habeas Corpus*, we did
 not come hither,
 To join both in fasting, and preaching together.
 When Lawyers are hungry—'tis a merciless sign,
 Poor criminals hang—for fat judges to dine.
 He cou'd prove from the statutes—*Wood, Wingate,*
and Skinner,
 That eloping from home, and demurring a dinner;
 By defrauding the subject of his natural food,
 Was as actual man-slaughter, still understood:
 And by *Magna Charta's* authentic commanding,
 Was robbery plain—*any wise notwithstanding.*

BUT the Doctor declar'd, it was no time for frolic,
 And that fasting did often occasion the cholic.
 Then he quoted *Hippocrates, Galen, and Wynne,*
 That when food is all out—the wind will rush in.
 Tho' *Descartes*, wou'd never a *vacuum* allow,
 He thought his inside cou'd demonstrate it now.
 He shew'd that when passions are rais'd, like a tide,
 Disappointed at once, they too soon subside;
 As the string of a fiddle, or screw of a jack,
 When wound up too high, of a sudden will crack.

THUS having bewail'd their misfortunes alone,
 Dire hunger will sharpen men's wits like a hone.
 They deem'd it most requisite, not to relate
 To their neighbours at home, their tantaliz'd fate:

For

For shou'd it be known, 'twould increase their
 chagrin,
 To be jeer'd at, like *Burton*, and *Bastwick*, and
Prynn ;*
 And by consequence very much add to their load,
 To be banter'd at home, and famish'd abroad:
 But by *Gown*, and *Cassock*,—*Diploma*,—and *Seal*,
 They vow'd full revenge for the loss of their meal.

THUS vex'd at their fortune, and bilkt of their feast,
 Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawyer, Doctor, and
 Priest.

APRIL 1746.

* A Divine, a Physician, and a Lawyer, who flourish'd in the Reign
 of King CHARLES the First, and were for some Time the Objects of
 public Pity, and Ridicule.



To



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of ORRERY,
 (NOW EARL of CORKE)

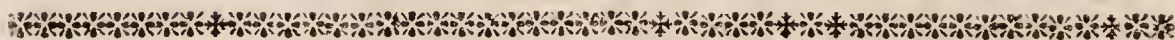
On his MARRIAGE with

Miss HAMILTON,

In **IRELAND,**

A N D

Their Arrival at **MARSTON-HOUSE.**



Junxit honestus Hymen tædis illustribus ambos.

WHILE Crowds, my Lord! with triumphs
 hail the day,
 Permit the Muse to join her grateful lay :
 Tho' low her notes, and unobserv'd her song,
 Lost in the louder murmurs of the throng,
 Yet true her raptures, and her duty paid,
 Tho' sung to rocks, and utter'd in the shade.
 Yet shall the vocal rocks resound the lays,
 And vocal groves the nuptial chorus raise.

Ye

Ye powers of love, assists the Muse's flights,
 Sacred to you belong connubial rights :
 Love's generous passion, and th' harmonious Nine,
 Blended, unite in sympathy divine.
 As nature's self, immortal is the tie,
 They spring together, and together die.

Thus you, my Lord ! who long have sat sublime,
 The Muse's guest, on *Pindus'* flowery clime,
 Whose brow poetic wreaths have long embrac'd,
 Are now, with blooming, nuptial garlands grac'd.
 No flame impure, with wild, despotic sway,
 Kindl'd your bosom with unhallow'd ray ;
 No spoils fantastic from the *Paphian* grove,
 But chaste, and fadeless greens of virtuous love.
 Unbridled passions, like a blaze of fire,
 Soon vent their fury, and in smok expire ;
 But calm, and constant, as a vestal light,
 Love fixt on friendship, burns forever bright.

SAY what strange sympathy in kindred souls,
 (Strong as the fam'd attraction of the poles,)
 Governs the lover with magnetic force,
 Inspires the passion, and directs its course ;
 Thro' life's dim curtain sheds the guiding ray,
 Which to the destin'd union points the way.
 She must be all that fancy can require,
 To reign sole object of a Boyle's desire ;

All charms divine must in her breast reside,
To conquer him who cou'd all charms describe.

SEE from *Hibernia's* shore, th' illustrious pair
Sail—while the seas are conscious of their care.
See round the ship cerulean *Tritons* play,
And tutelary *Nereids* smoothe the way :
While *Amphitrite* keeps her coral court,
And on the surface bounding *Dolphins* sport :
The Muses pleas'd, convoy their charge along,
With hovering wings, and hymenæal song.
With you, my Lord ! th' harmonious choir withdrew,
And still from clime to clime your steps pursue.
While some with proud retinue sweep the plain,
Pierrian guardians mingle in your train :
Still the divine companions of your flight,
As o'er old *Israel* shone the *travelling light*.

WELCOME, blest pair ! to your triumphant seat,
Which silent long had mourn'd her Lord's retreat ;
Whose lonely walks in deeper shadows clad,
And towers forlorn, lookt desolate, and sad.
Long had immortal tomes unnotic'd slept,
And dewy walls in tears your absence wept ;
Long had the tuneful swains their lyres forgot,
And pensive *Pan* long slumber'd in his grot.
Oft' wou'd the humble Muse in vain essay
A laxy flight, and unpropitious lay ;

If no *Mecænas* props her feeble wing,
What Muse can rise, what Bard attempt to sing?

BUT now each scene a cheerful face assumes,
The fields look gay around, the garden blooms;
Again the sickening flowers begin to rise,
And spread new fragrance in autumnal skies:
New charms appear, new beautys deck the ground,
And sudden paradise smiles all around.

LONG may you live, to grace the happy seat,
And every pleasure bless the sweet retreat;
'Till other *Boyles*—if right the Muse presage,
Transmit the blessing to the latest age.



V E R S E S,

To the MEMORY of the
Late PIOUS and INGENIOUS
Miss WEREAT, of HAYGROVE,
Near TROWBRIDGE,
Who DIED OCTOBER 1752. AGED 24.

W H O E'ER may musing chance to tread
About these caverns of the dead,
Blush not to drop a silent tear,
O'er the chaste nymph who slumbers here.
A moment pause—and sympathize,
Behold the witty, fair, and wise,
The gay, the gentle, and the just,
Here hous'd with darkness and with dust;
Here mingle with her sister dead,
And moulder in a dusty bed.
Sad victim to the ravenous tomb,
In all her innocence, and bloom.

With

With every social virtue blest,
 Humility crown'd all the rest.
 So free from pride, her worth was known
 To all, but to herself alone.

No storms her peaceful bosom felt,
 Calm region where religion dwelt.
 Calm as autumnal, halcyon skies,
 Still as the mansion where she lies.
 Her gentle breast no passion knew,
 But such as Heaven was witness too ;
 Sweet passions which the soul surprize
 In sacred rapture to the skies ;
 Such as from just devotion flow ;
 Such as the pious only know ;
 Such as old story'd saints inspir'd,
 And holy nuns, and vestals fir'd.

YET Death has only snatch'd away,
 The textur'd vehicle of clay.
 The prince, the peasant, poor and great,
 Must all alike submit to fate.
 Nature must sink, and empires burst,
 And diadems dissolve to dust.
 But deathless virtue soars sublime,
 Beyond the ravages of time :
 Safe landed on her peaceful shore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar.

BUT

BUT tho' stern death, the gentle maid
 Invelop'd in its sable shade ;
 Yet shall the Muse prolong thy date,
 And some few moments steal from fate :
 The Muse can triumph o'er the slain,
 And bid her votarys live again.
 (For of the Muse's train was she,
 And lov'd their bright society)
 She bids her spotless memory bloom
 Beyond the ruins of the tomb.

How lovely virtue's image smiles
 Amidst these consecrated isles ? *
 Mark how she gilds the vaulted gloom,
 And casts a lustre o'er the tomb.
 Can light divine, and gladness shed
 O'er these dark grottos of the dead.
 Religion softens pain and care,
 And smoothes the visage of despair ;
 Bids sorrow wear a cheerful mien,
 And scatters anguish, and chagrin.

SLEEP on, sweet shade ! in endless rest,
 Soft are the slumbers of the blest.
 Sleep, fearless of a future doom,
 While angels watch about thy tomb ;
 Pleas'd to escorte thee to the skys,
 Where Youth still blooms, and Virtue never dies.

NOVEMBER, 1752.

* She was bury'd in *Road Church*.



ON
EDUCATION.

Inscrib'd to the

Rev. PETER MAYSON, M. A.

On his Opening

A New GRAMMAR-SCHOOL at *Frome*.



———*Sed vos sævas imponite leges,
Ut præceptori verborum regula constet.* JUVEN.

TO form rude minds, and make the savage wise,
Science of old descended from the skys:
The eastern climes first felt the friendly ray,
And dawn'd alike with learning, and with day.
There clad in wisdom's robes the *Magi* shone,
And *China* glitter'd in a heaven its own.
The sacred flame, the *Grecian* sages fir'd;
Warm'd every breast, and every grove inspir'd.

But

But when mad mortals wealth and discord knew,
 Back to the skys the exil'd goddess flew :
 Smote in eclipse, the sickening olives fade,
 Some splendid stars shot only thro' the shade :
 While *Goths* and *Scythians*, and the monkish sway,
 Of pious vandals intercept the day :
 Yet from those northern clouds she broke and blest,
 In her last flight, the regions of the west.
 'Twas then her Influence reach'd *Britannia's* isle,
 Dispel'd the mist, and made the desarts smile ;
 Serene on *Cam*, and *Isis'* banks she shed
 Her gentle rays, and night before her fled.

PEACE to their pious manes in the skys,
 Who thro' the realm bad seminaries rise ;
 While some by arms, and desolation rule,
 'Twas theirs to found a College or a School ;
 O'er barbarous climes, while others tyrannize,
 'Twas theirs, those barbarous climes to civilize.
 Such *Edward* * was, — in every virtue nurs'd,
 And *Frome* still owes some tribute to his dust ;
 An humble nursery yet speaks his fame,
 Whose hollow ruins echo with his name,
 By time decay'd, — while drooping learning slept,
 And o'er the sweating walls the muses wept.

* King *Edward* the Third founded the Grammar-School at *Frome*.

But see restor'd,—again the classics smile,
 And science hovers o'er the new-rais'd pile ;
 Where metaphysic tomes in cobweb hung,
 Sweet sound the shelves with *Virgil's* sacred song :
 In dust the pensive poets pine no more,
 But olives bloom, where ivy crept before.

SEE a new Tutor, with pacific sway,
 To grammar's thorny doctrine smooth the way.
 Inspir'd with sense, and sweetness to impart
 To list'nings youths, the rudiments of art ;
 Severely mild, and cautious of th' extreme,
 Can teach with temper, and rebuke with phlegm ;
 Best form'd t'unfold the poet's sacred page,
 And mark their charms, who feels himself their rage.

As the wise husbandman explores with skill,
 What soil is best to plant, and what to till ;
 The wise preceptor studies every art,
 To know the genius, and to mend the heart.
 As well one med'cine, each disease will hit,
 As the same method all complexions fit.
 Fruitless the toil, to wash the negro white,
 To polish boors, or make a blockhead bright :
 In vain is teaching, time, and terror try'd,
 Where genius fails, and nature has deny'd ;
 In vain by tutors train'd, by parents nurs'd,
 If warp'd in embryo, and by *Pallas* curs'd.

YET

YET *Busby's* pedants still one circle keep,
 Like mills, which in one motion always sleep:
 To every scholar the same system suit,
 And treat a *Bacon*, as they treat a brute;
 Still keep the passive slaves in one dull round,
 With birchen sceptre, and despotic sound.

SEVERITY, for brutes alone design'd,
 Enervates half the vigour of the mind:
 Confounds the modest—makes the vicious mad,
 Destroys good parts—and never mends the bad.

THEY who correct with anger and chagrin,
 E're they reprove, shou'd with themselves begin.
 Some rugged minds, incorrigibly bold,
 May be by fear subdu'd, or force control'd;
 But for one savage, by compulsion tam'd,
 Ten are by love, and gentleness reclaim'd.
 Disgrace,—or praise,—or pride, will oft' prevail,
 When slavish fear, and furious ferules fail:
 For generous minds, with native freedom born,
 Disdain the thraldom, and the tyrant scorn.
 Or when releas'd from grammar's servile fetters,
 Still learning loath, and dread the smart of letters.
 The child by nurses terrify'd at night,
 Always associates darkness, and a sprite:
 So boys to rods, and reading, long confin'd,
 Still couple books and bondage in their mind.

THE verbal knowledge of grammatic art,
 Of Education is the lowest part.
 In *Priscian's* rules, some scrupulously nice,
 Correct false concord, and connive at vice.
 Clowns may be taught to construe, or translate,
 As pies, or parrots, may be taught to prate,
 Expound all *Walker*—all *Parnassus* scan,
 But in the critic, often lose the man;
 Exact in prosody, in mood and tense,
 Well skill'd in sound, but destitute of sense.
 Some lifted are to learn—they know not how,
 Constrain'd to plod—whom nature meant to plough;
 Like squirrels with their bells, to jingle round,
 As some learn notes, without a taste for sound;
 Who shade the rostrum, or disgrace the bar,
 Might shine behind the counter, or the car.

To country-school the satchel'd youths are sent,
 O'er barbarous sounds to pore in discontent;
 Like felon slaves condemn'd to banishment.
 To learn tongues spoke two thousand years ago,
 Who scarce their own domestic language know.
 So *Marcus* travels to *Marseilles*, or *Rome*,
 Mere stranger to his laws, and lands at home.

If youths for no profession are design'd,
 Mere verbal knowledge but contracts the mind.

Yet

Yet some with tympany of sound will swell
 With pompous language, like an empty bell.
 But if design'd, without a genius fit ;
 You often spoil the tradesman in the wit.
 Laws,—ethics,—painting,—globes, and stars on high,
 Each station suit, and shine to every eye.
 Geography and history invite,
 Improve the genius, and the mind delight :
 Things, more than words th' attentive youth engage.
 Please every taste, and polish every age.

CRITICS object, such studies are the care,
 Of higher life, and academic air :
 But few e'er reach that philosophic plain,
 Stuck in the mire of grammar and chicane :
 Did narrow pœdagogues their province know,
 Knowledge, and language wou'd promiscuous grow.
 As on one tree beneath indulgent skys,
 Blossoms and fruit with blended beauty rise.

Low reptile minds, on earth still grovelling lie
 'Tis Education lifts the soul on high.
 While thro' the stormy sea of life we sail,
 This smooths the tide, and swells the promis'd gale :
 Launch'd well at first,—in vain the billows roar,
 She calms the tempest, and secures the shore ;
 Taught by this goddess, — how to steer sedate,
 Amidst the Favours, or the frowns of fate ;

Rove

Rove while we will, — that peace and competence,
Mock all the shine of courts, — the joys of sense ;
That happiness alone in virtue lies,
And to be truly learn'd, — is to be wise.

NEAR *Frome's* romantic vales, the muse thus sung,
Where pious *Rowe* once tun'd her silver tongue.
Close by those laurels, where the vestal pray'd,
I oft' invoke her venerable shade ;
Lofty the subject, — and not low the praise,
If she inspire, and *B——le* approve the lays.



TO



T O

A YOUNG LADY,

Who complain'd that her *Muse* was eloped from her.



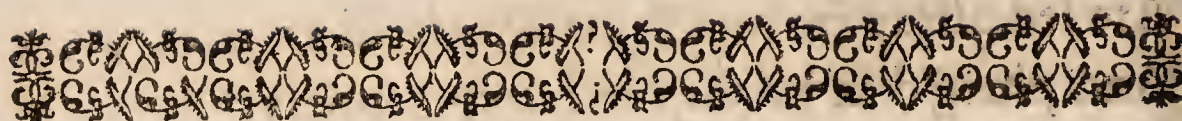
SYLVIA, I lately heard you say
 Your truant *Muse* was gone astray,
 And, like some transitory spright,
 O'er hill and dale had took her flight:
 And mine's of late so sullen grown,
 I scarce can call the prude my own.
 A rural jaunt inspires my mind,
 Your vagrant fugitive to find:
 Thus to divert my *Muse*'s gloom,
 Or meet a better in its Room.
 O! wou'd some kind, some angel scout,
 Direct me where to find her out;
 Whether o'er boundless plains she roves,
 Or haunts the music of the groves:
 Or if the hills delight her more,
 Where lofty larks, and lapwings soar,

Or

Or when descending from the steep,
 She seeks the cell where Sylvan's sleep ;
 Close to her steps I'd follow still,
 And trace the nymph from hill to hill.

TELL me, ye swains ! O ! tell me where,
 To find the solitary fair.
 Cou'd I but hear her distant song,
 Chaunting far off the wood's among,
 Invited by the rural lay,
 I'd thro' the pathless desert stray,
 Where roses wild adorn the green,
 And wither in the shade unseen ;
 And many a pink and painted flower,
 Sprinkle gay twilight thro' the bower,
 While cooing turtles from on high,
 Murmur soft love-plaints near the sky.
 I'd ask each wood-nymph of the shade,
 If they had seen the wand'ring maid,
 And in what bosky grove, or cell,
 The tuneful vagabond might dwell :
 Or if the drowsy god of sleep,
 Has clos'd her eyes in slumber deep,
 And with enchantments magic tie,
 Seal'd up those lips of harmony ;
Diana's horn shall break the spell,
 And shake the dormitory cell.

SEPT. 4, 1749.



A

FRIENDLY CAUTION

TO A

GENTLEMAN,

Who lately publish'd his Intention

Of going in Quest of a Stray'd Muse.



SOON as my eyes had trac'd each line,
And found what jaunt you did design,
It rais'd a smile upon my face,
To think what a vain wild-goose chase
You'd undertake, Sir Knight, shou'd you
My giddy run-away pursue.

A

As luckless travellers o' nights
 Are led astray by wand'ring lights,
 And plung'd in ponds, or hung in briers
 By these delusive dancing fires.
 So if upon this bold adventure,
 Like errant-knight of old you enter,
 My roving Muse astray may lead you,
 Tho' sometimes grave, she's often giddy.
 The sportive *Ignis Fatuus* may
 Thro' countless dangers make you stray.
 Her wanton wiles therefore beware,
 With warning voice, I cry, forbear.
 Harken to my prophetic pen,
 She may bemire you in some fen;
 Or mount in air aloft from sight,
 And leave you in the gloom of night;
 Then perch some airy heighth upon,
 To draw th' unwary traveller on.
 And when you've climb'd the rocky steep,
 She down the craggy cliffs might creep,
 And plunge you in the boundless deep.

OR shou'd you think to fly, she'd rise,
 And chearful dance before your eyes;
 'Till by her wand'ring light beguil'd
 You're buried in some forest wild,
 A dark impenetrable shade,
 For fairies, ghosts, and goblins made;

Ne'er blest with *Phæbus*' chearful ray,
 But like a *Lapland*'s sunless day;
 Then might she soar in yielding air,
 And leave you in the mazy snare;
 'Till tired with her sportive jaunt,
 Once more she sought my rural haunt,
 Here, while you pensive stray alone,
 Laugh at the mischief she had done.

BUT shou'd you meet a milder fate,
 And in the chace be fortunate.
 If you my fugitive shou'd find,
 Take her, and leave your own behind,
 Your judgment each one wou'd arraign;
Apollo and his tuneful train
 Wou'd never more to own you deign. }
 All must condemn you, shou'd you chuse
 To drop a swan, and take a goose.

BUT shou'd the following dream prove true,
 In vain you'd seek, in vain pursue.
 Your dang'rous jaunt ran thro' my head,
 When ten smart strokes warn'd me to bed;
 There soon I sunk in *Somnus*' arms,
 A victim to his downy charms;
 Then forth by busy *Morpheus* drawn,
 Methought I trac'd a velvet lawn,

Fierce *Syrius* reign'd, my strength declin'd,
 And for some cool recess I pin'd ;
 When just before my longing eyes,
 I saw a dusky grove arise,
 'Twas form'd of Cypress, Box, and Yew,
 Round which entwining Ivy grew ;
 I press'd into the wish'd-for shade,
 And wand'ring down a lonely glade,
 I at a gloomy grot' arriv'd,
 Which seem'd for endless rest contriv'd,
 Then to the mossy entrance went,
 And found it was of vast extent ;
 Within one feeble, sickly light,
 Was all I found t'affist my sight,
 Just in the midst, close veil'd from day,
 Dulness and Ease supinely lay ;
 These lazy powers do here preside,
 While round in downy fetters ty'd,
 Where countless willing captives laid,
 Who, drawn by Ease, had hither stray'd.

BUT O! what Muse shall *Sylvia* bribe,
 This sleepy grotto to describe ?
 Shou'd I attempt the tedious theme,
 Too long, I'm sure, you'd think my dream,
 The magic scepters, crowns, and taper,
 Wou'd take too much of *B*dd*ly's* paper.

HERE on a mossy bank reclin'd,
 My vagrant Muse I chanc'd to find,
 Upon a wither'd cowslip bed
 She laid her drowsy senseless head.
 The verdant crown which late she wore,
 Adorn'd her stupid brows no more.
 High on her head a nodding plume
 Of sleepy night-shade, in its room;
 Her brow a wreath of poppies bound,
 And shed their drowsy influence round.
 With eager joy I call'd aloud,
 And strove to drag her from the croud.

THREE times she yawn'd, then half awoke,
 And thus with peevish accent spoke :
 Away, forbear, nor longer tease,
 Here I resolve to dwell in ease ;
 No more I'll seek the public fight,
 But veil me here in peaceful night.
 Have I not won sufficient fame,
 Since B****n's Muse has sung my name;
 Deign'd to approve my rural lays,
 And crown'd me with a wreath of bays.
 In youth I met a glorious fate,
 Nor slept too soon, nor sung too late.
 Then prithee, *Sylvia*, tease no more,
 Let me lie quiet, as before.

Here magic slumbers seiz'd her brain,
And down she sunk to sleep again.

WITH grief oppress'd I sigh'd so deep,
It broke the filken chains of sleep ;
Gay morning rush'd upon my eyes,
And bade the drowsy dreamer rise.

THESE friendly cautions, Sir, I send you,
To shew what dangers may attend you ;
Shou'd you pursue my rambling Muse,
And if you my advice refuse,
None but yourself you can accuse.
Thus timely warn'd, be timely wise,
Nor tempt your fate with open eyes.

SEPT. 15, 1739.





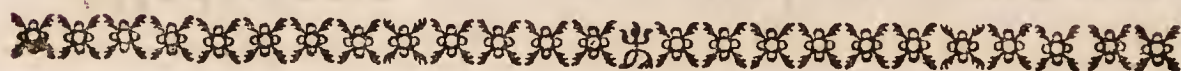
THE
R E P L Y

To a YOUNG LADY's

Friendly Caution to the AUTHOR,

Who Travel'd

In Quest of her Stray'd Muse.



S YLVIA, you shew me the wrong way,
To find your Muse who went astray.
Fallacious guides you now depute,
Only to puzzle my pursuit :
When I had chas'd the nymph so long,
'Twas barbarous to direct me wrong.
Send me not *Sylvia* into brakes,
Untrodden paths, and fenny lakes ;

Nor

Nor into woods, and forests deep,
To see th' enchanting *Syren* sleep.
Into no caves will I repair,
For what shou'd *Sylvia's* Muse do there?

SURE you th' immortal maid abuse,
And make a Gipsy of your Muse.

No—to the skys she flew away,
Amongst her kindred stars to stray.
The winged goddess long'd to soar,
And see her native heaven once more.
Oh! *Sylvia*, when she left your breast,
What place was fit for such a guest?
What grove below, what hill or plain,
Cou'd such a stranger entertain?
What soil, what paradise on earth,
Cou'd nurse this plant of heav'nly birth?

A SYLPH, whom I retain as spy,
Told me he saw her mount on high,
Celestial pilgrim to the sky.
Elijah-like, she bent her flight,
And left behind a trail of light.
The Sylph close track'd her all the way,
By this new galaxy of day.
Wet were her wings with morning dew,
As thro' his airy tracts she flew.

THE watchful shepherds were amaz'd,
 And at the mounting meteor gaz'd.
 Some thought it was a shooting star,
 Or baleful comet, boding war.
Sylvia,—'twas no delusive light,
 No *Ignis Fatuus* of the night,
 Which on a summer's eve is seen,
 Hovering o'er the fairy green.
 Strong were her beams, and brighter far,
 Than *Helper's*, or the *Morning star*.

SHE stop'd not 'till she reach'd the gaol,
 Where the sparkling *Pleiads* roll;
 While all her sister Muses there,
 Welcom'd the stranger to the sphere.
 Near *Virgo's* celebrated sign,
 Th' exalted nymph was seen to shine:
 Nor cou'd astronomers devise,
 What new star glitter'd in the skys.
 Some nights beheld her twinkling ray,
 Then shot the prodigy away.

FOR tho' excursions she might make,
 Up to the stars for soaring sake,
 Yet long the truant cou'd not stay,
 Nor long from *Sylvia's* bosom stray.

No farther in the heavens she'd go,
Who left another heaven below.

THEN no such ramble need I take,
Or climb the hills, or beat the brake.
For by the brightness of your pen,
I see she's now return'd again ;
Let me to *Holt's* sweet shades repair,
I'm sure to find the vagrant there ;
'Tis but to visit *Sylvia's* cell,
For where she is the Muse must dwell.



PLEASURE.



PLEASURE.

Written at the REQUEST of

Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER,

(Afterwards Mrs. ROWE)

BY THE

Late Reverend Mr. JOHN BOWDEN.



I.

IN vain, unless thou first inspire,
Shall I attempt thy boundless praise,
In vain my grov'ling genius try to raise,
'Till wing'd by thy immortal fire.
O! Goddess kindly then dispense
Thy gentle powerful influence;
Let ev'ry passion, ev'ry sense,

Let

Let all my willing soul thy transports prove,
 Let vig'rous warmth, soft joy, and melting love,
 Invade, and uncontrol'd thro' all my pulses move.

2.

'Tis done ! thy charms already I obey,
 A wond'rous bright, and heav'nly day
 Already does its morning lustre shed:
 Already infant-light sits smiling round my head.
 Darkness, and melancholy gloom,
 In awful haste resign their room.
 In haste, the baleful monsters of the night,
 Pierc'd with thy flaming darts of light,
 Attempt their long unwilling flight.
 In ev'ry vein a blooming ardor burns,
 And all my kindled blood to active spirits turns.
 Enchanting joys surround my heart,
 And nimbly rush thro' ev'ry part;
 And now the tide flows large and high;
 And now, I hardly stem th' impetuous joy;
 And now, I'm rapture all, and extasy !

3.

WHAT lofty praises are thy due !
 What theme more fit for Men, and Angels too ?
 Angels, who grace the seats above,
 Those realms of purest joy, and love.

Where

Where feeble age, and shiv'ring fear,
 And sullen grief, and chill despair,
 And anxious care, and pining woe,
 Do ne'er their ghastly visage shew.
 There, with immortal youth they're crown'd,
 While fadeless glorys round them play,
 And heavenly splendors gild their way,
 And all they hear is music's sacred sound.
 Ten thousand joys around them throng ;
 Ten thousand joys inspire their song ;
 And him they praise, and him they bless,
 From whose vast bounty num'rous pleasures flow,
 To them above, and us below.
 Th' exhaustless fountain of all happiness.
 And whilst their Maker's praises they recite,
 They spring fresh oceans of delight ;
 And with fresh praises these abound.
 Thus rapture, love, and praise,
 By turns engage their happy days,
 This their employment is—this their eternal round.

4.

BEFORE old *Chaos* into order roll'd,
 Or heav'n essay'd its wonders to unfold.
 Before the mighty orbs to flame begun,
 Or restless planets whirl'd about the sun.
 Before, before, Man's dusty frame was rais'd,
 Or Angels more divine in hymns their Maker prais'd,
 Long

Long, long, before the universal fire,
Made thee the object of his vast desire.
And when faint nature breaths her latest groan,
And times scant limits are no longer known.

When jarring spheres afunder fly,
And all their glorys wink and die :

When wild confusion thro' the whole is hurl'd,
And ruin's dreadful voice resounds from world to
world ;

Still the Creator from all changes free,
O! charming pleasure! still he dwells with thee :
Still, still, he feels ineffable delight,
He's God, because his joys are infinite.

5.

THE most exalted earthly God,
That shakes whole realms with his imperious nod ;
Who common mortals does despise,
And lifts his lofty head up to the skies :
Ev'n he, to thy soft sceptre bows,
And at thy altar pays his constant vows :
Ev'n he, prefers his bliss before his state,
And to be pleas'd, oft' ceases to be great.

6.

VICTORS themselves thy conquests own,
And fall like vassals at thy throne.

K

Thy

Thy gentle hand their hurtful force restrains,
 And with more natural passions warms their veins.
 No more they rage, no more they swell,
 No more of blood and slaughter tell ;
 No more wild fury sparkles at their eyes,
 The monster sees thee come, and all disorder flies.

7.

HAIL ! to the spring of all that's brave, and great,
 Hail ! thou that dost inspire the hero's gen'rous heat.
 Tyrants might else regale with blood,
 And villains trample o'er the good ;
 Long virtue might in rags appear,
 And vice triumphant garlands wear :
 The groaning nations long complain,
 And captives drag their hated chain,
 And injur'd orphans cry for help in vain.
Nassau himself confess'd thy force,
 Which led the godlike man thro' all his shining course.
 Those acts which broke th' oppressors rods,
 Did monsters quell, and furies tame,
 Which won the hero's deathless name,
 And now have plac'd him high among the Gods.
 Were all the inspiration of thy flame :
 Divinest transports urg'd his royal breast,
 He felt, like God, the joys of making mortals blest.

THOSE

8.

THOSE fadeless monuments of wit, and sense,
 Like inmost heav'n refin'd, and pure,
 And which like that shall still endure,
 And countless blessings to the world dispense,
 Are all the genuine fruit of thy sweet influence.
 By thee the Greek, and Roman shine;
Milton by thee is all divine,
 And *Locke's* immortal works are thine.
 When lovely *Philomela* * strikes the lyre,
 Thou dost the soft harmonious song inspire.
 Those strains which all mankind surprise, and
 bless,
 Which charm illustrious *Anna's* heart,
 Which ravish seraphs, and disclose their art,
 Do all thy sacred force, and mighty power confess.

9.

THRO' all the various courses men pursue,
 Thou art the mark they keep in view;
 They still are constant to thy charms,
 And find no rest but in thy tempting arms.
 For thee the heaviest toils we bear,
 Nor life itself in search of thee is dear:
 Where danger shews its frightful'ft face,
 Heedless, we plunge thro' all, to feel thy soft embrace.

* *Mrs. Rowe.*

10.

WHERE thy auspicious form draws near
 All ghastly phantoms disappear;
 Sorrow and rage transform to love and play,
 Night wantons in the gawdy robes of day.
 Chagrin vouchsafes a smile, and age its self looks gay;
 Life's nimble wheels a swifter motion try,
 The blooming cheeks put on a rosy dye,
 And sportive Cupids flutter in the eye.

11.

MAY still thy brightest scenes my mind employ,
 Still plunge me goddess, in thy purest joy.
 Joys which no ebb nor interruption know,
 But in full current always flow,
 Triumph o'er adverse fate, and make a heaven below.
 Joys which can no where else be found,
 But on fair virtues sacred ground;
 The rest, the more they please, the more they
 wound.
 All guilty pleasure like the syrens charm,
 With hov'ring ills the cheated wretch alarm.
 They sooth the sense, but strike a dreadful blow,
 And for a moments joy, repay an age of woe.



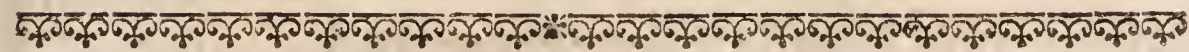
ELEGIAC VERSES,

O N A

Late Gay GENTLEMAN,

(Skill'd in M U S I C)

Who Dy'd Young.



SAY, *Melpomene*, mournful mistress ! say,
Why loiters thus the elegiac lay ?
Why hangs the cittern in thy bower so long
Untun'd, and loth to warble out a song ?

COME, gentle *Venus* ! from thy *Cyprian* grove,
And mourn a friend to music, and to love.
Come, gentle goddess ! not with crimson clad,
But rob'd in cypress, come demure, and sad.

See o'er their silent lyres the Muses weep,
And on their quivers drowsy Cupids sleep.

HUSH were the groves, the zephyrs breath'd
no more,
And the last echos languish'd on the shore.
When our harmonious *Strephon* fled the plain,
And shepherds pip'd, and fountains play'd in vain.
Then sunk the rural songs, the birds were mute,
The birds which often listen'd to his flute ;
Yet the soft muse shall whisper thro' the vale,
And publish to the rocks the tragic tale :
Yet shall his echo dwell about the cave,
Where poplars nod, and solemn willows wave :
Where sable yews an awful gloom display,
And the chaste groves will scarce admit the day.
There on his image shall my fancy feed,
Fair as when once he sung the banks of *Tweed*.
Beneath some rock, I'll raise a mossy bed,
An deck'd a flow'ry pillow for his head.
Shall gentle *Strephon* want a tragic line,
Strephon, who sung so oft', and sung so fine ?

'TWAS on that night, when all was blithe and gay,
Bright shone the stars, and ladys bright as they :
When, lo ! a sudden damp the scene o'ercastr,
Mourn all ye fair—for *Strephon* breathes his last.

Then silent sunk the music at the sound,
 And the wan lamps lookt sickening all around.
 Poor *Strephon* once at every ball the chief,
 Forever flies—and joy transforms to grief.

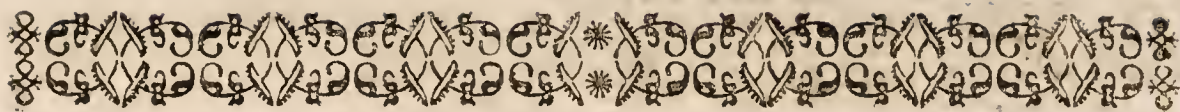
So when an army marshal'd on the plain,
 With shining ranks begins the great campaign:
 If by some adverse fate the leader dies,
 Thro' all the camp a sudden panic flies.

STREPHON was graceful, free, genteel, and gay,
 All eyes lookt sad, when *Strephon* was away;
 No splendid circle of the fair was found,
 But sprightly *Strephon* with his music crown'd.
 Of hyp, and spleen he chas'd away the gloom,
 And sullen care forsook the chearful room.
 Envy can add no follies to his score,
 But love, and wine—tho' malice count them o'er.
 Zealots must own he had a generous mind,
 Was honest, humble, affable, and kind;
 True to his promise, faithful to his friend,
 Averse to slander, forward to commend.

PRUDES may profess, and hypocrites may cant;
 Sly saints devoutly curse, and bigots rant;
 Some cheat in private, who in public pray,
 And villains parts behind the curtain play.

Some flaws in every character we find,
 His faults were few, and of a generous kind ;
 Censorious minds are often over nice,
 And with ill-nature call all pleasure vice.
 Some faults, and follies stain the brightest soul,
 But love and charity still crown the whole.





A N

Æ N I G M A.



FASHION'D of various shape, and clay,
 I *Proteus* like, am grave, or gay.
 Like *Flora* now polite and fine,
 I with rich, sculptur'd figures shine :
 Then in demure apparel clad,
 Am like hermiten plain and sad.

My temper too is altogether,
 As fickle as the wind or weather :
 I'm hot, or cold, am moist, or dry,
 In whimsical variety.
 Now am inflam'd with boiling rage,
 Yet oft' devour much baum and sage,
 But herbs which raging fevers tame,
 Are but a fuel to my flame ;

With

With such intestine heat I fume,
 My exhalations fill the room.
 Like *Ætna's* gulph my entrails glow,
 And with eruptive streams o'erflow.

AN issue often gives me vent,
 Or I shou'd burst my tenement.
 Others by toping reel, and sink,
 But I grow stronger, as I drink ;
 And when with moisture running o'er,
 Am fix'd much firmer than before.
 The common liquor which I drink,
 Makes women gay, and students think ;
 My sprightly juice dispells all gloom,
 And fills you with ambrosial fume ;
 Twill fire the fancy, clear the brain,
 And thus my latent name explain.

1747.





A

LATIN EPIGRAM.



LUMINE *Acon* dextro caruit, *Leonilla* sinistro,
 Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos.
Blande puer lumen quod habes, concede sorori,
 Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa *Venus*.



ENGLISH'D,

By the Rev. Mr. GEORGE RUSSEL.

BUT one bright eye fair *Acon*'s face adorns ;
 For one bright eye fair *Leonilla* mourns.
 Kind youth to her thy single orb resign,
 To make her perfect, and thyself divine.
 For then (wou'd heaven the happy change allow,)
 She shou'd bright *Venus* be, and *Cupid* thou.



On the Death of
Miss *A M Y A N D*.

By the S A M E.



I.

WITH radiant charms, with virtue crown'd,
And wit above her years,
Fair *Amarylla* bloom'd awhile,
Then left the world in tears.

2.

THE bow of *Iris* thus display'd,
We praise th' ideal form,
'Till all the glorious colours fade,
Succeeded by a storm.

T O

T O A
YOUNG LADY,
With a BIRD and CAGE.

By the S A M E.

THIS little Bird, when you receive,
An emblem of my heart believe.
Like him it wander'd wild and free,
Nor thought to lose its liberty.
The Bird indeed may wish to rove,
And once more flutter in the grove ;
But cou'd I find some happy art,
In your fair breast to lodge my heart,
Pleas'd in that prison to remain,
I'd never wish to rove again.



T O

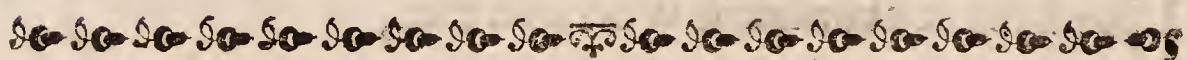


T O
A GENTLEMAN,

Who Ask'd,

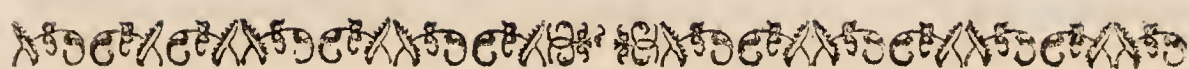
Why Miss G—G always shut her Eyes
when she laugh'd?

EXTEMPORE.—By the SAME.



WHEN *Celia* laughs—you're in surprize,
That she shou'd always shut her eyes;
'Tis pity in the fair :
But shou'd she smile, and view you too,
With those bright eyes—oh! tell me who
Such mighty charms cou'd bear?

Translation



Translation *from* Martial.

LIB. 7. EPIG. 84.

To JOHN I*****D, *Esq*;

By the SAME.



O! HOW shou'd my friendship, my bounty
 appear,
 Wou'd heaven but give me five hundred a year?
 What a table I'd keep! what numbers maintain?
 Treat strangers with port,—and my friends with
 champagne:
 Not a creature shou'd sigh for a favour deny'd;
 The Gods prais'd thy bounty,—and kindly comply'd.
 But now not a stranger must enter thy door,
 Thy coat, and thy table, much worse than before.
 Instead of thy port, and champagne,—who wou'd
 think it?
 Thy wine is so bad, not a creature can drink it.
 Ne'er a friend in distress—now 'tis come to a trial,
 Who desires thy help—but receives a denial.
 Either let thy great bounty, and friendship appear,
 Or restore back again the five hundred a year.

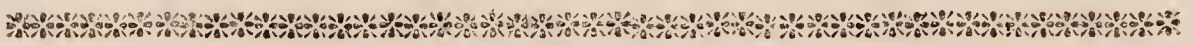
A N-



ANTHOLOGIA,

EPIG. 25.

By the SAME.



I SEARCH'D the fields, of every kind,
The fairest flowers I chose ;
And sent a beauteous wreath to bind
My *Rodoclea's* brows.

HERE *Hyacinthus* ting'd with blood,
In purple beauty glows,
There bursting thro' the swelling bud,
Appears the swelling rose.

TH' *Anemone* of paler kind,
That moist in vallys grows ;
Narcissus fair, that hangs the head,
And near the fountain blows.

To boast thy charms, when crown'd with these,
Cease, cease, O ! beauteous maid,
Thy face that blooms, so like the rose,
Like that alas ! shall fade.

LET-



LETTERS

T O

CORRESPONDENTS.



M A D A M,

I AM much obliged to you for the favour of yours, especially for the entertainment of the verses, on the Duke's Victory, &c. You have now furnish'd me with the best reasons for my not writing on those subjects, by the justice you have done them yourself. Besides, I found I cou'd not exalt my thoughts enough at present, to dwell on such lofty themes. My Head grew giddy in attempting those towering flights ; and a sudden vertigo seiz'd my brain, when I begun to write on dukes, and princeesses, triumphs and courts. My

L

muse

muse has lost her ambitious wings, and finds it
 much safer to dwell on the ground, or flutter with
 the bees and butterflies, about the groves and gardens,
 than *Pindar* like, to climb the heights of *Par-*
nassus, or soar with the bird of *Jove*, to the skies.

Or nobly wild, with Budgets fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse.

As to my being influenc'd to write from low ser-
 vile views of reward alone, this I never dreamt of. You
 know fame is the poet's goddess; at her altars we
 bow, and dedicate the fruits of our labours to her
 shrine. A mere venal and mercenary Muse is an in-
 supportable character, and quite inconsistent with the
 divine flights, and abstracted elevations of poetry.
 Tho' after all I see nothing mean, or incongruous, in
 having some view to ones own interest, when it is
 not the sole or leading motive. And it may be ob-
 serv'd, that no art flourishes so well under a govern-
 ment, that has but little regard to learning. When
 liberal sciences are encourag'd and protected, they
 always thrive best in such a soil. *Virgil*, and *Ho-*
race, &c. had a *Mecænas* to encourage, and an *Au-*
gustus to reward them; or their fine genius might
 still have remain'd in obscurity. But I really think
 we want many *Mecænas*'s now to revive and patro-
 nize the drooping arts.

I SHOU'D

I SHOU'D be glad to know if you have any acquaintance or correspondence with the celebrated *Sylvia*. I fancy there may be some inspiration in *Holt* waters, and that they have a faculty of conveying wit, as well as health, and can kindle the flames of the imagination, as well as cool those of the body. If so, some of our modern bards wou'd do well to visit those *Castalian* springs. It is affirm'd as fact, that some waters, particularly *Bath*, are endu'd with a wonderful, prolific property, to remove the causes of sterility, procure pregnancy, &c. perhaps *Holt* waters may be possess'd with the diviner quality, of impregnating the brain with fruitful ideas, inspiring the fancy with a new offspring of wit, and curing all barrenness of understanding, by invigorating the animal spirits, and (to talk in the language of the quacks) by diffusing a mild genial warmth, and sun-shine o'er the cold, inactive mass.—But to descend from this elevated strain, I am in plain *English*, without any hyperbole,

Yours, &c.



T O

The S A M E.



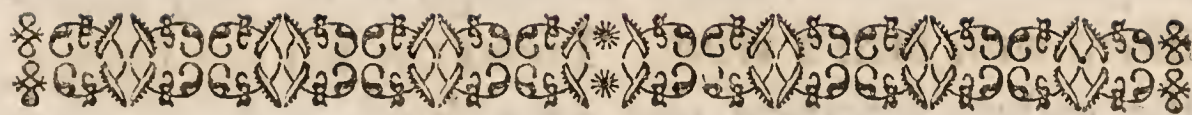
M A D A M,

I HAVE read over your paraphrase on *Solomon's* song, with a great deal of pleasure, and I hope with some instruction. But give me leave to say, that notwithstanding the innocence of your intention, the purity of your thoughts, and the chastity of your diction, thro' all this performance, I doubt the world will be so wicked, and censorious as to pervert your meaning, and misapply the passions of your royal galant to gross and sensual objects. And indeed I think there seems to be some room to give such a construction to the original song. For I think it is generally allow'd, by the concession of learned expositors, and divines, that the antient, genuine design and meaning of that celebrated poem, was not allegorical, or spiritual, but is to be understood in the obvious, literal sense. Some mystical commentators,

tators, I own, (who have a faculty of expounding every thing into metaphor, and can make every text in the old testament figurative, and every story prophetic) have given a divine turn to the whole book of *Canticles*. *Solomon's* natural amorous passion, was presently lighted up into flames of devotion, converted into celestial raptures, and all the lover lost in the saint. These gentlemen of fancy and conceit, like *Flavel* in his spiritual husbandry, can allegorize on *Noah's*-ark, or *Goliath's* spear. Every thing with them is big with allusion, and pregnant with some enigmatical meaning. *Balaam's* ass is a type of our SAVIOUR; *Jacob's* twelve sons a plain indication of the twelve apostles, and so on. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, if these emblematical divines, have found out a spiritual meaning in *Solomon's* song, and given a pious turn to his amorous dialogues. No doubt but their intention was very good in so doing: But I imagine their judgment was swallow'd up in their devotion, when they adapted his black mistress to *Imoinda*, her breasts to the old testament and the new; and the rose of *Sharon* to the church, &c. But this is really straining the matter too far; and I think christianity receives no advantage from such forc'd allusions, and wild conceits. It rather affords matter for licentious wits to ridicule, and this I doubt wou'd be the consequence of publishing your ingenious paraphrase:

I TAKE this opportunity to thank you for yours of *September* 18. I'm glad the cow gave you any entertainment, I know you always lik'd a pastoral life, and cows, sheep and birds, us'd to please you at all times; so it is the less to be wonder'd if my verses on the cow pleas'd you. I am at present an exile from *Parnassus*, and am in great danger of being the Muse's outlaw. All I have wrote lately was but a short address to a young Lady, whose uncommon beauty extorted it from me; and if there was any merit in those verses inscrib'd to Miss *P---* it is entirely to be ascrib'd to the sudden inspiration of such surprizing beauty. Our town here is so illiterate, and has so little taste for poetry especially, that the Muses finding no encouragement, have almost abandon'd the inhospitable, unpropitious soil. Trade and business are commonly at variance with learning, and never well agree with the peace and calm retirement of a poetical life. But you are such a favourite of the Muses, and reside so much at the court of *Parnassus*, that I hope by your intercession, to procure expiation and absolution for my truancy and rebellion, and to be again admitted as a guest and inhabitant of that flowery region, and blest with yours and *Apollo's* smiles. In hopes of which restoration, I subscribe myself,

Madam, Your humble Servant.



T H E

LADY'S ANSWER.



S I R,

YOU'LL excuse my making an apology for leaving your Letter of the 23d of *October* unanswered, having done it some time since. I think in a paragraph to Mrs. *****, I cou'd indeed muster up a great many excuses, and some very material ones too. But I think none greater, than that I knew not how to set about so knotty a task. So like some dull and indolent school-boy, I defer'd the evil day, 'till length of time extorted it from me.

I AM glad my paraphrase gave you any pleasure. As to instruction, I can't see any room to hope for that, while you entertain such low notions of the subject. I own, there are many things in the song
which

which may be reduc'd to a mortal passion, but I can't help thinking the whole, or design of it, very inconsistent with such a view. I need not tell the Doctor, the eastern language was very florid, and figurative, of which the Old Testament, is very full; the prophets speak little else. The new testament is of a quite different stile, more plain, and expressive: In what better manner cou'd *Solomon* have drawn up this divine drama, suitable to the language of the country, and his own poetical genius? Or in what stronger metaphors cou'd he have painted the divine passion of his soul? or better insinuated it into the minds of those, who wou'd not attend to any thing of a more grave appearance. How can we conceive (while in this embody'd state) of divine love, but by the strong and lasting impressions of the soul from a mortal passion? As to the censures of the prophane and licentious, what can escape their ridicule, if not the miracles of our SAVIOUR? But, as I know I'm not capable of advancing any thing unknown to you, I wou'd readily drop the subject, saying no more than I thought necessary for my own vindication. For as I cannot have any hopes of making a profelyte, so neither, do I find myself in the least inclin'd to become one.

I AM greatly rejoyc'd to find by your beautiful Poem in the *Bath Journal*, a few weeks since, you
have

have made up your affairs so well with the Muses, as to obtain your own terms. Indeed, they are generally artful enough to know their own interest, and therefore one of their best, distinguish'd votarys, cou'd not be in the least danger of being neglected. But I hope you'll not expose yourself to any future hazards, by your long silence, which discovers so great a contempt of the fair sisters, as they may not fail to resent. To my great mortification, I've so little interest with the Muses (being yet advanc'd to no greater distinction than one of their menial servants) that I fear my best intercessions cou'd never prevail with them, to restore you to their favour if once lost, neither do I think they understand absolution. Pray don't complain of your situation. Your mansion, looks like a seat of the Muses, and it's inhabitants loudly speak it. Trade and business are only your chance speculations, and are not always without their inspiration: And at least are beautiful contrasts. Many of your surrounding neighbours furnish out the most inspiring, and agreeable conversation. And some of your adjoining scenes, are inimitable! For what then shou'd you complain. Be not too encroaching. I hope the royal maid lately arriv'd at *Bath*, will be made your Muses care, pleasure, and glory. Who cou'd have thought the Duke wou'd have been forgot, the hero of our nation, and the

rival

rival of his age? Pardon any suspicion. I hope your Muse is loyal. Methinks, a public testimony shou'd not have been wanting. The alarm, was a worthy example. I fear, if you freely give me your advice in your next, you'll limit me to a quarter of a sheet of paper. I am however prepar'd for the mortification, and your direction shall with thankfulness be observ'd by,

S I R,

Your humble Servant.

P. S. You'll permit me to tell you, your poem on the cow is grown a companion for beaus and belles, and makes a good figure at a tea-table.



THE



T H E
R E P L Y.



I WILL not pretend, Madam, to make any apology for not answering your ingenious letter sooner ; a bad defense, and weak, trifling excuses are certainly worse than none at all. It is more candid, and honourable to confess the fault, as I now do, and freely own that my silence was owing only to negligence, and indolence ; and am very ready to submit to any penance you shall think fit to impose on me.

You have said as much as possible, I think, in a few lines in vindication of *Solomon's* passion, by endeavouring to give it a divine stamp, and a celestial flame. But considering the royal preacher's, or gallant's character, his amorous complexion, expressions, &c. I'm still of opinion that his passion was human, and
natu-

natural, and that his love center'd on some object below the skys, some eastern beauty, or *Imoinda* of the groves below. The sentiments and diction seem too plain, and sensual, to bear a divine application, and are not at all adapted to the language of heaven, and the pure immortal raptures of saints and seraphs. Indeed, you say very justly that the eastern languages were full of metaphors, borrow'd from sensual, material objects. But metaphors themselves have laws, and must not be too licentious. We might as well talk of eating, and banqueting in the skys, of feeding on angelic soups, celestial sweetmeats, and immortal bowls, as of describing love, in such a gross corporeal manner. However, you are at liberty to understand it as you please; and, indeed, most commentators, allegorize it in that manner, not to say that it is most agreeable to the decency of your sex. Your Muse, and your modesty can easily metamorphose the amour, and spiritualize the passion, without the help of grave doctors, and learned annotators.

*Your pen can sanctify the loose desire,
And to the skys direct the holy fire :
Bid low-born flames ascend on seraph's wings;
Give laws to love, and chastity to kings.*

I COU'D

I cou'd say more on this subject of allegory, but I tantaliz'd you enough with it in my last.

You seem to accuse my Muse with disloyalty, and wou'd fain provoke me to write something on the Princess's arrival at *Bath*, something on the Duke's victory, and triumph over the rebels at *Culloden*, &c. these I own are great subjects, and lofty themes, and I doubt too sublime at present for the humility of my pen. Not to mention the arts and sciences are but little encourag'd by the great now. When princes become patrons of learning ; and ingenuity, whether intellectual or mechanical, is rewarded, and encourag'd, there won't be wanting pens to celebrate their virtues. Arts and learning never arriv'd to a greater perfection than under the influence of *Alexander*, *Lycurgus*, *Augustus*, and *Trajan*, all great patrons, and bountiful benefactors. But now *C. C****, is poet-laureat, venal scribblers are prefer'd for wit ; and money sways more than merit. But you may find by my late verses on the *Disappointed Travellers*, that my Muse descends to low themes, and doggrel rhimes : And that the loss of an expected dinner gave an appetite to my invention, and afforded a theme for burlesque. And indeed I have often thought that low, trifling subjects, if there is any tolerable vein of humour, or fancy in them, are more adapted to the capacitys of the vulgar, who are taken with

con-

conceit, and often do more service than the grave, serious, and solid discourses. Perhaps one of *Æsop's* fables, rightly apply'd, has done more real service to correct vice, and reform mankind, than fifty modern sermons.

BUT notwithstanding all this severity, I can assure you, Madam, that my Muse is always at your devotion, and wing'd for your service, being either in verse or prose,

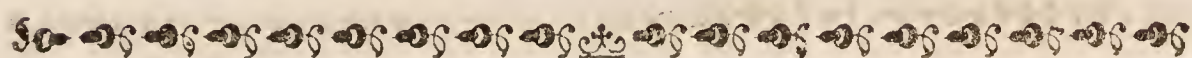
Yours, &c.





TO THE
Rev. Mr. CHARLETON,

Subdean of the King's-Chapel.



Reverend Sir,

I 'VE not so much reason to condole, as to congratulate you on your late sister's decease. When existence here becomes burdensome and painful, death is a welcome herald, and calls rather for applause, and triumph, than for tears and lamentation. Mrs. F*** for some time before her death cou'd not with any propriety be said to live, at least not to enjoy life : And I am much pleas'd, that by resigning of her's, she has at all contributed to the felicity of yours. I always thought from her constant expressions of regard, and esteem, for your family, that one time or other her actions wou'd be the best comment on her words.

I am Yours, &c.

A N

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A N
ELEGIAC POEM,

Occasion'd by the Death of
The late Rev. Mr. *John Bowden*.

By a L A D Y.

ALL hope is vain ! call'd from this mortal state,
My guide ! my friend at last resigns to fate.
Th' impatient spirit flies th' inactive clay,
And with it's convoy, mounts to realms of day.

In vain pale mourners his sad loss deplore
Clos'd are his eyes, the scenes of life, are o'er.
He quits this mortal stage with just applause;
A friend to virtue, to religions cause.

In vain dire envy rear'd her snaky head,
And with her forked tongue vile slanders spread ;
Whilst bigotry, with black censorious arts
Level'd in vain, and threw her poison'd darts :
All impotent !—unblemish'd was his life ;
Above detraction, calumny, and strife.

IN

IN him, true merit found a constant friend ;
 Peaceful his life as peaceful was his end :
 Easy he sunk into the arms of death ;
 And, with a smile, resign'd his latest breath.

DROOP, droop your heads, oh! all ye rural swains,
 Who once attentive, catch'd his tuneful strains.

WHEN *Philomela*, of immortal fame,
 Call'd forth his Muse, and gave the darling theme ;
 The darling theme at once his soul inspir'd,
 And with *Apollo's* wit his genius fir'd :
 With other tuneful bards his lyre he strung,
 And, equal to the theme unrival'd sung.
 Tho' all expected from their well-wrote lays,
 And justly merited distinguish'd praise,
 Yet *B*****n* only won, and wore the bays.

HARK ! cease your lays, all grief forbear—on high,
 What heav'nly music fills th' ætherial sky !
 Celestial airs of praise, of love, and joy,
 His golden harp with sweet delight employ.
 There he enraptur'd joyns the sacred throng,
 Oh ! change your notes and joyn his sweet immortal
 song.



MARTIAL,

BOOK 3d, EPIG. 25.

By the Rev. Mr. RUSSEL.



THAT thou hast Burgundy, my friend,
To all the world is known ;
But churlish, thou enjoy'st thy wine
In secret, and alone.

GOLD too thou hast, but in thy fob
Securely it remains :
Wit too you boast, but to be seen
By others it disdains.

OF all your store, for other's use
One thing alone we find,
Your wife, my friend, you but enjoy
In common with mankind.

A N



A N
E P I T A P H
O N

Richard Middleton, Esq; A. M.

Late of Queen's-College, and Christ-Church, *Oxford.*

(*By the S A M E.*)



WITH solid sense, in learnings robe array'd,
Fancy's gay light, thro' reason's sober shade;
Unweary'd industry with genius joyn'd,
And fervent zeal by charity refin'd;
Justice and truth, with christian awe profound,
And stedfast faith with righteous actions crown'd.

WITH these, in manners pleasingly sedate,
He sought perfection in an earthly state.
Virtue and wisdom large improvement gain'd,
Sin seem'd subdu'd, but frailty still remain'd;
Till pitying heav'n remov'd this last restraint,
Destroy'd the mortal, and receiv'd the saint.

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T H E
DIE in CAPTIVITY.

INSCRIB'D TO

THOMAS CAREW, Esq; of CROCOMB,

ON HIS

Promoting the LAWS for the Suppression of Gaming.

Occasion'd by Seeing

A compleat DIE inclos'd in an IVORY-BALL, by the
ingenious Mr. JAMES CLARK, of *Frome*.



LONG did the enchanting power of dice
Decoy the fickle youth to vice.
Fortune, and freedom, friends, and fame,
Fell martyrs to the darling game;
Even life and health become a prey
To the capricious chance of play;
'Till penal laws the vice restrain'd,
And th' epidemic madness chain'd.

PEACE

PEACE to that breast whose honest zeal,
 Glow'd fervent for the public weal :
 Who with unbias'd, generous mind,
 The spreading malady confin'd.

THIS little emblematic sphere,
 Is a just symbol of your care.
 Within this hollow globe immur'd,
 The fatal Die here lies secur'd.
 Th' ingenious hand does here impart
 The wonders of mechanic art.
 By mathematic skill profound,
 The hydra view in durance bound.
 Beneath this ball imprison'd deep,
 Thus sulphurs in their strata sleep ;
 Smooth carpets on the surface grow,
 While mortal vapors lurk below.

Six little windows let in day,
 Thro' which you see the monster play ;
 But harmless here he plays in vain,
 And only struggles with his chain,
 As felons lock'd in *Newgate's* cell,
 Peep thro' the lattice where they dwell.

So thro' its avenues of light,
 The tyrant grins, but cannot bite,
 Like *Bajazet* in iron cage,
 In vain is all the captive's rage.
Venus, and *Mars* were thus beset,
 And caught in *Vulcan*'s wond'rous net.
 Thus fevers, famine, plague and pox,
 Lay hid within *Pandora*'s box ;
 'Till *Pyrrha*'s fire the engine burst,
 And all mankind with evils curst.

LONG may the *Die* lie fetter'd here,
 And never break the ivory sphere.
 'Till the great globe with all its frame
 Shall perish in the final flame.



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An E P I T A P H,

On a NEGRO SERVANT,

Who died at Governor PHIPPS's,

At Haywood, near Westbury.



EUROPEAN vain--mock not my hue,
Nor ridicule a slave;
Death soon, like me, will blacken you,
In darkness, and the grave.

Tho' nature o'er my swarthy skin
Diffus'd a sable blot;
Yet was my mind unstain'd within,
And free from vicious spot.

It boots not here, or black, or white,
All colours suit the tomb;
Black guests, and *Æthiopian* night,
Sit round this funeral room.

RELEAS'D from servitude, and woe,
Here all my toils are o'er,
To some green island I shall go,
And see my native shore.

THO' with reluctant mind I part,
From my kind master here;
Yet my old country has my heart,
And liberty is dear.

THERE in some shady, *Indian* grove,
I shall forever stray ;
Or o'er the pathless mountain rove,
And hunt for savage prey.

IT matters not, or rich, or poor,
But 'tis the honest man ;
Whether he lives on *India's* shore
In *Europe*, or *Japan*.

LIVE well—nor tremble at the grave,
The good shall live again ;
The wicked man's the truest slave,
And death a tyrant then.

SONG.

(By a LADY.)

ALEXIS.

THE sun's declining, milder ray,
O'er spreads the eastern skys :
Thro' fragrant trees soft zephyrs play,
And ev'ning shades arise.

THE flow'rs reviving raise their heads,
Refresh'd with silver dews :
The ev'ning primrose gaily spreads,
And beauteous scenes renews.

COME *Chloe*, then these charms partake,
In yonder rosy bow'r :
Come, thy *Alexis* happy make,
This is th' appointed hour.

THERE talk of love, whilst free from care,
We both are kind and true :
Come let us to the shade repair,
And seal, our vows anew.

PSALM



PSALM CXXI.

(By the SAME.)



I.

BEYOND the sacred mountain's height,
Which tow'rs with awful pride ;
From whence the rays of morning light,
Down to our regions glide.

2.

FROM the Creator's boundless store,
My wants, are all supply'd ;
He spake—and heav'n obey'd his pow'r,
And spread its circuit wide.

THE

3.

THE earth, with various blessings stor'd,
Obedient to his call,
Arose—and by his pow'rful word,
Whirls round its circling ball.

4.

ISRAEL ! thy keeper slumbers not,
Nor can refreshment need ;
His eyes, survey the happy spot,
On which his servants feed.

5.

HEAV'N's glorious majesty ! still deigns
His servants, to defend ;
My watchful guardian he remains,
A sure protecting friend.

6.

SURROUNDED by the king of kings !
And guarded by his pow'r,
Perpetual peace and safety springs,
And ev'ry blisful hour.

7.

BENEATH his sweet refreshing shade,
My weary soul shall rest ;
Nor of the scorching sun afraid,
Nor by the moon distressed.

No

8.

No evil, can destructive prove
While shelter'd by the Lord ;
My soul, the object of his love,
His love, shall still record.

9.

My steps well order'd by his care,
From ev'ry ill, secure ;
With safety pass each gilded snare,
That wou'd to vice allure.

10.

AND when from this bewilder'd state,
To happier realms I fly,
Thy glorious name I'll celebrate
To all eternity.



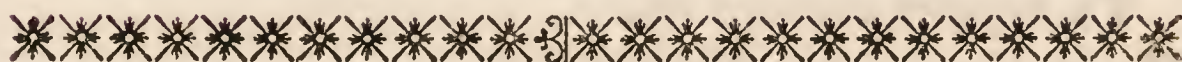


AURELIA *to* STREPHON.

ON THE

Sudden Appearance of the Spring.

(By the S A M E.)



STREPHON—how gay the changing scenes !
The sun-beams gild the opening greens,
No chrystal brook, in fetters bound,
Nor hoary frost, enchains the ground.
The feather'd wantons, how they sing !
Those tuneful warblers of the spring.
The primrose and the violet too,
What fragrant smell ! what modest hue !
Imprison'd nature, now is free,
This is the muse's jubilee.

No

No noxious fogs, distract the head,
 Nor smoaky vapours, dullness spread.
Titan's bright rays, must clear the brain,
 And wing the soaring tuneful strain.
 Hark! how the gentle zephyrs play,
 And o'er the verdant meadows stray,
 The limpid rivulets, murmuring roll,
 To sooth the passions of the soul.
 These charms, inspiring, oh! what breast,
 The pleasing impulse, can resist?
 Come then—and nature's voice obey,
 And joyn the concert with your lay.



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A N

EPITHALAMIUM,

INSCRIB'D TO

LIONEL SEAMAN, M. A.

Archdeacon of TAUNTON ;

On his late Marriage to Miss WILLS, Daughter to the
Lord Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*.

Felices, ter et amplius, quos

—— *Irrupta tenet Copula.* HOR.

W H E N 'erst your pile inspir'd the Muse's
quill, *

Who risk'd her own—to praise the builder's skill :
Tho' all around was beautiful, and gay,
And order rose, where shapeless chaos lay ;

* See the Poem on the Vicarage, Page 14.

Tho'

Tho' all within was elegant, and neat,
 Yet long unfurnish'd lay the lonely seat.
 And like some beauteous form, without a soul,
 Something was wanting to compleat the whole.
 While in her sable robes, desponding gloom,
 Sat brooding o'er each solitary room.
 'Till the fair nymph for every charm admir'd,
 Adorn'd the structure, and the seat inspir'd :
 Sprung from a prelate whose distinguish'd sense,
 Shines in the pulpit, and adorns the bench.

IN vain before, enchanting music's strain,
 Wou'd oft' the pensive moments entertain :
 In vain fair prospects open'd all around,
 And infant sweets perfum'd the fragrant ground.
 What tho' the meadows smile, the garden blooms
 And polish'd sculptures animate the rooms,
 What tho' mute pictures round the walls were plac'd,
 And learned shelves the gilded volumes grac'd ;
 The fairest picture in her looks we find,
 And the best volumes copy'd in her mind.

THUS when Almighty Power created man,
 Something was wanting to compleat the plan :
 Unhappy man ! of paradise possesst,
 In single solitude remain'd unblest ;

Tho'

Tho' happy groves, and *Eden* was his lot,
 He pin'd, and panted, for he knew not what ;
 Some undiscover'd bliss, some unknown fair,
 His cares to lessen, and his joys to share.
 In vain around unspotted nature smil'd,
 Yet, *wanting her*, all *Eden* was a wild :
 'Till like some *Delian* goddess from the grove,
 Shone forth in all her charms the queen of love.
 'Twas then new beautys op'd in every flower,
 With her more fragrant smelt each fragrant bower.
 What charming once appear'd, now charm'd the
 more,
 And *Eden* was no paradise before.

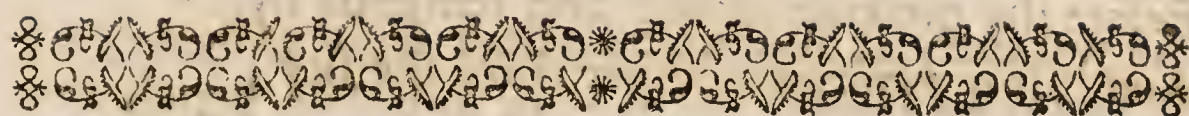
HAIL ! blest society—thy force divine,
 Brightens the gloom, and makes the desert shine.
 Both savages below, and saints above,
 Confess thy genial power, *Almighty Love*.
 Let cynic monks, or bearded hermits dwell,
 In some lone cloyster, or sequestered cell,
 Mankind for nobler purposes were made,
 Not born to live in solitude, and shade.
 Even howling beasts who in the forest stray,
 Or on the pathless mountain roam for prey,
 Fir'd with a social sympathy combine,
 Herd into clans, and feel thy force divine.
 'Tis this that rolls the starry orbs along,
 And gives the birds their notes, the muse her song :

Before thy presence clouds and tempests fly, *
 And balmy zephyrs whisper thro' the sky ;
 The earth, prolific, teems with fruits, and flowers,
 And in thy lap autumnal plenty pours :
 Nature thro' all her works reveres thy sway,
 And universal worlds thy power obey.

* Te, Dea, te fugiunt, venti, te nubila coeli
 Adventumq ; tuum ; tibi suaves dædala tellus,
 Summittit flores, &c.

LUCRET.





EAST-BRENT,
A POEM.

INSCRIB'D TO

THOMAS PALMER, Esq;

(By Mr. D*****R)



O H! happy you, whom *Quantock* overlooks,
Blest with keen, healthful air, and crystal
brooks ;

Whilst wretched we, the baneful influence mourn,
Of cold *Aquarius*, and his weeping urn :
Eternal mists their dropping curse distil,
And drizzly vapours all the marshes fill.
Here ev'ry eye with brackish rheum o'erflows,
And a fresh drop still hangs at ev'ry nose.

Here the winds rule with uncontested right,
 And wantonly at pleasure take their flight ;
 No shel'tring hedge, no tree, or spreading bough
 Obstruct their course, but unconfin'd they blow ;
 With dewy wings they sweep the wat'ry meads,
 And proudly trample o'er the bending reeds ;
 Expos'd to northern and to southern breeze,
 By one we drown, and by the other freeze.
 Let *Venice* boast, *Brent* is as fam'd a feat,
 For here we live in seas, and sail thro' ev'ry street.
 Besides, this privilege we further gain,
 We're not, like them, oblig'd to pray for rain.
 Sure this was nature's gaol, for rogues design'd,
 Whoever lives at *Brent*, must live confin'd.
 Moated around, the water is our fence ;
 None come to us, and none can go from hence.
 But shou'd a sun-shine day invite abroad,
 To wade thro' mire, and wallow in the mud,
 Some envious rheen * will always thwart the road. }
 And then a small round twig is all one's hopes,
 We pass not bridges, but we walk on ropes.

ALL dogs here take the water, and you find
 No creature, but of an amphibious kind.
 Rabbits with ducks, and geese here sail with hens,
 And all for food must paddle in the fens :

* Wide Ditches of Water, which separate the Fields or Moors
 from each other, and are called Rheens.

Nay, when proviſion fails, the hungry mouſe
 Will fear no pool, to reach a neighbouring houſe,
 The good old hen clucks boldly o'er the ſtream,
 And chicken, newly hatch'd, eſſay to ſwim :
 All have a mooriſh taſte, cows, ſheep, and ſwine,
 Eat all like Frog,—and favour of the *Rhine*.
 Bread is our only ſauce, and barley cake,
 Hard as your cheeſe, and as your trencher black ;
 Our choiceſt drink (and that's the greateſt curſe)
 Is but bad water made, by brewing, worſe.

To him that has, is always given more,
 And a freſh ſtock improves the riſing ſtore :
 Not only rain from bounteous heaven deſcends,
 But us the ſea with after floods befriends ;
 For nature this as a relief deſigns,
 To ſalt the ſtinking favour of the *Rhines*.

As when of late, enraged *Neptune* ſwore,
Brent was a part of his own lawful ſhore,
 He ſaid,—and hurl'd his trident o'er the plain,
 And ſoon the waves aſſert their antient reign ;
 They ſcorn the ſhore, and o'er the marſhes bound,
 And mud-wall cots are levell'd with the ground ;
 Tho' the poor building was ſo very low,
 That when the houſe is fall'n, you'll ſcarcely know.
 Bury'd we are alive—the ſcanty dome
 Has, like the grave, but one poor narrow room,
 But little larger than a fix foot tomb.

Where, as in *Noah's* Ark, in one close styce,
Men with their fellow brutes, in equal honor lie.

No joyous birds here stretch their tuneful throats,
And pierce the yielding air with warbling notes :
But the hoarse sea-pyes with melodious cry,
Skim o'er the marsh, and tell that storms are nigh.
The curst night-raven, and the hooping owl,
Disturb our rest, and scare the guilty soul.

HERE gnats surround you with their humming
 drone,
Worse than e'er plagu'd the *Ægyptian* tyrants throne;
In vain the weary limbs expect repose,
Their din invades your ears, and sting your nose.
The fighting lovers here may toss and turn,
And under double itch and anguish burn,
While bright *Celinda's* beautys fire the heart,
Those Insects wound in ev'ry other part :
While *Roger* unmolested with his *Joan*,
Tir'd with their toils, still snore, and still sleep on,
Their sun-burnt skins, impenetrable found,
In vain the gnat's proboscis strives to wound ;
He sooner might expect his sting to shoot
Thro' the tough fortrefs of a strong jack-boot.

SERPENTS innum'rous o'er the mountains roam,
Man's greatest foe thought this his safest home ;

Nor

Nor cou'd expect a hated place to find,
 More likely to be void of human kind.
 And yet if dust be doom'd the serpent's meat,
 'Tis wond'rous strange, if here they ever eat :
 Nor are the beasts of better kind, that fill
 The breaks and caverns of the neighb'ring hill.
 But all are delving moles, and prowling brocks,*
 The ven'mous viper, and the crafty fox.

AGUES and Coughs with us as constant reign,
 As th' itch in *Scotland*, or the flux in *Spain*.
 Under the bending *Knowle*'s declining brow,
 Where toadstools only to perfection grow,
 A cave there is, I thought by nature made,
 For want of trees a necessary shade ;
 Hither I came, and void of fear, and thought,
 Drew near the entrance of this gloomy grot ;
 But ah ! this was the place, the dismal cell,
 Where spitting colds, and shiv'ring agues dwell,
 The constant home of that malicious fiend,
 That with a third day's visit plagues mankind ;
 Here a small fire glow'd in a smoaky grate,
 And hov'ring o're the coals old *Febris* fate ;
 A thick coarse mantle o'er her shoulders hung,
 She gnash'd her teeth, and shew'd a furred tongue,

* Badgers.

Greedy she drank of the unwholsome brook,
 But still the more she drank the more she shook.
 When me the fury saw, she shook her head,
 And anger to her paleness gave a red ;
 Here I had been undone, had I not brought
 Of *Indian Cortex* an enchanted draught ;
 Thus arm'd with its sure force I forward pass,
 And with the magic bark, besmear'd her face ;
 Dreadful she shriek'd, and with one mighty shake
 The hag down sunk into the neighbo'ring lake.
 The unhappy frogs perceiv'd the fiend was come,
 And all the croaking tribe bemoan'd their home ;
 The dreadful, chilling cold, they scarce can bear,
 And their hoarse quiv'ring lips confess an ague there.

HAD mournful *Ovid* been to *Brent* condemn'd,
 His *Tristibus* more movingly he'd penn'd.
 Gladly he wou'd have chang'd this miry lough,
 For wat'ry *Pontus*, or the *Scythian* snow.
 The *Goths* were not so barbarous a race,
 As the grim natives of this dismal place.
 Of reason wholly void, whom instinct rules,
 Yet will be knaves, tho' nature made them fools ;
 A strange half human, and half beastly brood,
 Of speech uncouth, and in their manners rude.
 When they essay to speak, the mortals roar,
 As loud as waves contending with the shoar.

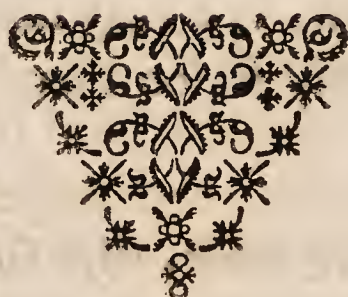
Their

Their widen'd mouth into a circle grows,
 For all their vowels are but *A's* and *O's*.
 The beasts have the same language, and the cow,
 Seems like her owner's noisy voice to low.
 The lamb to bah, taught by its keeper, tries,
 And puppies learn to howl from children's cries,
 It never yet cou'd be exactly stated,
 What time o'th year this ball was first created,
 Some plead for summer, but the wife bethought 'em,
 That th' earth like other fruit was ripe in *Autumn*;
 While gayer wits the vernal bloom prefer,
 And think the finish'd world did first appear
 I'th' youthful glory of the budding year. }
 But the black nole, and all the marshes round
 (A sort of chaos, and unfinish'd ground,)
 Were made in winter, one may safely swear,
 For winter is the only season there.

OF four prime elements, most things below, }
 By various mixtures were compos'd we know,
 But here at most they are reduc'd to two.
 The daily want of fire our chimneys mourn,
 Cow dung and turf may smoak, but never burn.
 Water and earth are all that *Brent* can boast,
 The air in mists, and foggy steams is lost.
 So thick our fogs are in this moory sink,
 That when we're thought to breath, we rather drink.

It's

It's said the world at last in flames must dye,
 And thus interr'd in its own ashes lye.
 If any part shall then remain entire,
 And be excepted from that common fire,
 Sure 'tis this watry spot which nature meant
 Shou'd be from all the force of flames exempt;
 The last consumed morsel will be *Brent*.



V E R S E S

In PRAISE of an.

Eminent Old S P E A K E R

Amongst the Q U A K E R S,

Remarkable for his Venerable BEARD, and SANCTITY
of MANNERS.

I N thee, O! venerable sage! we find
Simplicity of manners, and of mind :
With grave demeanor, and majestic grace,
A philosophic beard adorns thy face ;
Humble deportment, free from pride appears,
And calls for sacred homage to thy years.
Like trees in blossom snowy age has shed
Its hoary honours o'er thy reverend head.

LET the vain world external pomp adore,
And worship fools with tinsel varnish'd o'er ;
In vain unthinking fops thy garb despise,
Whose merit only in the outside lies ;

In

In vain deride the quaker's simple dress,
 What more than nature wants is all excess.
 What more than cold requires, or hunger needs,
 Only our folly, or our luxury feeds.
 Content with little, and with virtue blest,
 Vain, and superfluous, is all the rest.

THY dress is such as cloath'd the antient sage,
 And patriarchs wore in the primæval age.
 'Twas thus the old philosophers were clad,
 E're the vain world grew dissolute and mad.
 'Twas thus the *Druids* liv'd, the *Bramins* drest,
 And all the sapient *Magi* of the east.
 Thus *Quintus* liv'd, and rigid *Cato* shin'd,
 E'er vice prevail'd, and polish'd *Rome* declin'd.
 Who guided armys, and the truncheon bore,
 With the same hand, which held the plough before.
 'Twas thus *Lycurgus* form'd the *Spartan* state,
 Plain in their manners, but in virtue great.

ADORN'D with wisdom, and with native sense,
 Thy tongue displays an artless eloquence.
 When truths divine thy hallow'd lips explain,
 Attentive crouds oft' listen to thy strain.
 Which free from loud, enthusiastic cant,
 No impulse feels of rhapsody and rant.
 Pleas'd we behold exalted virtue shine,
 And in thy doctrine trace the light divine.

Immortal light !—spark of celestial flame,
 Angelic ray ! that animates our frame ;
 Whose energy all nature round pervades,
 Shines in the stars, and gilds the darkest shades ;
 That beam, by whose propitious light we fail,
 'Thro' dim mortality's beclouded vale.
 Mistaken wits will oft' its influence flight,
 Burlesque the name, and mock the sacred light ;
 Who at religion laugh, themselves deride,
 This light is only reason's sacred guide ;
 Which bids us all ignoble joys despise,
 And like a lamp conducts us to the skies.





A
Parent's Lamentation,

On the DEATH of

An Only Promising CHILD.



WHERE art thou fled my hope, my joy,
What shade conceals my lovely boy?
Just as the dawn of life begun,
The circle of thy race was run.
So dawns *Aurora* fair, and gay,
'Till clouds o'ercast the opening day.
Just as thy cheeks begun to bloom,
Thy feet to totter round the room;
With infant sounds thy tongue to prattle,
Thy hands to play with toys, and rattle,
Stern death—inexorable death,
Seal'd up thy eyes, and stop'd thy breath.

Nor

Nor didst thou know, unthinking boy !
 That life itself was but a toy,
 A painted dream, a gilded bubble,
 Checquer'd with sorrow, care, and trouble

PEACE to thy shade, O! lovely child,
 In death's cold arms how sweet he smil'd ;
 Lodg'd in the silent tomb he lies,
 Eternal slumbers seal his eyes.

No more to murmur, cry, or crave,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the grave.

O! happy child—in early age,

To quit this transitory stage :

Just in thy opening bloom to die,

And shoot, and ripen in the sky.

So tender flowers nurs'd up with care,

In colder climes, and northern air,

Transplanted with new beauty rise,

And flourish in indulgent skies.





Æ N I G M A.

(By a YOUNG LADY)

A THOUSAND sweet pleasures from nature's rich
treasures,

To please me, does heav'n impart ;
And man seldom content, with what nature has sent,
Supplies me with more by his art.

I in gardens delight, tho' I'm blind as the night,
By all I'm fed, squeez'd, and carefs'd ;
I decency love, and good house-wives approve ;
But a slut, and her works I detest.

Man by luxury taught, from the *Indies* has brought
Strange food, which much pleases my palate ;
While nature more wise, looking on with surprize,
Would as soon feed the ears with a fallad.

Tho'

Tho' feet I've not one, 'tis well known I can run,
 And when in that troublesome mood,
 For a servant oft' send, who at hand does attend;
 But when running, ne'er relish my food.
 I'm sagacious, and wise, beyond mortal eyes,
 Foul matters I oft' bring to light ;
 Without eye, without ear, to me they are clear,
 Tho' by art they're conceal'd from the sight.
 If *Chloe* should be, with the bottle too free,
 Tho' silent I tell her disgrace ;
 And often discover the desolate lover,
 And expose the too amorous lass.
 Being learned so deep, in the van I still keep ;
 While all parties, each sex, and degree,
 Tho' often they wrangle, fight, quarrel, and jangle
 Are united in following me.

H O L T.

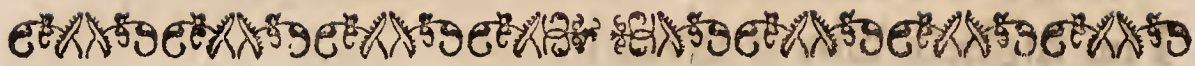


The A N S W E R.

F AIR Nymph! did you guess, that a poetic dress,
 Cou'd so far embarrass the case.
 Tho' the truth lay conceal'd, it is now all reveal'd,
 And as plain as the *Nose* in one's face.

O .

A N



A N
EPI THALAMIUM.

(By the S A M E.)



A WAKE my Muse, and tune the lyre,
Oh ! warm me with celestial fire.
Attend my call, thou long-lost maid,
For Love, and *Hymen* crave thy aid.
See, see, she comes on purple wings,
And thus the smiling virgin sings.
While the gay, sparkling glass goes round,
With sprightly wit, and pleasure crown'd,
Permit the Muse, with nuptial song,
To mingle in the cheerful throng.

HERE *Hymen's* torch, gay *Cupid's* light,
And hearts, as well as hands unite :
O ! may the flame forever burn,
'Till love shall into friendship turn.
That noblest passion of the mind,
For friendship's flame is love refin'd.

MAY

MAY bounteous heaven on you bestow,
 The highest bliss it gives below.
 May peace, and plenty, lovely pair !
 Still make you their peculiar care.
 Let every joy, by each possess'd,
 Be doubl'd in each others breast :
 Let every care, and every pain,
 (For cares the stream of life will stain)
 Be ever lighter made, and less,
 By sympathizing tendernefs.
 To this refin'd, and pure delight,
 The joys of sense are low, and light.

MAY love, and reason hand in hand,
 To guard the blissful mansion stand :
 Nor let harsh discord enter there,
 With pale repentance in the rear.

THUS may the blissful moments move,
 Upon the downy wings of love.
 On virtue, and on reason grow,
 Firm base of happiness below.
 And when the glass of time is run,
 And life's weak slender thread is spun,
 May you together seek the skys,
 And in celestial glory rise.

H O L T.



THE
MECHANIC INSPIR'D:

OR, THE

Methodist's Welcome to *Frome*.

A BALLAD.



✎ It may be proper to mention, that the Design of the following Song is not to lampoon the honest and sincere, but only to expose pretended Zealots, and designing Enthusiasts. Irony and Banter seem best adapted to ridicule such Visionarys, who are declared Enemies to all Reason and Learning. Those who depart from Reason become the proper Objects of Satyr and Laughter. Some will say, that every Thing may become the Subject of Drollery, Wit, and Banter, but 'tis impossible to ridicule the virtuous, sincere Man : Therefore this Song has no Relation to such.



I.

YE vagabond levites, who ramble about,
To gull with your priest-craft, an ignorant rout,
Awhile your nonsensical canting suspend,
And now to my honefter ballad attend.

THESE

2.

THESE pretended reformers recruiting are come,
For volunteer saints with canonical drum ;
And with impudent jargon, and spiritual pother,
Damn one half of their hearers, and plunder the other.

3.

By *Jesuits* deluded, with pious commission,
To kindle the schismatic coals of sedition;
The dupes of sly *Romish*, itinerant liars,
The spawn of *French* prophets, and mendicant friars.

4.

YE pious enthusiasts! who riot, and rob,
With holy grimace, and sanctify'd sob:
Ye saints in rebellion—far worse than the sword,
Who cheat—pray—and lie—in the name of the Lord.

5.

SAY, brother *Fanatics*—what led you to *Frome*,
Where weavers expound, as they sit at the loom;
Where mechanics inspir'd, the gospel explain,
And weave at a text, as well as a *Chain*.

6.

HERE at your own weapons you're fairly outdone,
For teaching, and trucking the town has o'er run;

With *Grub-street* devotion our stomachs are cram'd,
While bigots pronounce—believe—or be damn'd.

7.

HERE tinkers, and taylors, deep doctrines can
handle,
By the light of the spirit—or light of the candle ;
Here seekers—fots—ranters, religion will trim,
And tell you that virtue, and vice is all whim.

8.

HERE the knave, cheat, and liar, by grace are
protected,
For the Lord sees no backsliding in his elected ;
O! comforting creed ! to sooth us in evil,
To rely all on faith—and to deal with the devil.

9.

THO' loaded with sins, yet the saints cannot fall,
The chosen are safe, and CHRIST must bear all.
O! perfect believers—how blest your condition ?
But wo! to the reprobate sons of perdition.

10.

IF such-gifted brethren can gospel explain,
Then churches are needless, and learning is vain,
Who compound with the scripture, and truck
with religion,
As *Mahomet* cheated the croud with his pidgeon.

LIKE

11.

LIKE that prophet they fall into trances, and fits,
And frighten the populace out of their wits ;
Then utter their dreams, which they call inspirations,
By the devil suggested in those agitations.

12.

THUS from *Caledon* hills, strolling saints, second
fought,
By call of the spirit,—and hunger invited,
With their wild-fowl, flock southward from *Tweed*
and from *Tay*,
Like *Calvin* to curse—like *Peter* to pray.

13.

AND after their toils in the wilderness past,
Here find out the promised *Canaan* at last.
By instinct inspir'd with the cock, snite and widgeon,
In more fertile climate to forage provision.

14.

BUT these winter birds, when the spring season smiles,
Repair back again to their northerly isles ;
But when settled here, the devil a *Scot*,
E'er back to his desolate mountains will trot.

15.

To proceed, these *Reformers* pretend to a call,
To convert the lost gentiles, like *Peter* or *Paul*.

But e'er one confederate convert you win,
Gospel-miracles work, and we all will come in.

16.

SOME wonders indeed you boast of, by saying,
That your flock is supported by fasting and praying ;
For their money you feed them with spiritual leaven,
Then bid the fools gape after manna from heaven.

17.

BUT my friends, it is surely most whimsical barter,
To starve the poor here—for to save them hereafter.
'Till decoy'd with their hypocrite tales and pretences,
The credulous dupes lose their *Time, Wealth and Senses*.

18.

STRUCK with puritan looks, and barefac'd assertion,
They stake all below, for the skys in reversion,
'Till politic *Satan* cuts off the entail,
And sends them to *Bedlam*, to *Box** or to *Jail*.

19.

How modest these innocent methodist elves,
Who curse half mankind, but are righteous themselves:
Those who plunder the poor, are surely accurst,
And of all rogues—the *sanctify'd Rogue is the worst*.

* A noted Mad-House.

20.

THESE pious reformers but frighten the croud,
 And pour forth extempore nonsense aloud,
 Then their sect, with much modesty, methodists call,
 When th' enthusiasts observe no *Method* at all.

21.

MUCH terror they preach, with boldness asserted,
 And some are, for fear of the devil, converted ;
 But with all their wild rant, they can teach us no more,
 Than the practical dutys, we all knew before.

22.

THEN begone, ye false prophets—go whine out
 damnation,
 Experiences, impulse, and regeneration ;
 We want no such tutors, our duty to shew,
 If we copy in practice—but half what we know.

23.

IN vain bigots prate, and zealots declaim,
 While *Heaven-born Virtue* shines always the same ;
 Let them damn,—and debate,—and divide while
 they will,
True Religion resides in the the *honest Man* still.



The S T O R Y *of the*
Barber and his Lanthorn.

In Imitation of CHEVY-CHACE.



☞ Tho' the following ironical Ballad is too local, and personal for the Public, I was yet desir'd to print it to gratify the Importunity of some Friends.



I.

G O D prosper long our peaceful king,
 And guard us all from danger ;
 A dire catastrophe I sing
 Which rais'd my hero's anger.

2.

ACHILLES' wrath, the bard inspir'd,
 Three thousands years ago;
 I sing what rage the Barber fir'd,
 And all its tragic woe.

To

3.

To drive off care, with lighted-horn,
The Barber bent his flight ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The drinking of that night.

4.

'Twas on a *Thursday's* fatal day,
In dark, and stormy weather ;
And under some unlucky ray,
The club was met together.

5.

ALL men of *Frome's* delightful dale,
All honest hearts, and jolly,
Who knew full well, with mug of ale
To banish melancholy.

6.

AND now the tubes begun to smoak,
The circling glass went round,
With many a tale, and many a joke,
No slackness there was found.

7.

HARD by upon a window's side, *
A lanthorn peaceful lay ;

* The Destruction of the Lanthorn was contriv'd by the Club.

Which

Which many a winter's storm had try'd,
And seen thro' many a fray.

8.

BUT now the fatal hour drew nigh,
For all things have their date,
And lamps below, and lamps on high,
Must all submit to fate.

9.

For suddenly, like clap of thunder,
The pendent lanthorn fell,
And in a moment burst asunder,
But how no tongue can tell.

10.

THUS the fam'd *Pharos* of the east,
Was in a tempest lost,
Which long the mariners had blest,
And lighted *Egypt's* coast.

11.

UP rose the gouty hero griev'd,
With madness, and with anger,
Soon as the valiant knight perceiv'd
His noble lamp in danger.

12.

“ HAST thou, he cry’d, transparent guide,
 “ So many perils past,
 “ So many midnight ills defy’d,
 “ To perish here at last?

13.

“ OFT’ has thy aid preserv’d my shin
 “ From grating, and from gout,
 “ For still thy friendly light was in,
 “ When mine was often out.

14.

“ STILL didst thou guard the dangerous way,
 “ Befet with every evil,
 “ And sprites, and bailiffs drive away,
 “ Owls, mastiffs, and the devil.

15.

“ FOR thee I long endur’d the cramp
 “ With flannel on my feet;
 “ For sure a more renowned lamp,
 “ Mischance did never meet.

16.

I NEED not tell, how full of scorn,
 He left his pipe, and pot,

And

And vow'd he wou'd revenge his horn,
And spoil their wickèd plot.

17.

It wou'd too tedious make my tale,
His actions to recite,
How *Lamb* * at his fierce looks wax'd pale,
And *Hector* fled with fright.

18.

How from the fire a mighty bar,
With both his hands he took,
And like stern *Pyrrhus* in the war,
The flaming javelin shook.

19.

How *Mithridate*, || and many more
Sat trembling round the hall,
Cleaver, † who scarce cou'd speak before,
Now cou'd not speak at all.

20.

Stout *Soder* § too, was fore afraid,
Old *Buckram* ‡ sat in dumps,

* The Landlord.

|| An Apothecary.

† A Stammering Butcher.

§ A Glazier.

‡ An old Taylor.

And *Bunnamore* devoutly pray'd,
For mercy on his stumps.

21.

Two woollen friends*, who serious fat,
Lamenting loss of trade,
Broke off their manufacturing chat,
Of sudden ills afraid.

22.

AND now to close the tragic theme,
And wind up the disaster,
Together stagger'd home, both lame,
The lanthorn, and the master.

23.

BUT in the road a giant-post,
Don *Quixote* durst attack,
Which humbl'd after all his boast
The hero on his back.

24.

Now heaven preserve all honest men,
And grant that storms may cease ;
And *Tonsor* long enjoy again
A brighter lamp in peace.

* Two Clothiers.



N. B. *The following DISSERTATIONS, were wrote by the Author many Years ago, in a Journal at BATH, call'd the MODERATOR.*



NUMBER I.

*Denique si non est Fati, cur traditur Ordo,
Cunctaque temporibus certis, ventura canuntur?*

MANIL.

S I R,

AS you lately oblig'd me with a handsome Collection of a whole Year's *Bath Journals*, I now in acknowledgment, send you a dissertation on the number *seven*, which makes the constant period, or epocha of all weekly historians.

BEING inclin'd to superstition, and descended from a gloomy race of astrological parents, I have often
pleas'd

pleas'd myself with reflecting on the weekly æra of your paper, and its regular appearance, and revolution, once in *Seven* days.

THIS number has always been look'd on by those who are skill'd in figurative philosophy, and cabalistic learning, as very mysterious; comprehending, in its occult womb, a great many ominous truths, and profound secrets: Like seeds, which contain the stamina of future generations, it is big with meaning, and pregnant with mystery; which is only visible to those who can unravel ænigmas, and pry into the divine signification of numerical truths.

SUCH a veneration have I for this number, that you must know, I belong to a club consisting of *Seven* members, who meet at *Seven* o'clock, every *Seventh* day, and are regulated by just *Seven* articles.

IT is commonly known that philosophers affirm there is a remarkable change, and gradation in the human frame once in *Seven* years: Supposing that nature receives a considerable change, and renovation at those stated intervals. And 'tis no wonder if we pass under almost a total metamorphosis in such a number of years. Since by insensible perspiration our bodys being in a continual flux, the old stock must in time all fly off, and evaporate, without a

P

constant

constant succession of new matter to supply its place. We find when, thro' some defect in the organs, this recruit fails, people dissolve in consumptions, and pine in atrophys, or other disorders. So that after the expiration of some such period, it is to be question'd whether there is one individual particle of the old stock remaining about us. This is the chief, natural, and physical reason, on which the great climacterical year is founded, which arises from the combination of Nine and Seven. This is represented as a period replete with ills, and big with mortality, and destruction to the human race, and a sort of silent sepulchre for half mankind.

A CERTAIN superstitious gentleman of our club carried this matter so far, as to prognosticate, that if our weekly paper surviv'd this unfortunate period, which he call'd the climacteric of the journal, it would flourish for half a century, in spite of all opposition. He told us, that at certain, stated, and planetary periods, time was in travel, and teem'd with some great, and portentous event; some fortunate day, or dark catastrophe, in the womb of fate.—Whether we allow this or not, it is certain, that some days shed more smiling, and propitious beams on some, than others; or, on the contrary, frown with more dark, and fatal influence.—The *ides of March* were alike fortunate, and fatal, to *Julius Cæsar*

Cæsar, who suffer'd for his incredulity, in despising the prediction of his augur, who always bid him beware of that ominous time. The third of *September* bore the same aspect on *Oliver Cromwell* ; on that day he was born ; on that day he won the three battles of *Marston-Moor*, *Worcester*, and *Dunbar* ; and on that day he died.

THE *Romans* were religious observers of these auspicious critical days ; and the *Dies Fasti* and *Nefasti*, fill'd a large column in the *Roman* calendar.—The poets too, have always been great admirers of the science of numbers. *Virgil*, when he introduces the serpent at *Anchises's* tomb, speaks mystically of the number *Seven* in particular.

Septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit.

*In Seven vast glossy folds he glides around,
And with as many mazes marks the ground.*

THAT expression of *Virgil's*, *O ! terque, quaterque beati*, has inclin'd a great many learned men to pay a particular regard to this sacred number *Seven*, the product of *Three* and *Four*. Also some of *Homer's* heroes fight under *Seven-fold* shields.

I COULD reckon up several other curiosities and emblems, which recommend this number ; such

as the *Seven great Luminaries of our System*; the *Seven wise Men of Greece*; The *Seven Asiatic Churches*; the *Pleiades*; the *Gates of Thebes*; the *Wonders of the World*, &c. All which unite with a secret sympathy in the same emphatical power, and at the same time do honour to the illustrious period, which marks out the weekly chronicle of your paper. Not to mention, that the *Seventh* son is always a person of distinguished worth, and is commonly a conjurer, an astrologer, or a quack-doctor, by right of inheritance. I might add, that the duplicate of *Seven*, as well as its square, include two periods, which cause great revolutions in the human frame.

I HAVE often wonder'd how our planetary politicians, such as the immortal *Partridge*; that egregious fortune-teller *William Lilly*, or *Francis Moor*, physician, &c. cou'd overlook such an argument as this, in support of a *septennial* parliament, founded on the divine and allegorical meaning of *Seven*. The old visionary gentlemen at our club, rose up at our last meeting, and said, it was the best reason he ever met with in its vindication, being derived from the planets, and consequently, had its sanction from heaven.

THIS hebdomadal period deserves regard too, on a religious account; it being a division of time, authorized

thoriz'd by sacred writ, and the Mosaic account of the creation.

SINCE I am treating of the typical, and hieroglyphical doctrine of numbers, particularly the harmonic number *Seven*. I can't avoid taking notice again of two numbers more, which measure this, or are its aliquot parts; I mean *four* and *three*; whose separate virtues add to the hidden sense, and sanctity of their product, *Seven*. *Four* was a very hallow'd figure amongst the old *Rabbi's*, since the name consisted of that happy combination in no less than five oriental languages: And the *Pythagoreans* us'd to swear by it. I have wonder'd why no profound politician has mentioned it, as an emblem of the quadruple alliance. I am told, some of the fathers have trac'd out an allegorical meaning in the *Four* evangelists; as well as others in the *Four* ages, and *Four* elements. The number *three*, has a peculiar emphasis in it, and contains an inexhausted fund of miraculous truths. The *Tripes* of old, the *three king of Cologne*, the *three Graces*, the *three-headed monster Geryon*, &c. are all very significant, and emblematical. I cou'd mention many more, but shall conclude with this antient adage,

Numero Deus impare gaudet.



NUMB. 2.

Sua quemq; premit terroris imago. LUCAN.

IN order to make my readers regard me with the more veneration, I must acquaint them, that I have had several compliments sent me on account of my late dissertation on the number *seven*. By my skill in the mysteries of that ominous figure, I begin to be consulted as an Oracle, and Astrologer; and have had questions proposed to me with regard to divination of good or bad fortune, like the old *Druids* and *Brachmans*, or the modern Cunning-men, Spellers of Urine, or Fortune-tellers.

IN order the better to establish my reputation in prediction, and the occult sciences, I have lately been studying the *Rosicrucian* doctrine of *Gabalis*, the treatise of the world in the moon, and the mysterious reverys of *Cornelius Agrippa*, *Behmen*, and *Paracelsus*. I also design very soon to publish my dreams, with the interpretation of them, and to set up for an *Onecirocritic*.

I LATE-

I LATELY received the following letter from a gentlewoman who writes ænigmas in the Lady's Diary, and is a student in astrology.

Mr. MODERATOR,

By your late profound dissertation on the number *seven*, you seem to be well vers'd in the art of divination, and to be able to spell destinys, and calculate nativitys ; which are things I very much admire, and the more, as I don't understand them ; tho' I often amuse myself with those hidden mysterys, 'till I'm lost in speculation. Now I must inform you, that as I am a young woman of no despicable person or fortune, I have lately had several addressees made me, and have discarded no less than six lovers successively, and most of them on account of their being wholly ignorant of the *Planets*, and their bantering me on my skill in horoscopes, and fortune-telling ; for which reason they commonly call me the *Enchantress*. But I am resolved, Mr. *Moderator*, never to marry a person 'till he can tell me under what planet he was born, and what is the signification of moles. I have now a *seventh* admirer, and I like him the better on account of the veneration I have for that prophetic number : He also begun his courtship on one of the fortunate days ; and won a great share in my affection by telling me that his

great grandfather was skill'd in the black art, and was descended from the famous *Merlin*, and had some of fryar *Bacon's* manuscripts in his possession. He said he knew by the stars that he was destin'd for me, before he ever saw me; and told me moreover a great many secrets belonging to my family; and that there was a conjunction betwixt our planetary houses. He would also fain persuade me into the belief of predestination, and pretended,

That if weak women go astray,

The stars are more in fault than they.

In short, there is such a magic in this man's love, that I can't withstand it; but before I determine, I am willing to have your sage advice, who are such an adept in these matters. Pray let me know my doom soon, and you'll oblige,

Your constant reader, and admirer,

ASTRÆA.

N. B. I have a mole on my left shoulder.

THE unravelling of this lady's destiny is so very intricate, that it can't be explain'd without the knowledge of palmistry, and depends on a strict anatomical examination of those mazy threads, and exquisitely fine filaments, which like so many ramifications are branch'd over the hand in a curious embroidery. These lines by their various segments, crosses, and interfections, portend future events, and may
be

be properly called the *threads* of life, or the *fila* of the three sister fates, who have here interwoven in a fine network the fortune of mortals, and the fate of lovers. It contains a silent picture or history of futurity; and *Philomela's* tragical story was not more certainly known to her sister *Progne*, when describ'd in embroider'd silk, than the destinys of mankind are plotted out here: So that 'till I have examin'd this part, and discovered what secret connection the hand has with the heart, the lady's destiny must remain in the dark. Perhaps some other lover may lie hid in one of these angles, or death lye wrapt up in a labyrinth of nerves.

*There death unseen conceals his frightful face,
To clasp the lover in a cold embrace.*

THE next letter I had was from my friend *Harry*; who being of a timorous suspicious temper, is always apt to imagine dangers, plots, and judgments, from any thing new or uncommon. I find, says he, by your late paper on the number *seven*, that you are grown either doting, distracted, or disaffected. Would any one that was *compos mentis*, have said so much on such an insignificant figure? I have therefore sent you a pot of *Hellebore Electary*, and advise you to purge and vomit every *seventh* day. Besides, I very much suspect that there are some jesuitical allusions, and dangerous innuendos, couch'd under some
of

of your witty similitudes. What else can be the meaning of your drollery about a *septennial* parliament? Your remark also on the number *four* seems to be a plain lampooning of the *Quadruple Alliance*. Some think you nodded or slumber'd very much when you wrote that hieroglyphical paper, and wonder'd that amongst all the powers, or curiosities of that number, you never mention'd the *seven sleepers*, to whom you are so nearly related.

I am Your's,

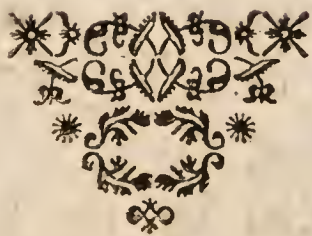
HENRY CAUTION.

BUT the most severe reprimand I had was from my old acquaintance Mr. *Synod*: This is a gentleman who never examin'd his own opinions, and is very angry with those who do. You may as soon call in question his title to his paternal estate, as to his notions, for they both came the same way: He veils them in *Ægyptian* darkness, and defys all mankind to approach the holy recess, which is as inscrutable and sacred as a *Sybil's* cave, the *Pythian* altar, or the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. He derives his tenets from infallible councils, and quotes only prescription for his belief. As it is commonly said of some persons, that take them out of their cups, or of the heat of liquor, they are very good sort of people; so my friend *Eusebius* is a very good man, take him out of his religion; he is good-natur'd, affable, generous, &c.

&c. but religion spoils the man : Tho' it is far from true religion, for there is no religion without charity. It may with more propriety be said, that bigotry destroys humanity. It was so formerly, which occasion'd the poet's exclamation,—

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?

EUSEBIUS was very angry at my indecent raillery about the mystical meaning of numbers. He tho't it might be look'd on as an ironical satyr on the *seventh* day ; and seem'd to carry a remote allusion to the *seven Churches* of *Asia*, and the *seven* golden *Candlesticks* ; so in a great rage he prophēcy'd the downfall of the *Moderator* in *seven* months, which was to be the utmost period of its duration.



NUMB.

NUMB. 3.

Cedit enim, rerum novitate, extrusa vetustas.

LUCRET.

THERE is no passion more predominant in human nature, than that of novelty. It discovers itself in all our actions, and runs thro' the whole circle of our beings. There is no pleasure, however noble, and transporting, but what brings satiety along with it, and carries destruction in its arms. Even the beautys of nature which are continually present before our view, make but little, or no impression on us, because they constantly surround us. Can we imagine any thing more august, and splendid than the creation before us, and yet how little does it affect us. The constant verdure of the fields, the smiling flowers, and stately trees, are but little regarded by the generality of mankind, and the eternal lamps of heaven, shine in the azure vault in vain. Their continual appearance, and revolution, makes the prospect of one of the noblest scenes of nature, dull, and languid.

'Tis

'Tis the same with respect to our other sensations, and the objects which more immediately affect us. We form different pursuits, and hunt after happiness in a variety of shapes, while each new discovery gives a new satisfaction, and this lasts but 'till some other image rises to the mind, and with appearance of greater good, banishes the former.

THUS the dull road of life is enliven'd, and diversify'd with a successive train of objects, which are all in their turn jostled out of the way, like puppets on a stage, or bubbles on the surface of the water, to make room for new comers.

BUT this pleasure, if examined into, arises more from our own imagination, than from any new capacity in the things we pursue, to make us happy. 'Tis often nothing but novelty, which by a sort of new creation, awakens a pleasure in one state of life, which lay dormant, and lock'd up before: Like the clouds and vapours, which sometimes hover in the air, and spread nothing but gloom, and sadness over the face of nature, 'till by some fresh change, and different situation, the same vapours break forth in a variety of beauteous colours, adorn the vault of heaven, and make all gay and delightful.

THUS

Thus when we change our posture here below; the metamorphosis is not so much in the objects which surround us, as in ourselves; and in that phantom of happiness which is pictur'd in our view. When we vary a prospect, we find we are often pleas'd with a worse representation, than we had before, and only because it never appear'd to us before. A cottage will give a prince a satisfaction he was a stranger to, amidst all the grandeur of a court, and the congratulations of a levée. The scene, however agreeable must be shifted, or 'twill grow insipid, and cloy, and surfeit on the mind. Like children, we must have fresh toys and play-things, new suits, and entertainments, new visits and equipage, new fops, fans, and amours to amuse the toils of life, and scatter the gloom of business.

THIS passion of novelty is really an imperfection in our nature, tho' 'tis at the same time a necessary ingredient in it. We are in this respect, like the mutability of the seasons, and the changeableness of the air about us, which sometimes produces lesser evils, but promotes the tranquility of the whole, and maintains the agreeable variety of seasons. Does it not betray weakness, to be soon sated, and cloy'd with what is really excellent, and beautiful; and therefore still deserves an equal degree of veneration
and

and esteem? But this fixedness, and unvary'd attention would be inconsistent with our structure, and soon throw us into indolence and dotage.

THERE'S an evil opposite to this inactive state; which is, that of caprice and too great an affection to change. My precarious friend *Flotillo* is a remarkable instance of this inconstancy. The moon has not more phases, nor the fashions more variety, than his temper. This arises from not forming some settled scheme, and method of life, to regulate his actions by; occasion'd by a misfortune he met with in his youth, of having 1000*l.* a year left him; which obliged him to quit a plain, laborious, regular life, to gratify a thousand whims. This sudden affluence of wealth set him all afloat. He was no more that calm, sedate person he once was; but grew fanciful, fickle, and foolish; and seem'd almost to have changed his identity with his fortune. He is still in pursuit of some happiness in view, which still eludes him, and triumphs over him; so that he is himself more a captive, than that imaginary pleasure he endeavours to conquer. *Flotillo* in the compass of one hour, is at court, on the water, walks in the spring-gardens, and enjoys solitude in the midst of the exchange. But what shall he do when this is expired, and he must suffer the torture of two hours more before the assembly begins?

begins? *Flotillo* makes twenty assignations in an afternoon, and visits every body but himself.

To return to the subject, that I may not be accused of that roving which is here characteriz'd.

OUR minds are so framed, that they can no more bear the same repetition of things, and uniform prospect, than our organs can always endure the same impressions, and the eye, or the palate be entertained with one view, or gout. As change and variety is the support of external nature, so 'tis the great spring of the human machine, and diffuses life, and spirit thro' all the theatres of business and pleasure. Without this *Proteus* of our being, our brightest faculties would soon languish, and our relish of things grow flat and low. Music itself would lose its harmony, and beauty its charms; and the pleasure, like an echo, dwindle away the longer it lasted.

'Tis with regard to this passion that the present weekly paper expects to subsist a while, and feed on the novelty of mankind. All that can be expected is a transitory being, any more would be very maraculous amidst the famine and mortality, there has been among the periodical writers of this sort.

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The spectators have out-shined all other performances, and with a superiority of wit, humour, and politeness, cast a shade on each contemporary production. Some philosophers have observ'd, that when a constitution is arriv'd at a certain pitch of health, and vigour, 'tis a token of approaching change and dissolution. Perhaps there is more to be said for this opinion with regard to the mind than the body. Those diurnal papers seem, in some measure, to have attain'd to this achmè, and perfection of writing, there having been a visible Declension ever since. But mankind must not be left without any writings and observations on their actions, because they can't always have the best. Even those modern essays, seem already to have an air of antiquity in them, and want a recommendation 'tis impossible for them to have, and which will make a paper, much inferior to them, more useful to a present reader, which is the design of the *Moderator*.





NUMB. 4.

Et statua meditatur prælia lusca.

JUVEN. Sat. 7.

HAVING promis'd to give my readers a dissertation on the *Statuary Art*, I shall now endeavour to say something on so noble a subject, tho' far unequal to the task. The art itself is indeed lost, compar'd to the height, and excellence it attain'd to amongst the antients. But tho' we can't have a *Praxiteles*, or a *Phidias* to execute, we may still retain some ideas of their performance; and amuse ourselves with the speculative theory of what is lost in practice.

'Tis certain, that wherever this divine *Statuary Art*, with its associate painting, have been cultivated in any tolerable perfection, the other arts and sciences have flourish'd with them, and been of a contemporary growth. Like the fruit of the orange-tree, which, if thoroughly ripen'd in all its rich colour, fragrance, and flavour, is a certain sign that all other fruits, in the same climate, will excel in their several kinds, as they partake of the same warmth and benignity of air. And indeed
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it is scarce possible, it shou'd be otherwise. Since a love of painting, sculpture, &c. must naturally beget a love to other parts of polite learning. A good statuary must be inspir'd with ideas of greatness, majesty, beauty and proportion, and in short, with all those noble, divine passions, which he wou'd trace out, or express on the stone, or marble. He must be possess'd with that natural taste, and elegant sublimity, whatever it be, which he endeavours to copy, and convey an idea of to the spectator. And what are these but the springs of philosophy, and the parents of literature. Mathematics, painting, oratory and physics, owe their being, and support, to these divine fountains in the soul. And on the contrary, when these arts flourish in the world, an esteem and veneration for sculpture, will grow up with them, and increase in proportion. Since the same causes will produce the same effects, and all science is connected, and flows in one continu'd stream, tho' the relation is greater between some parts than others. As in *Epic Poetry*, which is a sort of diffusive painting, or descriptive engraving, including a groupe of figures, in different dresses, passions, and attitudes, and one of conspicuous virtue and eminence, out-shining all the rest. And 'tis no great matter by what medium it is convey'd; whether the impresson be made on marble, canvass, or paper. The pen, the chisel and the pencil,

may all conspire to delineate the same grace, and exhibit one sublime image, or great character. Poetry in respect to carving, seems to be what seeing is, if compar'd with the sensation of feeling. Vision being represented as a sort of fine delicate touch, or subtle expansion of the optic nerves, by a communication of rays on the retina. And poetry, is in one sense an help to feeling, as well as our other sensations, by imprinting those ideas on the imagination, which can't be convey'd organically : Though on other accounts it has vastly the advantage, to mention only the beauties of fiction and allegory, and a more unconfin'd, extensive description, and imagery of nature.

A STATUE may be consider'd as a fix'd, immoveable beauty, which commands attention, and collects our scatter'd thoughts into one point of view, centering them in a fine compendium, and graceful form, to raise love and admiration. Consider'd as such, statues wou'd be of vast use to fill the mind with great and noble sentiments ; and animate the beholder, who fancies himself, in the presence of some hero, or in company with those virtues, which he sees described. For this reason, were they erected more commonly in all public places, I am apt to think, they would be of more service to virtue, than some of those living, speaking statues,

as

as they have been too justly call'd, who harangue in a *rostrum*. These statues, or sensible emblems of virtues and vices, (as they anciently were) wou'd contain a more emphatical divinity, than their lifeless discourses. I have thought the statue of *Æsculapius*, or *Anton. Musa*, that advocate for bathing, wou'd be a very good decoration in the pump-house, and the *Romans* seem'd sensible of the advantages of such figures, by their frequent use of them in their *Forums*, *Circus's*, *Senacula*, and all public places.

THUS, they represented *Concord* by the statue of a woman, with a scepter, and a horn of plenty, from which fruit seem'd to sprout forth. *Truth* was exhibited in garments white as snow, with a serene, pleasant, and modest air. *Peace* held forth ears of corn in her hand, and was crown'd with olives or roses. Such symbols as these, work very lively on the imagination; for we are more affected by a sensible object, or effigies, than by the most beautiful description in language. These statues of deities, of an inferior rank, were prodigiously numerous at *Rome*: From hence came their *Dii Indigites*, *Adscriptitii*, and all the tutelar orders, which were pictures of heroes, and demi-gods, or naked, abstract virtues, and vices. They were so over-stock'd with these characteristic statues, that they sent their gods abroad into colonies, as well as their Men, *Vir-*

gil speaks but coldly of this statuary art, in those immortal lines; but 'tis in comparison of the nobler arts of government.

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane memento
Hæ tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem.*

Which I shall venture to translate thus :

*Others to breathing brass may beauty give,
Or teach the animated rocks to live:
Do thou! O! Roman, give the world thy laws,
And by commanding peace, command applause.*

The word *mollius* here, is very expressive and fine, as Sir *Henry Wotton* observes: 'Tis what the *Italians* call *Morbidezza*, a sort of tenderness and softness. For 'tis the excellency of sculpture, to give a delicacy, and softness to the limbs, as if a Pencil had drawn them: As on the contrary, 'tis the perfection of painting, to imitate the chisel, and contrive a roundness, and eminence to appear on a flat by the disposition of shadows. So that painting has been call'd an artificial miracle, and therefore is preferable to engraving, and will be treated of in some other paper.

NUMB.

NUMB. 5.

On DISCONTENT.

*Quid tam sollicitis vitam concunimus annis,
Torquemunq; metu, coecaq; cupidine rerum,
Æternisq; senes curis ; dum quærimus ævum
Perdimus ; et nulla votorum fine beati,
Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.*

MANIL.

OUR bodys, in all their exquisite structure, and wonderful organization, bear a resemblance, tho' very faint and imperfect, to the accurate contrivance of some curious machines. We are wound up, and set a-going very regularly like clocks, or watches. Like them, we have our springs, and movements, our wheels, and pulsations; and our motion, like theirs, is very much regulated by the sun. These machines, as well as the human frame, are often subject to obstructions, decays and breaches, 'till, by degrees, the course slackens, and the wheels
of

of nature go down. Something of this mechanical philosophy may be applicable to the soul, as well as the body. Tho' I don't imagine, with some, that we are mere *automata* ; yet so much is evident : That the soul, has her clogs, and diseases too, and sympathizes with her companion in its ills, and calamitys, as well as in its health, vigour, and beauty.

AMONGST the infirmitys, and distempers of the mind, it is certain that discontent, chagrin, and an envious disposition, are of the most malignant nature. Envy may properly enough be call'd the *Tabes* of the soul, or a sort of mental canker, which preys on it, like *Prometheus's* vulture feeding on an immortal liver.

————— *Rostroq; immanis Vultur adunco,
Immortale jecur tundens, foecandaque poenis
Viscera, rimatur epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore : nec fibris requies ulta datur renatis.*

*Deep in his breast the hungry vulture gnaws,
And rends the sprouting flesh with direful claws ;
The food still pregnant with immortal Pains
Springs fresh for future feasts, with bleeding veins.*

THIS anxiety, and discontent which hangs lowering like a cloud over the soul, makes every thing
look

look dark and disconsolate. It casts a shade over all the enjoyments of life, and spreads gloom, and desolation, o'er the face of nature. Like a malignant sort of blight, it turns the most beautiful scenes into ruin, and deformity, and gives them a malevolent aspect. As the vain experiments of the *Alchymists* aim at converting baser metals into gold, so this on the contrary, succeeds in transforming good into evil, and light into darkness. Such a contradiction, or I may call it, *antiphrasis* of temper, may be resembled to a sort of infernal magic, which conjures up evil spirits, and darkness in the face of day, and deforms it with ugly phantoms, and melancholy shades. Or to a diseased palate, which gives a sour or insipid relish to the most agreeable food. Were such ill-turn'd minds possess'd with power, they wou'd, like *Circe*, metamorphose the creation, and transform men into brutes.

NOTHING can be more fatal to mankind, or more odious in itself, than such a peevish, repining, and contracted frame. As 'tis entirely opposite to love, joy, and benevolence, the springs of virtue, and all social happiness, so it is as opposite in its effects. 'Tis a solitary fury, which haunts the breasts, and aims at the ruin, and destruction of mankind, if pursued, in all its consequences.

As

As it partly flows from a narrow, gloomy, involv'd disposition, one remedy for this intellectual disorder wou'd be, to let our thoughts range, and expatiate beyond the scanty limits, and circles, which we are here circumscrib'd in ; and take a prospect, not only of this lesser microcosm, but of the immense wonders of creation. To soar in the trackless regions of space, to view the amazing furniture of the starry vault, or rather that border of suns, which are but the outlines of others, that lie behind the screen, and blaze on in remoter stages, and unseen heavens. Such a contemplation as this, wou'd tend to remove that little narrowness of soul, which arises from a contracted view, and a selfish confinement. By enlarging our prospect, our minds wou'd insensibly be enlarg'd too.

ANOTHER cure for this disorder of the mind, wou'd be to indulge to the innocent amusements of life, and to cultivate the gayest, and most pleasurable ideas. Some persons are so rigidly, and stoically grave, and abstracted, that they think it almost criminal to divert themselves at common exercises and recreations. My friend *Penferoso* is a strict observer of this philosophical severity of manners. He thinks 'tis beneath the dignity of human nature to condescend to vulgar diversions. He is very solemn and
regular

regular in all his actions, keeps a sort of sabbath in his looks, and a precise decorum in every muscle. His arms are always in one situation, and observe an exact mathematical decorum ; so that a game at tennis, or bowls, wou'd infallibly put every limb out of joint. In short, *Penseroso* has a religious gloom hanging over him ; and this, together with a natural gravity, and phlegmatic lentor of blood, makes him see things through a false medium, and clogs his animal, as well as his rational facultys. A little more affability, and exercise, wou'd mend his constitution, as well as his religion, and make him more benign, and humane, as well as more vigorous and active. Whatever takes off this sluggishness of habit, and torpid, saturnine disposition of mind, wou'd be very serviceable in removing these evils. We cannot but observe here the good effects of mirthful company, and a generous glass in such cases. We find how it exhilarates the spirits, warms the dull, inactive mass, and disposes a person to be free, kind, affable and generous. I wou'd not commend too great a gayety, or levity of behaviour, this wou'd be to degenerate into extravagance, vanity, and licentiousness. What is here meant, is only applicable to that gloomy, unsociable disposition, which is often entirely dissipated by recreating follys, and innocent amusements. Agreeable to the observation of the old Lord *Shaftsbury*.—*That every*
wise

wise Man, must let the Fool govern sometimes, or the Philosopher wou'd grow sullen, morose, and peevish. 'Tis certainly much better to be merry, than sad, and better to indulge in the former extreme of the two, than the latter. A facetious buffoon, or a harlequin is a much better character than that of a dark, mischievous savage, or a morose, discontented Cynic. 'Tis better, and wiser, to divert ourselves, than to moap in dull chagrin ; and to laugh at the follies of mankind, with Democritus, than to weep with the Ephesian Philosopher.

THOSE consider life in the best light, who regard it only as a sort of thorough-fare, or stormy passage to a nobler region, and a happier existence. So that the more chearful we are on the road, within the bounds of moderation, the more we enjoy this toy of life, and are the better prepar'd for the theatre hereafter, after exercising our parts well in the *pa-laestra* here.

I shall conclude with translating the motto above :

*Why will vain men their toilsome life consume,
In anxious fears, and in desponding gloom :
We doat on vanities grow old in pain,
And seek a requiem, which we can't obtain ;
Pursue a phantom, which eludes us still,
And in the empty chace, find real ill.*

NUMB.

N U M B. 6.

On RETIREMENT.*Puræ vivus a quæ sylvaque jugerum**Paucorum. &c.*

HORACE.

IT is a very just observation of the great Lord Bacon, that he who loves solitude, must be either of a divine, or a brutish nature. His expression is, *aut DEUS, aut fera est*: Either a GOD, or a wild beast. He means that a person must have some accomplishments, more than common, and a vast fund of merit, and self-sufficiency, who cou'd long support the absence of company, and live a recluse monastic life. He must have a good stock of mental provision to feed upon, in such an inhospitable state. And like a traveller, if he does not carry this viaticum along with him, he cannot be supply'd with it in the desert, or the wilderness. On the other hand, without such a qualification for retirement, he must be a

fort

fort of *Scythian* savage, or monster, to fly his own species, and live in woods, or wilds. I suppose most people will acquiesce in the latter clause of his lordship's dilemma, and rank the lover of solitude amongst the savage sort, and think the hermit has more of the brute in him, than of the angel. But the bulk of mankind are very improper judges here, being immerst in business, and having no notion of retirement, and soliloquy. It wou'd be death, and banishment to them, to leave their clubs, their circular visits, business, and assemblys, and the gay amusements, and parade of life. *Lucinda* can endure all the noise, hurry, and smell of the city, without any emotion ; but when she visits her old aunt in the country, her organs contract such a delicacy, that the smell of flowers, and rural air, quite disorder her. There is an aged elm in the court, whose wide spreading limbs, and venerable shade, never fail to throw her into an hysteric fit ; and she is as much terrify'd at the sight of it, as children are at bug-bears, and the dark. But this shews a monstrous effeminacy, and corruption of taste ; or what is worse a mind swallow'd up in indolence, and false pleasure, that cannot employ itself, without a constant succession of visits, assemblys, plays and gaming. One wou'd imagine, these modern people of pleasure, as they are improperly call'd, thought themselves born for nothing but to dine, to dress, to dance, or drink.

WE find that in all ages, the contemplative philosophers, the inquisitive virtuosi, and the whole chorus of poets, have been admirers of solitude, and invited the *Muses* into the silent walks, and shady recesses of nature. It was there, they felt the divinity within them, and were possess'd with the true enthusiasm, and inspiration of rural life. It was here, they enjoy'd the *Secretum iter, et fallentis semita viæ*. *Scipio*, after he had made *Rome* mistress of almost the whole world, retir'd to his *Linternum* at last.

FROM the veneration which the poets always paid to a rural life, flow'd those imaginary colonys of beings, they have stock'd the woods and plains with. The *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, *Fauns*, *Nymphs*, and all the other deities of the forests, and subjects of Almighty *Pan*.

THE old philosophers and sages too, had their venerable shades, and divine apartments in the *Sylvan* groves. They studied nature where she shin'd brightest, and most uncorrupted: Pursuing her as *Apollo* did *Daphne*, 'till she transform'd herself into a tree. The academics had their private walks, the epicureans their gardens.

Inter

Inter sylvas academi quærere verum.

IT is commonly objected that people grow dull, and melancholy, in a state of retirement. But as *Cowley* says, a very small portion of any ingenious art, will stop up all those gaps in our time ; music, or painting, designing, chymistry, history or gardening, or twenty other things, will afford both innocent, and useful entertainment. This shews of what prodigious advantage it is to cultivate these arts in our youth, instead of learning the dead languages, or at least both ought to be inculcated together. For want of such agreeable, and useful amusements many a country gentleman has recourse to a pack of cards, or a pack of hounds, to kill time, as they call it, as well as game ; or what is worse wants the relief of the bottle, and other spirits, to recruit his *own*, and drown his cares, and constitution together.



N U M B. 7.

On RIDICULE.

T H E R E are few people so very grave, and reserv'd in their tempers, who are not more pleas'd, and influenc'd by good wit, and polite railery, than by dry argument, and the more solemn method of reasoning, and regular deduction. 'Tis true, the ridicule must be just, and well founded, and then 'tis no more than reasoning stripit of its formality, and dress'd up in an agreeable light. For where truth is wanting to support wit, it loses all its force on a man of sense, and dwindles into a phantom, or at least a glittering romance: And the more it seems to shine, and sparkle with borrow'd rays, the less impression it makes, and vanishes the sooner. 'Tis but an *Ignis-Fatuus*, a false light, which only leads fools out of the way, and the more it blazes, the sooner wastes itself. Human nature has a great deal of mercury, pleasantry, and farce in its composition; and life wou'd soon cloy us, and grow dull, and insipid, without this enlivening mixture to animate it: For this reason the ancients, those admirable critics

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of

of mankind, and true judges of good taste, and human life, express'd this part of our character, by the word *Sal*, or *Salt*; meaning by this, that mirth, and wit, gave a relish to knowledge, and conversation, quicken'd our attention, and rais'd our taste. In our search after truth, the imagination must be entertain'd as well as the understanding: Or we shall make but a slow progress, and soon tire: Like travellers, who by driving still forward, and drudging on, without staying to take necessary refreshments on the road, very often arrive last at the journey's end. Perhaps *Juvenal's* satires, *Æsop's* fables, and some of the old Comedies, have done more service to virtue, and the curing men of the little follies, and errors of life, than some of the graver moralists, and formal philosophers. *Erasmus* and some other facetious writers, have more expos'd popery by the dress they have put it in, and made, it may be, more converts than *Chillingworth*, *Bentley*, *Tillotson*, or *Howel*.

INDEED this spirit of irony and banter may be employ'd to very ill purposes; and is a very dangerous instrument in the possession of some persons. 'Tis like a useful medicine, which tho' known to every empiric, and pretender, is only safe in the management of the wise and prudent; and will, for that reason, forever remain a secret in their breasts. Something

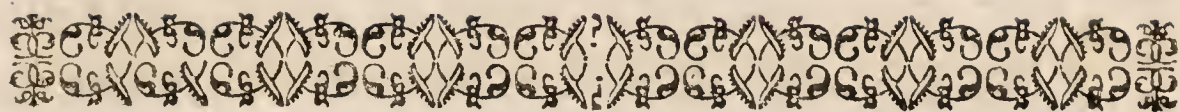
thing comical, and merry, may be said upon almost every subject; but every thing, which raises laughter, and looks odd at the first appearance, and glance of ludicrous ideas in the fancy, is not presently to be call'd wit. A person, who appears in an odd fantastical dress, may excite our mirth and diversion for a moment, but all that ceases, when the same person is found, upon examination, to have nothing ridiculous in him, but his garb. False wit, like gay, lively colours, and rich drapery in painting, throws a splendid glare over objects, and gilds the surface of things, to dazzle the eye of a careless beholder. But 'twill not stand the test of a good judge, who strips it of all its daub, and fucus, and views it in its native dress.

*THUS have we seen the northern streamers rise,
Wave o'er our head, and gild the darksome skies :
So bright the lambent lightnings round us play,
The warbling birds mistake the doubtful day :
But if the stronger morning-light draws near,
Stript of their robes, the meteors disappear,
O'er the wide heavens the sun asserts his right,
And lesser glories vanish from the sight.*

A PERSON of a gay ludicrous genius can give a turn of fancy to any thing. Thus, when a Cynic philosopher beg'd a dram of silver of king *Anti-*

gonus ; this, says he, is no gift for a king. Why then give me a talent, or greater sum, says the philosopher ; and that said the king is no gift for a *Cynic*. For those philosophers profess'd poverty, and despised riches. *Plato* refus'd a rich, perfum'd robe, which *Dionysius* offer'd him ; saying, He was a man, and wou'd not dress himself like a woman. But *Aristippus* accepted of that robe, saying, that the outward dress cou'd not corrupt a chaste mind. Thus things may be represented in different lights, and impose on unwary persons. I might instance again in my paper on the No. 7, to shew the force of fancy, and how easy it is to give a wrong turn to things, by the various conjectures that have been made concerning that essay.





N U M B. 8.

IT is certain, that happiness ought to be the desire of all reasonable creatures ; therefore any principles, whether religious or political, which are destructive of happiness, must be for that reason, false, and unnatural. The men of pleasure, and libertinism, commonly fly to this passionate, constitutional desire after happiness, as a refuge, and screen to their vices, in opposition to religion, which they imagine is as great an enemy to the former, as it is to the latter. But whatever fashions religion has been dress'd up in, by different parties, and in various countries, it has, in all ages, been much the same as to its original beauty and purity : Like the surface of the earth, which still retains its native fertility and verdure, notwithstanding the various changes and transformations it has successively undergone. The great principles and fundamentals of religion remain unsullied, and still direct us to happiness, and aim at the good of mankind.

So that those gay gentlemen are much mistaken, who take their idea and draught of virtue and religion from this or that particular dress, which it wears : For here is no rule nor standard, but mere caprice and novelty. We must go to some higher pattern, and seek a more divine original ; and we shall see that true religion is not all gloom and melancholy, and does not break off our pursuit after happiness, but is as a star, or convoy to direct us to it. If a painter was to draw a complete form of beauty, he ought not to imitate any one particular object or pattern, he must go deeper, and derive the divine lineaments from his own idea of beauty. 'Tis the same in the idea, or picture, we form of morality and virtue : We must seek that unchangeable beauty, and true excellency which it always had, and, which like *Phydias's* form at *Athens*, is immortal.

THE belief of the being of God, the reality of a future state, the natural loveliness of virtue, the guilt, and remorse which attend vice and satire, have been in all ages the same ; and these leading principles, evidently tend to promote the happiness of mankind, and the perfection of human nature. 'Tis certain that the wise and virtuous have the greatest share of true happiness even in this state : But he, who confines his views only to this present existence, must have a very mean opinion of the creation, as well as
of

of its author. Every thing here is in a flux and rotation about us, and every enjoyment is precarious. Our blood, after so many revolutions must stagnate ; and whether the celestial bodies, after such a number of circulations, have not their period, and fixation too, is uncertain.

Now to imagine that all our faculties, which are so capable of nobler improvements, and more perfect felicity, and so ambitious after it, are extinct at death, is a very disconsolate thought, and makes human nature look very contemptible, and life in, many respects, hardly desirable ; to say nothing of the other arguments which are usually brought for a future state. Why were we thus form'd, to be deluded at last ; to be the sport of fortune here, to have only a taste of existence, to grasp at shadows, which elude us, and to be made great, in order be made nothing at last ?

THESE reflections were occasioned by the death of a young gentleman of *Bristol* in the bloom of youth, and well known in this place, to whose memory the following lines are sacred.

On

On the DEATH of

Mr. S----- B-----, of *Bristol*.

A S blooms a flower beneath the morning skies,
Smiles all the day, and in the evening dies ;
Thus fell the youth, a victim to the tomb,
Stript of his charms, and wither'd in his bloom ;
His last immortal stage appears in fight,
And e'er his noon arrives, he sets in night.
He left this flattering comedy below,
This chequer'd theatre of bliss and woe ;
Where men of pleasure have a transient reign,
And others live but to grow old in pain ;
Where good and ill by turns our minds amuse,
And shift so fast, we know not how to chuse.

FLORELLO's fled !—lament him all ye youth,
And mourn in him lost innocence, and truth.
Ye dear companions, and ye happy few,
Who, when he liv'd, his shining virtues knew,
Leave your insipid mirth, for you have lost,
All that good-nature, or a friend cou'd boast.
View your old comrade in the pangs of death,
With languid looks, and agonizing breath ;
See his nerves tremble, and his lips turn pale,
His blood congeal, and every organ fail :

His

His farewell tears, his swimming eye-balls view,
 And think how oft' those eyes have smil'd on you :
 How soon the treach'rous day may cease to shine,
 How soon the morning sun in shades decline !
 Then boast the glories of the human state,
 Is it a pleasure to be bury'd great ?
 Tho' life looks splendid, fate is ever blind,
 And in thy train death waits unseen behind ;
 Perhaps now hovers round thy gilded dome,
 Or with thy last sad tapers lights thee home ;
 With meagre looks haunts thy voluptuous seats,
 Or at thy board with funeral napkins waits.
 See one not idle in thy female train,
 Pensive her air, and in her vesture plain :
 See by thy side pale *Clotbo* beck'ning stands
 And spins thy fate, the distaff in her hands.

FLORELLO mourn, ye trees with all your shade,
 Ye gardens which he lov'd, your glories fade ;
 Ye flowers in dew close up your dying charms,
 Once wont to close them in his youthful arms.
 Droop ye tall limes, ye poplars hang your head,
 For oh ! FLORELLO from your walks is fled !
 FLORELLO's fled ! but only fled to rise
 More gay, more bright, more beauteous in the skies ;
 Where love and virtue shine without a stain,
 And fadeless youth, and joys unfully'd reign.



On the Common Practice of
CASTING WATER ;
 O R,
PREDICTION by URINE.



Qualiacunque voles (Urina) somnia vendunt.

JUVEN.

AMONGST the many various methods which are made use of to impose on the credulity of mankind, there is none more common, and yet so little regarded, as what is vulgarly call'd, Casting of Water ; or, the discovery of diseases, and their cure, by the bare inspection of the urine. This being a cheat often practis'd, especially in these parts, it may not be amiss, to detect the imposture, by shewing that it has little or no foundation, either in reason, in fact, or in the animal œconomy.

WITCH-

WITCHCRAFT, and *astrology*, *palmistry*, and *divination*, have been pretty much exploded in this age of enquiry and liberty. These bug-bears, which sicken at the light, are now banish'd to the regions of *Lapland*, or only keep up a dying reputation in obscure country villages, or in *Moor's*, or *Partridge's* almanacks. They lie mould'ring on old shelves, and dusty cupboards, amongst the tales of *Fortunatus*, and *Robin Hood*, or the prophecies of *Moll*, or *Merlin*. Even apparitions are fled, or only skulk in gloomy church-yards, or haunt the halls of uninhabited houses. Yet I know not by what fate, or fascination, this mystery of physic, still keeps up its credit in many places, and imposes on some, who don't appear to want understanding in other things. When cheats are harmless, it matters not much, if the vulgar enjoy the innocent delusion, and play with phantoms of their own raising. But here people's health and lives, often suffer by the fraud, and the enchantment, like *Circe's*, becomes dangerous, under the plausible pretence of augury and prognostication by urine.

It is very absurd to imagine that the urine alone, like some magic glass, shou'd represent at one view, all the disorders of the sick. This being but one evacuation, amongst many others which ought to be

be brought into the account, in order to collect the true indications, or symptoms of the disease. A Judge might as well pass sentence, or depend on one witness only, when there are several other more material evidences to be examin'd. Besides, it is often contrary to fact : The urine in many cases, not being at all affected, or vitiated, as in some malignant fevers, comatose disorders, &c. I need not mention that the urine is often of the same colour and consistence, in different and opposite cases. It appears the same in an hysterical fit, as in the chlorosis, in some cholics, as in the dropsy, the diabetes, the stone, or gravel, &c. So that our prophet by urine, must be a *Cornelius Agrippa*, or like *Paracelsus*, consult his familiar, to distinguish the one from the other. It is certain that all physicians inspect the urine of the sick, in acute cases at least, but then they observe it from day to day ; and as that alters, vary the method accordingly ; but these oraculous guides make provision for all future contingencies at once. They calculate in one hour for every thing which is to befall the patient, in the whole course of the disease. The remedies they recommend makes it still more ridiculous, they being commonly the same, let the disorder be what it will. So that they are to operate in some miraculous manner, and are to suit, and adapt themselves to all the exigencies of the case, and all the varieties of opposite habits, and constitutions.

One

One wou'd think they were entrusted with some secret commiffion, to bind, or purge, to relax, or-astringe, to be sudorific one day, and diuretic the next, and yet but one, and the fame form, and remedy ftill. Which is certainly true *Hocus-Pocus*, or *Legerdemain*. And that is eternally the cafe with all panaceas, specifics, or pretended infallible remedys, and noftrums whatever. The nonfense and abfurdity of fuch empirical preparations holds equally good, tho' they may be recommended by the authority of patents, and be countenanc'd by the fanktion of great names. Thefe infallible receipts are very near akin to the conjurer's paper, which is fuddenly converted into the form of a church, or a candleftic, is now a lanthorn, then a looking-glafs, a fan, or a fardingal, and yet one and the fame paper ftill.

IT is plain from hence that nothing is more wild, and uncertain, than predictions, or judgment by urine. Yet fuch is the credulity of mankind, that the cheat ftill obtains credit, and is propagated in moft counties of *England*. It is very common in thefe parts, to fee a country-fellow riding poft-hafte, with a bottle of water in his pocket as full of difeafes, as he himfelf is empty. He ventures not to open this pandoran vefsel, 'till he comes into the doctör's prefence, who can exorcife the infected phial, and be a counter-fpell to all the evils it contains. Being arrived

riv'd at the feat, or cell of this prophetic *Druid*, who like the *Sybil* at *Cuma*, or the priest at *Delphos*, sits in state, to pass sentence at all events, the guilty bottle is produced, which like some book of fate, is to exhibit every thing relating to the sick person, past, present, or to come. After some cabbalistic muttering, and very often some private interrogations, the oracle passes sentence on the innocent urine, which is often convicted of more diseases, than the whole parish ever knew. But there is often a great deal of artifice made use of in describing the disorders. The doctor craftily amuses them with general, loose definitions, which will suit almost any case. Most of the descriptions begin in this manner.—*The party has a spleen wind, or a rambling fever, &c.* But this is a wild, rambling account, and only deludes the enquirer. The vulgar ascribing almost all disorders to a wind in the blood. Tho' as *Whacum* sifted *Ralpho*, before *Hudibras* consulted the conjurer, so they often pump the unwary messenger by some spys employ'd on purpose. It is very comical to observe the simplicity of these believers in urine; which certainly shews that they think the doctor deals with the devil, and is conversant in necromancy, and the black art. For not satisfy'd with enquiring into the patient's disorders, they must also be inform'd how old the party is, whether male, or female, single, or marry'd, &c. Not only so, but they very often lug
in

in other enquiries about stolen goods, or stray'd cattle, that they may profit what they can by the company of the omniscient fortune-teller.

INDEED 'tis no wonder that the common people are deluded by the vain promises, and specious artifices of such illiterate pretenders, when even sovereign princes, and wise parliaments, have been often bubbled out of their money, and understanding, by the pompous assurances of quacks, and empirics. King *Charles II.* and several *German* emperors were frequently deceiv'd by the mighty boasts of chymical philosophers. We find, as I mention'd before, that divine arcana, and infallible remedies, have from time to time started up in all ages, and in all countries. But whatever pretences they may have to preserve people's health, and lives, it is certain they can't preserve their own credit and reputation long. What a multitude of these never-failing antidotes, and golden specifics, was the world amus'd with in the times of *Paracelsus*, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and the great philosopher Sir *Robert Boyle*? But what is become of all these celebrated panaceas? Even the very names of most of them are now forgotten, and shuffled off the stage; to be succeeded by others, and to give way to new comers. But we find the pleasing delusion is still propagated, and other phantoms of a different dress and name, play'd off upon

us with the same success, and the same gaping, and credulous attendance. The shops, as well as the papers, are still crouded with the same farrago, and splendid rhetoric of angelic pills, divine drops, celestial water, and miraculous powders. The scene is only shifted now, and mankind is much the same in all ages. People are led aside by every thing which looks marvellous and mysterious. This will always be the case when reason, and solid judgement are neglected. When common sense departs, then prodigy, and credulity, charms, and incantations will, like so many spectres, start up in its room, and succeed the close of day-light. If people depart from reason, the next step either in physic, or divinity, is madness, and methodism, superstition and Inspiration ; for there is no medium where reason and philosophy end, there, bigotry, and ignorance begin.

BUT this is by way of digression, tho' not very remote from the subject. As I begun with one factyrist, I shall now conclude with another.

*To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock,—or curing.*

HUDIB.

TO

*****~*****

To a L A D Y.

*****~*****

M A D A M,

I H A D the favour of yours, and am much obliged to you for your Epithalamium, which I think is very pretty and polite. If your congratulatory song had come soon enough, I find it wou'd have been absolutely in vain for us to have aim'd at a private marriage. Since you have assembled so many little loves, and graces, and so many melodious birds round about us to celebrate our nuptials, that it wou'd have been utterly impossible to have conceal'd it long. Those little, fluttering, impertinent Cupids whom you have summon'd from the groves, the grottos, and the skys, to dance and sing at our wedding, are some of the most babbling, gossiping creatures in the world. You might as well communicate a secret to a circle of ladys at a tea-table, or a piece of news from *Germany*, to a hungry politician at a coffee-house, as to any of those aerial inhabitants. You may imagine it was for this reason, that I did not make you a party acquainted with so solemn a thing as the day of marriage. For as I knew you kept up a correspondence with these in-

S

visible

visible emissarys of the air, rural fauns, and fairys, dryads, and other deities of the forests, whom you retain'd in your service, I might easily imagine you wou'd soon divulge such a secret amongst them, who are noted for infidelity and loquacity. Besides, they have a much easier way of propagating reports than we mortals. For as they live in separate colonys in the air, and lower regions, they can by the assistance of their ambassadors, the zephyrs, convey all manner of intelligence immediately, by successive whispers from one district to another, so that the whole atmosphere is presently fill'd with the news. And some sagacious naturalists will tell you, that when the air is thus impregnated with these reports, it bursts off in hurricanes, and is the efficient cause of high winds, and tempests. Be this as it will, it is certain that by means of these alternate communications, the news of a private parish may be transmitted all over *Europe*, by successive undulations of air. As garri-sons plac'd at certain distances round a wall'd town, can convey the alarm to each other, from sentinel to sentinel, in an instant. But to leave this fairy kingdom to *Pope*, and the *Rosicrucians*; I will tell you a story of an old philosopher, *Diogenes*; who carrying something very privately conceal'd in a basket, was ask'd by a curious Athenian, what he had hid there? The philosopher only reply'd, that it was conceal'd there, for that purpose that he might not know.

I am, Your Servant.

The ANSWER.

S I R,

SINCE I receiv'd your last, in which you have transported me to the skys, I don't know what to think of myself. Your magic pen has led me such a wild, aerial dance, with the various ranks, and orders of the poetical world, that I scarce thought myself any longer, a sublunary being. Such sudden flights, and transitions, wou'd at once have overset my imagination, had I not been alternately reliev'd, and supported by the common incidents of life, which convinc'd me I was still a mortal. My head begun indeed to grow giddy with the rapidity of such a celestial flight, and I shou'd have dropt into some sea, like *Icarus*, if dear curiosity had not hurry'd me on, and carry'd me along thro' those immense regions. Tho' when I arrived at some of the distant colonys near the moon, I began to think I

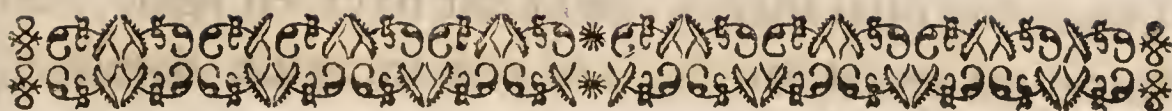
Thou'd never find the way back ; however, after such a towering pilgrimage, I'm at last returned again, and hope you are as safe in your old monastic dwelling. But so much for these excursions.

I WONDER you tell me of being outlaw'd, and banish'd from the regions of *Parnassus*, a place which I am an utter stranger to, and only know it by description. I had always indeed an inclination to poetry, and lov'd to follow the muses at a distance, but had never inspiration, or merit enough to be introduc'd into their company.

BUT I must break off abruptly.

Yours, &c.





The R E P L Y.



M A D A M,

I AM much oblig'd to you for the pleasure of your last; tho' I can't acquiesce in all you say, with regard to your being such a stranger to the regions of *Parnassus*. You was indeed for some time a fugitive, or deserter: And I must tell you, if you had not retain'd a party there, in the poetical senate, you was very near being entirely excommunicated. I mean during your long elopement to the smoak, noise and hurry of a city life. Such a desertion as this, being deem'd high-treason at the court of *Parnassus*. But *Clio*, and two or three of the muses, interceded so earnestly for you at the throne of *Apollo*, that the incensed deity promis'd to receive you into favour again on your promise of submission, and allegiance for the future; tho' some of your lawrel'd estate there, was confiscated, on account of truancy

and rebellion. Now as you are return'd again from exile, to the rural shades, and suburbs of *Helicon*, the muse's smiles return too, and you are again welcome the groves of *Arcadia*, and the bowers of *Pindus*. Tho' I must tell you that there is still an aerial detachment of spys, or sylphs hovering about you, to observe your motions, for fear of a second apostacy. You'll cease to wonder now at my not writing an Epithalamium; for while you was under this disgrace, it were not safe for me to hold a correspondence, with a proscrib'd rebel, and deserter. But you had more reason to celebrate my nuptials, as I was always loyal, and had marry'd a rural nymph, bred up in the woods and shades, and herself no stranger to the muses.

*Amongst the train a rural nymph I chose,
One fond like me of quiet, and repose.
No love of sordid wealth inspir'd my mind,
I chose the meek, the gentle, and the kind;
Unspoil'd by breeding, nor genteely nice,
In modern taste, romances, dress and dice.*

I REMEMBER some said you was seduc'd by *Plutus*, and others by *Cupid*, two very mischievous, and dangerous deities, who are often at war with the muses, and with their insidious arts, are still watching all the avenues to *Parnassus*, and lying in wait to corrupt, and inveigle *Apollo's* tuneful train. How-
ever

ever this be, you soon return'd again to the camp of the muses. And it appears from several of your compositions, that you have not lost any of that spirit of wit, and poetry, which inspir'd your virgin muse, when in a pastoral dress you sung of flocks and shepherds, in your state of innocence and celibacy, before your fall. And I don't doubt but you have received a full pardon and absolution.

It happen'd since I wrote this, that there was a court, or sort of petty-sessions, held at *Parnassus*, in a certain lawrel grotto. There was a pretty large assembly of rural deities, sylphs, fauns, dryads, &c. and some of the ghosts of departed poets, and heroines, who glide about those regions, and have always a vote in these celestial synods. Your affair was then brought on the carpet, and refer'd to a select committee of some of the tutelary deities. I was not present at their debates, being myself under some disgrace for neglect of duty. However, I had interest enough there to secure a majority on your side ; but it was not in my power to procure a reverse of the attainer, with regard to your old patrimonial estate, which was confiscated, and forever alienated, and annex'd to the crown : The decrees of *Parnassus* being so far absolute and irrevocable. But I had an interview with several of the jury, as soon as the little senate was dissolv'd, who all told me you was again receiv'd into

favour. Indeed after your revolt, you often made some rural excursions to your old forsaken shades, and poetical groves: But at that time you was always suspected to be a spy, and cou'd never be admitted into any degree of confidence as before. The muses knew your heart, and found you had other attachments of a stronger kind. You know in the *rape of the lock*, that the sylph who was *Belinda's* guardian, cou'd not protect her any longer, when he found the frailty of the Fair.

*Sudden he view'd, in spite of all his art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.*

THIS was the case with you; tho' a great deal was to be alledg'd in behalf of your conduct, after your impeachment was drawn up. One of the jury was so irritated, that he wou'd have this sentence inflicted on you, *viz.* that you was to walk nine times barefoot round *Parnassus*, and to undergo a purification of so many days, by fasting, sprinkling yourself with the ashes of ivy, and misseltoe of the oak, which have a peculiar virtue to procure constancy, and to defend you against all manner of seducement, and fascination. But however this harsh sentence was over-rul'd, and a degree pass in your favour, on condition of your writing an anniversary Ode on *St. Cecilia's* day.

THUS

THUS madam, you see, you have been brought to a fair trial. You have been arraigned, convicted, condemn'd, and acquitted in one of the most solemn, august, and uncorrupted assemblies, that ever met together. I have brought you into celestial, aerial company, and have given you guards, or satellites of tutelary beings, to attend, and patrol about you. And I assure you, a person must be of some consequence to be thus waited on. As *Pope* says,

*See what an equipage you have in air,
And view with scorn two pages, and a chair.*

POPE indeed has been somewhat extravagant in his distribution of those visionary beings, since he has deputed no less than fifty, to watch over the circumference of a lady's petticoat.

I now take my leave of these romantic speculations, tho' even these may have their use. The *Romans* had their good and evil genius hovering about them, which imagination often inspir'd them. And why may not we have our angelic guardians? But 'tis time to descend from these imaginary abodes, and subjects, to common themes of life, and mortal affairs,

I am,

Yours, &c.

CON-



CONTINUATION

O F

LETTERS to CORRESPONDENTS,
ESSAYS, VERSES, &c.



T O

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, at *Oxford*.

S I R,

MAY, 1747.

I HAVE now two of your letters before me un-
answer'd, which I shall preserve as a sort of pia-
cula, to atone for the guilt of your long taciturnity.

YET I know not whether I shall be thoroughly
appeas'd, without the incense of poetry, and the
penitent tribute of a hecatomb of verse : Your poe-
try, like a charm, will at any time, sooth my re-
sentment. But don't think me inexorable in propo-
sing this poetical penance, since I am fully satisfy'd
with

with your promise of reformation. Yet I cannot decently, or consistently dwell any longer on this subject, being conscious of my own neglect, and sensible how much it is in your power to recriminate.

I shou'd indeed have answer'd your first letter sooner, but waited for the entertainment of the verses you promis'd me. I call it the first letter, since it was the first receiv'd after that long cessation, in our epistolary commerce. So that commencing from that dormant period, I from thence date a new æra in the kalendar of our correspondence. I hope you'll oblige me with the poem you promis'd me in your next, by way of expiation. And I assure you the next letter you seal, thus dedicated to resentment, shall also seal your pardon, and be attended with the muse's benediction. And I don't doubt but this will be more acceptable to you, than the absolution of *St. Ursula* ; and the pardon of the nine muses, weigh more with you, than that of the eleven thousand virgins, or the *Ave-Marias* of all the saints, in the modern *Pantheon*.

I'm exceedingly pleas'd to hear that Lord *Orrery* has almost compleated his *Pliny* ; and don't doubt but the translation will be well executed under the conduct of so judicious a critic, and so polite a gentleman. We shall now see the procunful revive again, and
rise

rise with fresh lustre from the rust of ages, and obscurity of time. He will only assume another shape, and appear again cloath'd in a new vehicle, and a different mode of existence. My lord's translation will at least convince unbelievers, and sceptics of this sort of resurrection; I mean the resurrection of wit, and learning, and the regeneration of the author's spirit, after the eclipse and slumber of 1700 years. His genius will not be annihilated by time, but be only transus'd into another system of matter, and animate other organs. That which inspir'd the proconsul, and glow'd in the *Roman* orator, is now reviv'd in a *Boyle*, and shines in a *British* peer. I am very much of opinion, that there is the same quantity or portion of wit, and sense still existing in the universe, tho' unequally distributed; and that, upon the whole, there is nothing lost in the intellectual, or ideal, any more than in the material, or physical creation. The celestial fire may for a time be eclipsed, and benighted by the clouds of ignorance, barbarity and superstition; or smother'd under the dust, and ruin of conquer'd states, and dissolving empires; but is never quite extinguish'd. If it is lost, or obscur'd in one race, or family, it often rises up in another, and only appears in a new shape or livery of learning. 'Tis the same here as in the material world; that which now glows in a rose, or blushes in a piony, may hereafter shine in a glow-worm

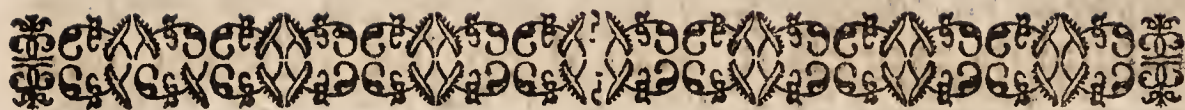
worm, paint the carnation, or adorn the wings of a butterfly. Nothing is lost or extinct, but only, as naturalists express it, cook'd up in a different form or modification of being, and assumes a new dress; It is no new creation, but only shifting, or transmutation. As *Virgil* beautifully describes it.

*Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.*

Thus learning has its winter, as well as herbs, flowers, and insects, tho' not in so regular, and uniform a course. It rises, or falls, fades, or flourishes, with the growth, or declensions of states, and convulsions of kingdoms. Like them it has its stormy, and blighting, its mild, and propitious seasons. Sometimes it smiles under the sunshine of a *Trajan*, an *Augustus*, a *Bacon*, or a *Boyle*; or pines under the malignant aspect of a *Pisistratus*, a *Domitian*, an *Attila*, or a *Solyman*.

BUT I must conclude; and assure you that amidst all these vicissitudes, and revolutions, nothing can disturb the constancy, with which I subscribe myself,

Immutably Yours.



T O
A L A D Y.



M A D A M,

I RETURN you a great many thanks for your kind, elegant, and sympathizing letter of condolence, on the death of my dear sister. In which you discover the tenderness of a relation, the sincerity of a friend, and the temper of a philosopher. It wou'd have been a double satisfaction, if you had vented your passion in the beautys of verse, and call'd in the elegiac muses, to paint out the distress, and mingle their tears in cadence. This wou'd be to set off the shades of sorrow, to brighten grief, and throw an ornament o'er its gloomy visage.

*NUMBERS like yours, cou'd gild the tragic show,
Give smiles to death, and decency to woe ;*

Dif-

*Diffuse a pleasing lustre o'er the tomb,
 Brighten the shade, and beautify the gloom.
 To be thus mourn'd, — some generous souls wou'd chuse,
 To fall submissive martyrs to the muse;
 Wou'd court the cold embrace, nor fear the sting,
 Pleas'd with the fate, which such a pen shou'd sing.
 Death has no terrors to the good, and brave,
 The dread of fools, and bugbear of the slave.
 A mind like yours, can all its rage defy,
 And hail the storm, that wafts you to the sky.*

I HAD not the least thought of rhiming, when I first begun this address. So you are to regard it only as a sort of rhapsody, extempore flight, or fally, which I leave you to improve on, and reduce to order. Your absence has very much cool'd my inclination to poetry. I can now produce nothing but occasional odes, or undigested sonnets. I fear my muse is about to grow sullen, silent, and morose. I want something of yours to animate me. There is certainly somewhat very catching, and infectious in the poetical spirit. The divine enthusiasm flies from one to another, we kindle by sympathy, and emulation; till it propagates itself thro' all who are susceptible of the passion, like lambent flames, or contagious diseases. I was doubtful that the cares of a social life, wou'd have banish'd the society of the muses; but I find that a married state has not in the
least

least damp'd your inclination to poetry. It wou'd be too great a compliment to my sister, to conclude from your long silence, that your grief has, like *Niobe*, struck you dumb. According to the latin apophthegm.

Leves curæ, loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

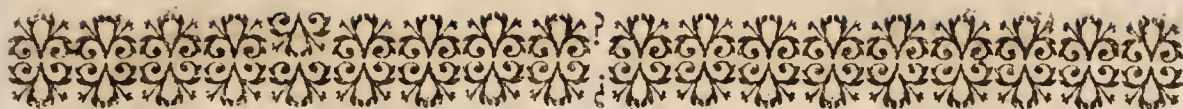
*In loud complaints light troubles find relief,
But great afflictions strike us dumb with grief.*

I am, with much Gratitude,

Your humble Servant.

Nov. 1738.





T O

A Young GENTLEMAN,

STUDENT at an ACADEMY.



S I R,

YOU desire me to satisfy you, with regard to some difficulties you have lately met with in your study of the scriptures. Indeed I'm not at all surpriz'd that you meet with some perplexitys, and remoras in your academical enquiries. It is a sign of a good disposition, and an inquisitive mind, to pry into the reason of things, and not to take every thing for fact, which is said to bear a divine stamp, and has

T

been

been handed down to us by superstitious rabbis, and designing priests.

BUT I wonder you are at all stagger'd at the difficulties you mention ; and really think that if you have no stronger objections than those you hint at, you have no reason to dissent from the religion of your country. Most of the texts you cite, with regard to GOD's being represented in a too familiar light, and unbecoming manner, are figurative, and metaphorical only. As the Divine Being's attributes are above our comprehension, it is natural, and necessary, to represent them to our view by sensible symbols ; and to accommodate them to our capacitys, by comparisons, or allegorys, borrow'd from the common occurrences of human life, and the similar, tho' infinitely disproportionate passions of human nature.

Sic parvis componere magna solebam.

As for those phrases in the *Old Testament*, where GOD is describ'd as an unjust, or tyrannical being, or as countenancing such characters, we shou'd rather be inclin'd to think, that there is some error in the translation, or some other circumstances in those times,

times, which justify'd such a severity of conduct ; or at least suspend our judgment, 'till we are well acquainted with critical and oriental history, and the peculiarities of the *Jewish* theocracy. You say indeed, and not without reason, that it is better not to believe the inspiration of the scriptures, than to suppose that they represent the supreme being as unjust, despotic, or revengeful : Because our natural evidences for the perfections of the deity, are superior to the credibility of that testimony, on which the scriptures rest. The particular doctrines of some, whether *calvinistical*, *tritheistical*, *sabellian*, or *socinian*, don't cancel the authority of sacred writ ; for men are fallible, and some parts of the gospel may be misrepresented, and the same text serve a hundred sects, and be transform'd into as many different shapes : Like a conjurer's paper, which is now a fan, then a fardingal, a church, a candlestick, or what you please, and yet the same paper still. This is call'd *leger-demain*, or conjuring, as the other is *hocus pocus* in divinity. I know a country curate, who is well vers'd in this cabbalistical juggling : He'll metamorphose a text in a moment, and ring as many changes on a few verses, as St. *Bride's* bells will run thro', and thus the pulpit grows as musical, and variable, as the belfry. Yet

there is so much in your objection, that this variety of opinions seems at first to interfere with the uniformity and plainness of scripture. As to the eternity of hell torments, my temper is perhaps too humane to be a good judge, for I can't digest the rigour of such divinity, and I hope I shan't deserve it. I am not bound to believe every thing handed down by tradition, if it clashes with a more antient and sacred oracle than that, reason and common sense.

I am Yours.



TO
A YOUNG L A D Y.

YOU find, Madam, I still continue to trouble the peace of your retirement, and to haunt your solitude like some unquiet ghost. I first of all disturb'd you with poetry, and public panegyric, next with my company ; and now this letter intrudes on your repose, and interrupts your silent meditations. It is very likely, it may find you sleeping in some shady alcove, or surprize you beneath some poetic bower, in the midst of rural contemplation. But give me leave to say, that you ought to be disturb'd in such criminal repose. When your muse sleeps, she ought to be summon'd to her duty, and rous'd out of such a dangerous slumber. 'Tis a kind alarm. As in a lethargy the most stimulating applications are best, to quicken the patient, and remove

the stupor. As you have been silent for some time, it makes me suspect that you are infected with some of those comatose symptoms, which, if not prevented in time, may end in a total stagnation. You'll excuse the barbarity of these phrases, when you consider that I am now prescribing for you. I advise you therefore, by all means, to exercise your genius, and set your facultys to work ; and to drink, at proper medical hours, some of your *Castalian* waters, observing a due poetic regimen in the mean time.

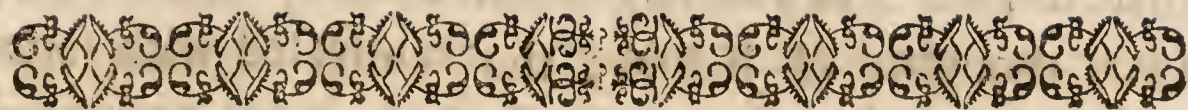
Tho' I have crown'd you with bays, I wou'd not have you think you are to sit still, and sleep under the shade of your garland, and sing a *requiem* to your muse. This honour ought to be an incitement to duty and glory.

I am,

JUNE, 1749.

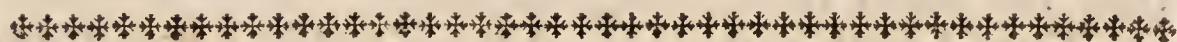
Yours, &c.





T H E

A N S W E R.



I WAS, Sir, in a far less agreeable situation, than you imagin'd, when I had the favour of yours ; and was shuddering in my chamber on one of those uncommon cold days for this season, and just penning a sober epistle. But had I been in such a sweet reverie, or charming retreat, as you describe, I should have been very well pleas'd to have had my repose, so agreeably interrupted.

I AM very sorry that I shou'd differ in opinion from you, but you can't persuade me, that there is any thing criminal in my silence. I hate to do any thing contrary to my inclination, and I assure you, I have

not been seiz'd with a rhiming fit this long time. O! there is such a bewitching charm in ease, that I have some thoughts of bidding the world farewell, of taking a draught of narcotic *Lethe*, and sliding into the castle of indolence, there to spend my days in soft repose. I'm much oblig'd to you for your friendly advice to my muse, but doubt it comes too late. I fear her case is desperate, and that all applications will prove ineffectual; and the strongest antihypnotics be all in vain. The medullary substance of my brain, being seiz'd with such a stupefaction; that the most stimulating medicines will be fruitless. And what makes the case still worse, is, that she is in love with her disease, and don't chuse to be rous'd. But lest you shou'd resume the gift, and pluck that crown from her nodding brow, with which you have elegantly adorn'd it, she wou'd willingly follow your prescription, as far as 'tis in her power. In the first place you bid me exercise my genius; but this, if ever I had one, I find quite immers'd in stupidity, and overwhelm'd with vapours and pacific dews. And tho' I don't feel any *disæthesia*, yet I cannot shake off the stupor, or set my animal facultys to work. She wou'd gladly drink of the *Castalian* springs, but our country don't produce those waters. And as for the poetic regimen you recommend, I can't directly determine whether it consists in a total abstinence from animal food,

food, or in milk, and vegetable diet. But cou'd I learn what is the diet, of the *Bristol* poet, I wou'd certainly enter on the reverse in every particular. You Sir, may think as contemptibly as you please, of the poems which have lately appear'd ; but I think I have reason to be of another opinion, when I tell you, what fine compliments I have lately receiv'd from that place, on my birth-day verses. Are you not surpriz'd I did not answer them ? You may from thence deem me an incurable : And in as deep a sleep as *Epimenides*, when in the midst of his fifty-seventh year's nap. But here you and I disagree : You are asham'd to appear in bad company. But bad verses will sometimes serve as a foil ; tho' yours need none. Yet the brightest *belle* shines still brighter, when age and deformity sit near. You say I'm fairly condemn'd, when you brought me to a trial (*see the Lady's Trial, p. 102*) but begging your pardon; I don't think I had a fair trial. In the first place, I don't like the umpire ; for a female judge, as well as a male, may be corrupted. And as I have heard there is a great intimacy between you and *Minerva*. I have a strong suspicion of some unfair dealing. And next, as you are hand and glove with all the *musés*, I know they will say any thing to oblige you. Then I have my exceptions to the jury, and am confident, had *Juvenal*, *Milton*, or *Swift* been summon'd, the bill had been brought in *Ignoramus*. Nay, *Cupid*,

as you confess yourself, was never *subpœna'd*: And let me tell you, you'll scarce find a female in the nation who does, in reality, hold a correspondence with the nine, but that *Cupid* can bring the strongest proofs against her. Well,—you have crown'd me, and I have pretty well overcome any scruples of conscience, about my right to the crown, and shall enquire no farther, if I came by it justly, or unjustly. But now I have it, I may act as I please. You shou'd have taken proper precautions before hand, and obliged me to take an oath of allegiance to the muses, before my coronation; tho' 'tis probable, if you had, that like other crown'd heads, I shou'd never have thought of the oath, after I had been possesst of the crown. But I'm quite asham'd of these ungrateful expressions, and to atone for them, assure you, I'll use my best endeavours, to tear my muse out of the soft enchanting arms of *Morpheus*; and if I can't recover her out of that magic circle, I'll force her to sing even in the lap of that drowsy deity, to convince you, that whether sleeping or waking, she is at your service: But take care you are not infected by the stupifying song; and shou'd you see any thing in the papers dated from *H—*, I advise you to drink a cup or two of coffee, as an antidote against the morbidic effluvia of a muse that sings in her sleep. But I beg pardon for taking the liberty of advising you; for 'tis certainly somewhat pre-

preposterous for the patient to advise the doctor; but women are fond of novel ways. But to return to my crown, which I am very much delighted with, you have heap'd such a load of bays on my brow, that 'tis impossible to avoid nodding. And thus you see my slumber is partly owing to yourself. Well, — 'tis the finest shade I was ever under in my life; and I often congratulate my muse on her unexpected promotion. And I think it the most prudent way to sit down satisfy'd with the unmerited honours you have confer'd on me: This is a truth too many have prov'd by woful experience, who, if they had been contented with a moderate share of honour, had never been thrown from the airy pinnacle of glory, to the dirty pit of contempt.

My father is much oblig'd to you for your poem on the disappointed travellers. It is certainly very entertaining; and since hunger is such an excellent whet to wit, I fancy fasting wou'd be the best method to quicken my torpid muse. To be sure, 'tis barbarous to be merry at another's misfortunes; but when I reflect on the melancholy circumstances the three learned professions were involv'd in, I can't forbear laughing at your mortify'd situation; and the penance such starving pilgrims underwent, in leaving their studys, for the sake of a dinner.

Your Servant.

JUNE 1749.

The



The R E P L Y.



M A D A M,

I AM much oblig'd to you for the favour of yours, of *June* 20th last. I was really half asleep, when your drowsy letter as you call d it, thoroughly awak'd me. If your sleeping meditations and dreams are thus bright and inspir'd, I had rather have your slumbering epistles, than many others that are awake. I have often receiv'd letters which have had a narcotic quality in them, and have lull'd me to sleep, as much as an anodyne posset, or a draught of cowslip wine, or *nepenthé*. You talk in a very mortify'd strain, about retiring from the world, taking a draught of *Lethe*, &c. But let me tell you, this language ill becomes one of your sprightly temper. You are too young and gay, thus to sequester yourself from society ; and like some enthusiastic, solitary

litary nun, take the habit, and enter on a monastic life. But was you thus to cloyster yourself in a cell, I shou'd often disturb your repose, haunt your hermitage when living, and when dead pursue you still, and canonize you afterwards. And I dare say with more justice, than most of those female votarys who adorn the *Roman Kalendar* : And in a fit of devotion or melancholy, take the veil, turn devotees and work miracles. You wou'd then be chronicl'd in the rubric, like St. *Ursula*, or St. *Catherine*, &c. and shine in red letters in the almanac, for generations to come. You wou'd then be recorded with the days of the month, amongst kings, queens, and constellations.

So you are much mistaken, if you think, by turning recluse, that you are about to sleep in oblivion, and to withdraw from the world, when you are thus entering farther into it, and living after death. Your case wou'd not be like that describ'd by *Pope*.

*How happy is the blameless virgin's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.*

I BELIEVE now you begin to wonder what I am about to do with you, and what sort of mortal you are. You know I crown'd you before with a poetic garland.

garland ; and am now preparing to canonize you amongst saints and martyrs. And you may assure yourself, that was you to live like an anchorite, to sleep in a cave, and to make your exit in that manner, I shou'd annually visit your cell, and make a pilgrimage to your tomb ; and, I dare say, with as much devotion, as those who visit *Mahomet's* at *Mecca*, or *St. Mary Magdalen's* at *Loretto*. Your w——s wou'd then receive a new sanctify'd name, and be as much resorted to as *St. Winifred's* famous well in *Wales*.

I THINK I have now said enough to rouse you out of your lethargic state : Tho' you say that you are deep immers'd in the *Lethæan* lake, and are sliding into the castle of indolence, yet I shou'd, like some advent'rous knight, or *Don Quixote*, storm the magic walls, find out the sleeping nymph, and dissolve the enchantment. You'll say this is all romantic. But I assure you, if you will let me know the exact time, when the sleeping fit approaches, I will certainly come, and provide myself with a panacea, to remove the stupor, and alarm you out of your slumber. But I find tho' you sleep yourself, you can make inanimate things speak about you, that never spoke before. You have now in your poem on the *H—t* water's complaint, animated the pump, and made it speak good sense, and wit. Only, like
some

some people, it may very properly be said, to speak thro' its nose.

YOUR last letter pleas'd me so much, that I must desire you to write again whether awake, or asleep; if the last, pray send me the result of your sleeping lucubrations. You know poet's dreams are inspir'd, and their flumbers oraculous. If you continue in the drowsy, comatose state, pray send me word of it, and you shall have the best advice I can give, and always *gratis*.

So wishing you a good night, I expect a letter very soon from your dormitory cell, which will oblige

Yours, &c.

JUNE 1749.

The

The ANSWER.

JULY, 1749.

INDEED Doctor you are quite mistaken in thinking I am young and gay. For I assure you I am grave and old. We women love contradiction; besides I know surely my own age and temper best. Well—supposing I'm charm'd into the castle of indolence; don't imagine that I am going out of the World.—No, no, I'm only stepping farther into it. I dare say above half the people of *Europe* have taken up lodgings there already; and some of the best sort too. But don't mistake my meaning; by the best, I mean the richest.—Well—I am come to life again, nor won't be fainted this turn, to give you the satisfaction of a strolling pilgrimage. I'll accept of no faintship on this side the skys, lest I shou'd miss it on the other. For I am apt to think, man has made many a faint in this world, who will turn
out

out sinners in the next : And tho' I am obliged to you for your noble, and hazardous intentions, I shall not, for this time, put you to the trouble of storming castles, and dissolving enchantments, of providing yourself a *Rosinante*, or trusty 'squire *Sancho*, with proper accoutrements, for such a desperate undertaking, where you might be lost yourself. For thou'd you come within the reach of *Circe*, who sits at the gate of this enchanted castle, you wou'd more probably be my companion, than deliverer.

I HAVE a melancholy story to tell you of my muse. I never left teizing her, 'till I had wak'd her : She gap'd, and ask'd, what I wanted ? I told her, she must sing. 'Twas thus *Virgil's* shepherds wak'd the drowsy God *Silenus*. She told me, she cou'd not, and was much out of humour. But being told she must, she gap'd again, and utter'd *The Pump's Complaint* ; but was horribly in a pet all the while. Soon after I was much engag'd in the hurry of company, and was obliged to visit six days out of seven. The muses you know hate noise, and flutter, so she took advantage of my eternal engagements, and stole away one afternoon in the midst of an assembly ; nor have I had leisure, or inclination, to enquire after her since. She has slept away one half of the summer, and I suppose designs to loiter away the other half, in verdant meads, near tinkling rills, and amaranthine-bowers.

U

ere. Nor do I, in the least, expect her return, 'till two, or three smart frosts drive her home. I give myself no trouble about the fugitive, being sure of her at last. She has several times before elop'd from me in summer, but always return'd at the first setting in of the *Pleiades*, or on the approach of stormy, wintry weather. Can't one account for this phænomenon in a natural way? as well as for the migration of snites, pheasants, and woodcocks at a certain season, and their stated, periodical flights. Now, Sir, you know that the intellectual facultys depend very much on the connection we have.—But I won't enter into philosophy.

I HAVE heard of the seven winter sleepers, but, I believe, mine is the only summer sleeper. I thank you for the free offer of your advice; but believe me, I'm not asham'd of the unfashionable enjoyment of rude health. Had you gentlemen no better patients than myself, nine parts in ten of you might indulge a sweet repose in the downy castle of indolence.

I am, with all my senses about me,

Yours, &c.

THE

T H E

R E P L Y.

AUGUST, 1749.

I THOUGHT, madam, my last letter wou'd have left you as silent, as the ghost which I made of you. But I find that you are determin'd not to be cheated, or complimented out of your existence. You won't buy immortality, and adoration on such terms. You tell me you are come to life again, and won't be fainted this turn. I assure, you I am very glad of your resurrection ; and find now, that my last letter, had as good an effect as a blister-plaister. I told you before, that I wou'd not let you rest in peace, and was too much your friend to sooth you in those dangerous slumbers, and rock your repose. Now you begin to exert yourself, lest you shou'd be buried alive, and idoliz'd, like some tutelar saint or relic. Besides, I find you are much afraid of my storming your enchanted castle, and threaten me

with a male *Circe*, who, with his magic power, will confine me in the sleepy palace, where I shall be rather your companion, than deliverer. If so, the adventure wou'd end very agreeably: With such a companion the bondage wou'd be happy, and the captivity pleasing. You tell me that you are neither young, nor gay; but I must credit my own senses, or was I under some strange delusion or fascination, when in your company? For, notwithstanding your mourning robes, and sable, funeral appearance, I cou'd discover an uncommon vivacity, and sprightliness in your looks, thro' all the gloom and gravity of your dress. Besides, you must know that I am a great physiognomist, and the moment I saw you, cou'd tell your age, and disposition at the first glance. I am sorry to hear that your muse has elop'd from you, and shou'd be glad to meet with her in her solitary ramble.

*Whether o'er plains she likes to rove,
Or haunts the music of the grove;
Or if the brooks delight her more,
Or airy heights where lapwings soar,
Close to her steps I'd follow still,
And trace the nymph from hill to hill.
Tell me, ye swains, O! tell me where,
At noon to find the sleeping fair, &c.*

If I cou'd light on this vagabond, I wou'd treat her with the utmost hospitality ; especially as I have now a vacant place for her, having lost my own, in the last foggy morning.

I LIKE your frankness, and sincerity, in telling me you don't approve of the present conduct of our ministry, and the measures of administration. And I assure you, in many things, my sentiments coincide with yours : But poetry and politics never well agree together. 'Tis our business to sing in the groves, while we have any to sing in. I hope the Government won't lay a tax on wit, as well as on every thing else. If so, they'll have a large revenue out of your poetical estate. The light of our minds will then increase the exchequer, as well as that of the sky ; unless we darken up our understandings, as well as our windows.

As to party sentiments, whether religious, or political, I never like a person one jot the worse for differing from me in either ; if he is so candid, as to allow me the same quarter and privilege. There's nothing shews a more mean, abject, narrow, contracted spirit, than to censure or condemn others for differing from us in religious matters. We can no more help our opinions, than we can our complexion, or feature. As to almost all mankind, 'tis chance,

custom, and education alone that make the difference. Where one changes his religion or party, on principle, or conviction, ten thousand take it as they find it. We might as well be angry with each other for being born under such a latitude. If we had been bred up in *China* or *Turky*, in *Italy* or *Germany*, we shou'd have been Pagans, or Mahometans, Papists, or Lutherans, as the several countries differ'd. All such profession is only local and nominal; and all such may be call'd accidental religion, any farther than we are convinc'd by reason and examination. It is honesty and justice, truth and sincerity alone, which can make a good or a bad man, in any climate, or any sect. This is in our power, the other not. It matters not much, if we are sincere, as to the external conformity, whether we worship in a synagogue, or a grove, at a mosque, or a meeting-house, a gilded altar, or a humble rural chapel, cover'd with yew and ivy. I think I cou'd be more devout at the latter. Those old ruinous stones, and reverend greens, wou'd inspire me more, than the pomp of golden candlesticks, and consecrated images.

I HAVE thus given you my notion of religious matters. Sincerity is enough: All the rest is but froth, noise, and vanity; or, what is worse, ill-nature, spleen and persecution. With regard to what

I have said on this subject, Mr. Pope very justly observes:

*Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect—and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek that blessing to confine, &c.*

Pope himself was the subject of much religious rage, and rancor amongst bigoted protestants, on account of his being a Roman Catholic ; tho' he was a person of the utmost candor, humanity, and benevolence to all others. Every protestant who is possess'd with this damning, persecuting spirit, is himself a papist in the worst sense, whatever his profession may be. Had it not been for a spirit of enquiry, toleration, and liberty amongst the first reformers, we shou'd still have continu'd under the clouds of popish darkness, superstition, and ignorance. It was a just, and fine character that *Dryden* gave of *Sir William Gower*, in one of his Dedications, viz. *You have not suffer'd the difference of opinions, which produces such hatred, and enmity amongst the brutal part of our species, to alter your regard for me, or divert you from the settled basis of good-nature and good-sense.* Merit ought to be the only badge and characteristic. And this it is that prompts me to be inviolably.

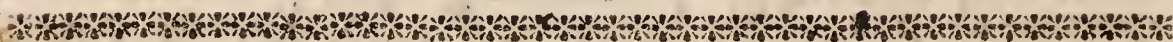
Yours, &c.



F R O M

Mr. R - - - - L,

At St. *Mary-Hall*, OXFORD.



Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED your last favour at this place, and return you my thanks for the verses on the *Disappointed Travellers*, which I had the satisfaction to shew to (Dr. King) and Mr. *Watkins*. They all join with me in their commendations of them, and were much entertain'd with the description you so humorously give of the different sentiments of each suffering profession.

I HAVE now left the bustle, as well as diversions, of *London* for the retirement, and improvement of this university at St. *Mary-Hall*. I can want no advantage of a learned kind, for our principal is
Dr.

Dr. *King*, no enjoyment that sincere friendship can bestow, for here I shall enjoy the society of Lord *B—e*, at his return from *Ireland*, where he is now ill of an ague. Oh that with the skill of *Esculapius*, you had the wings of *Hermes*, and could restore him to me, and his health to him! You'll forgive the warm flights I take on this occasion; but when Lord *B—le* labours under any oppression, my heart seems to shoot into an *Hercules*, that would break from confinement, and lift the load from his shoulders.

I HAVE not got a copy here, of those verses I promis'd you, but as soon as I receive my papers I shall punctually keep my word, and submit them to your correction. — Dear sir, let me have soon the pleasure of hearing from you, I'll watch every college, the gentle streams of *Isis*, and every thing else worth notice at *Oxford*, but I'll entertain you in my next, and convince you that the inspiration of the university, is preferable to that of *London*, and that wherever I am, I cannot cease to be,

Dear S I R,

Your faithful humble Servant.

TO



T O

Mr. R - - - - L.

*Dear Sir,*

I RECEIV'D yours, and am much oblig'd to you for the kind approbation my burlesque verses met with at *Oxford*. But in your encomiums I doubt you discover more of the candid partiality of a friend, than the just opinion, and kind severity of a critic. I assure you I have often been more edify'd by the satyr of an enemy, than the panegyric of a friend. The one is a sincere monitor, to keep us on our guard, to alarm our vigilance, and point out our follies, or vices: While the other, by praise, and well-meant compliment, addresses our weaker part, sooths our vanity, and lulls us asleep with the pleasing smiles of applause: Like a calm at sea, which is often more dangerous than
the

the roughness of a storm, and the rage of a tempest. We are enchanted by the one, but alarm'd by the other. That makes us secure, and thoughtless; but this watchful, and attentive. You tell me a friend of yours, at *Oxford*, is about to publish the lives of ingenious *English* ladies; and as I have the pleasure to be acquainted with one who deserves that character, I shou'd be glad to see her shine in such a constellation of wits. I shall send you some of her poems, that you may judge of her accomplishments. It is pity one of such fine brilliant parts, shou'd be eclipsed in obscurity. But you know —

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

It is certain, that, in all ages, most people of genius, and a philosophical taste, have been fond of solitude and retirement. But merit ought not to be conceal'd in shades, or immur'd in cloysters. If you knew her private virtues, as well as her poetical, and intellectual endowments, you wou'd certainly think she wou'd make a very distinguish'd figure in such a galaxy of ladies.

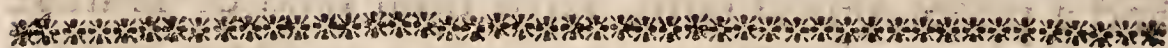
I HAVE lately read over *Thomson's Castle of Indolence*; and tho' there are a great many fine sentiments in it, I think he seems, sometimes, to have nodded in his own palace.

I am Yours.

THE



T H E
A N S W E R
T O T H E
LADY'S LAST LETTER of *August* 1749.



I NOW, Madam, frankly confess that I am fairly outdone, and at my own weapons too. Your pen is victorious both in poetry and prose. What presumption was it in me to enter the lists with such a heroine, so renown'd for paper adventures, and the chivalry of that wing'd and pointed instrument the quill? However, 'tis a consolation to me to contend with such a competitor, proud if I am vanquish'd by so fair an antagonist.

You

You are much mistaken in thinking me to be quite jaded, and fatigued. I assure you I am never tir'd with reading your letters, especially your last, and longest. It pleas'd me the more, as it was checker'd, and diversify'd with the beauties of poetry. I find your vagrant gipsy of a muse has not took such a long flight, but that she returns to her old quarters again, and gives you a visit sometimes. Like *Noah's* dove, she found no rest for her feet, in this inhospitable region ; but flew back again, with bays in her mouth. Now she is return'd with such a present, I advise you to entertain her well, to prevent such fallies for the future. So now I have no need to pursue this vagabond, this *ignus fatuus*, any longer. Besides, I am afraid, if I shou'd follow the meteor, and be deluded by the wandring light, I might fall into some bog, or be lost in some impenetrable forest.

*Yet if by chance I heard her song,
 Chanting far off the woods among,
 Invited by the rural lay,
 I'd thro' the pathless desert stray,
 Where roses wild adorn the green,
 And wither in the shade unseen ;
 And many a pink, and artless flower,
 With purple stain the sylvan bower.*

While

*While cooing turtles from on high,
 Murmur their love-plaints near the sky.
 I'd ask each wood-nymph of the shade,
 If they had seen the wand'ring maid ;
 And in what bosky grove or cell,
 The solitary fair might dwell.
 Or if the drowsy god of sleep,
 Has clos'd her eyes in slumber deep ;
 And with enchantments magic tie,
 Seal'd up those lips of harmony.
 Pan, with his horn, shou'd break the spell,
 And shake the dormitory cell.*

I ASSURE you, Madam, you are mistaken in your interpretation of my sparkling enigma, as you are pleas'd to call it. I don't know how you could unravel the meaning of those three asterisks, when I had none myself. For I only set them down at random to puzzle you, as you had perplex'd me with your intricate scrawl of blotted lines ; which I believe a *Cecil* cou'd not have decypher'd, nor *Ariadne* herself unravel. As you write so many enigma's, I regard you as a *Delphian* priestess, or one of the sybil maids of old, who sat on a tripos, and deliver'd out prophecies in verse. Your solution of the meaning of those three stars is very ingenious and probable. Indeed they may stand for many things, and contain as much

much mystery as *Oates's* plot, or *Layer's* conspiracy. They may be a type or emblem of the three kings at *Cologne*, the three graces, a triple crown, or the three kingdoms of *Britain*. But the truth is, I intended nothing by them, but amusement; and a sort of counterpart to your hieroglyphic lines.

YOUR sentiments of religion and liberty, I like extremely. We ought certainly, in common justice, and charity, to allow each other, a fair, and mutual liberty of enquiry, in religious matters especially. *Judge not that you be not judged. To his own master he standeth or falls*, are useful lessons. In these cases, I think we ought to do as we wou'd be done by. Another divine, and golden precept. Many people have been stigmatiz'd for error, and damn'd for heretics, who may find a milder sentence hereafter, before a more impartial judge, and more candid tribunal. We are not to settle our notions of truth and error, from the sanction of infallible popes, venerable councils, and grey-hair'd fynods. No doubt it is their province to settle their own rules, rubrics, rites, and canons. But every one must judge of the truth of a proposition according to his own ideas, and perception, and not anothers. Unless we cou'd all see with the same intellectual optics, and thro' one universal infallible medium. But as in vision, people must see according to the representation of objects painted

painted on the retina ; so they must judge according as the evidence of things appears to the understanding. Yet most of our idle disputes and controversies have proceeded from this supposed certainty, or infallibility in ourselves ; and for want of a mutual indulgence, and toleration to those who differ from us in some speculations.

BUT whatever is truth or error, right or wrong, so far it is certain, that a persecutor is always wrong in practice, however orthodox in opinion.

I SUPPOSE you have seen the earl of *Orrery's* life of *Swift*, which is wrote in a very genteel manner, in the politest stile, and with the most impartial pen. As his lordship has celebrated his wit, and parts, he has also exposed his failings and vices. I had lately the honour of a visit from his Lordship and his two sons ; who are both young gentlemen of great and promising parts. I can assure you his lordship enquir'd after *Sylvia*, and told me he should be pleas'd to see some of your verses.

I am,

Your humble servant.

AN



A N

Allegorical Dialogue,

BETWEEN THE

HUCK-MUCK, † *and the* BEESOM,

Which is Lately introduc'd, by some

BREWERS, *instead of the* OLD HUCK-MUCK.

THOU upstart son, of mungril race,
Presume not to usurp my place.
From antient, royal lineage born,
Thy mean original I scorn.

† The STRAINER us'd in Brewing.

X

In

In bright, hereditary line,
 Th' immortal race of *Huck-mucks* shine.
 My antient pedigree I hold,
 From fam'd *Diogenes* of old ;
 Only this difference is obser v'd,
 I thrive, and fatten, where he starv'd.
 The *Cynic* snarl'd in empty cell,
 While I in plenteous moisture dwell ;
 And revel oft' from morn to night,
 Like *Bacchus* in distended plight.

SECUR'D by *right divine*, I reign
 O'er every tributary grain :
 Millions of subjects round me throng,
 And pay me tribute, right, or wrong.
 And tho' they oft' rebel, and jar,
 Fermenting with intestine war,
 Yet soon with spunging power I quell
 All insurrections in my cell ;
 And drain my subjects vital sap,
 At my old custom-house, the tap.
 The juice which flakes a monarch's thirst,
 Is thro' my vessels filter'd first.
 Round me in daily sacrifice,
 Sweet clouds of smoaking incense rise ;
 While from my fountain-head below,
 Rich tides of fragrant liquor flow.

OF portly, and majestic size,
 Thy taper structure I despise.
 Shall such a mean, *Plebeian* scrub,
 Reign in the palace of my tub?
 Vile offspring thou, of bending broom,
 Or humble heath, shalt thou presume
 T' invade my old paternal throne,
 Who hast no title of thy own?
 While I from loftier trees high-born,
 Regard thy reptile race with scorn.
 No more my awful sceptre brave,
 Fit implement of every slave;
 Thy servile drudgery I disdain,
 Go sweep the kitchen which I stain.

THUS from his throne the *Huck-muck* spoke,
 And next the *Beesom* silence broke.

The BEESOM'S REPLY.

PROUD haughty *Huck-muck*! boast no more,
 Of Ancestors, a numerous score.
 Thou bloated, pamper'd son of pride,
 Thy empty lineage I deride.
 I value not thy royal line,
 Nor thy pretended *right divine*;

What boots high blood, and antient state ?
 Mine is as good, tho' not so great.
 By genealogy of old,
 A birchen sceptre too I hold ;
 And oft' the blood of monarchs stains
 With purple ornament my veins ;
 In every hall and every school,
 I often bear the sovereign rule.

No longer shalt thou strut and swell,
 In thy dominion of the cell.
 For while thou govern'st with oppression,
 I value not thy high *succession*.
 A *right divine*, to govern wrong,
 Can to no potentate belong.
 Kings are but *fathers of the state*,
 And if not virtuous, can't *be great*.
 When subjects feel the servile chain,
 The tyrant has no right to reign.
Dominion's but an empty thing,
 The people constitute the king :
 A scepter'd *creature* made at will,
 And is himself a *subject* still ;
 Subject to laws far more divine,
 Than *Cyrus' race*, or *Cæsar's line*.

THY people long oppress'd complain,
 Of thy unjust, tyrannic reign.

My subjects own my gentler sway,
Nor feel the tribute which they pay.

BUT after all our long debate,
Let no new jars disturb the state ;
Tho', 'twixt your majesty and me,
In certain points we disagree,
Yet in one scheme we both comply,
To drain our subjects mighty dry.
While every tributary grain,
Curfes our arbitrary reign,
And murmurs thro' the tub in vain.
Let us unite a safer way,
And govern with alternate sway,
Then if the sturdy slaves rebel,
And raise new ferments in our cell,
We'll both agree at next election,
To keep the vassals in subjection.

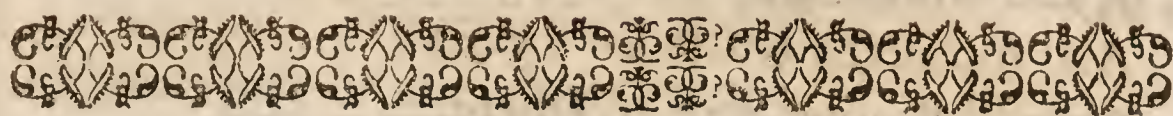
PLEAS'D with the *Beesom's* smooth deceit,
The *Huck-muck* left his royal seat ;
The *Beesom* took the throne and charter,
But never wou'd resign it after.
Whilst vex't to loose his ancient sway,
For grief the *Huck-muck* pin'd away.

THIS world, good reader, where we dwell,
Is but a larger brewing cell :

A cell where many *Huck-mucks* reign,
 And monarchs bustle for a grain :
 A vessel floating here and there,
 In seas of circumambient air,
 Where *pious princes* wars are brewing,
 And meditate each other's ruin.
 While injur'd subjects groan in vain,
 And change their master, not their chain.
 'Tis the same game, look where we will,
 The *Beesom*, and the *Huck-muck* still.

HAPPY the man who calm and wise,
 Smiles at the storms which round him rise.
 Who can in some still harbour dwell,
 And make a palace of a cell.



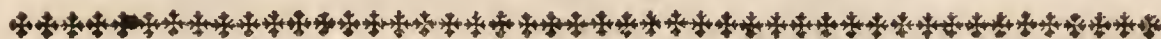


A

Mirror *for* Detractors.

Address'd to a FRIEND.

By a YOUNG LADY.



THIS wit was with experience bought,
 (And that's the best of wit 'tis thought)
 That when a woman dares indite,
 And seek in print the public fight,
 All tongues are presently in motion,
 About her person, mind, and portion;
 And ev'ry blemish, ev'ry fault,
 Unseen before, to light is brought.

Nay

Nay generously they take the trouble
Those blemishes and faults to double.

WHENE'ER you chance her name to hear,
With a contemptuous smiling sneer
A prude exclaims, O she's a wit !
And I've observ'd that epithet
Mean self-conceit, ill-nature, pride,
And fifty hateful things beside.

THE Men are mighty apt to say,
This silly girl has lost her way ;
No doubt she thinks we must admire,
And such a rhiming wit desire ;
But here her folly does appear,
We never chuse a learned fair.
Nor like to see a woman try
With our superior parts to vie.
She ought to mind domestic cares ;
The sex were made for such affairs.
She'd better take in hand the needle,
And not pretend to rhyme and riddle.
Shall women thus usurp the pen ?
That weapon nature made for men :
Presumptuous thing ! how did she dare
This implement from us to tear ?

IN short, if women are allow'd,
(Women by nature vain and proud)
Thus boldly on the press to seize,
And say in print whate'er they please,
They'll soon their lawful lords despise,
And think themselves as sybils wise.

THUS far the men their wit display,
Let's hear now what the women say :

Now we'll suppose a tattling set
Of females o'er tea-table met,
While from its time-consuming streams
Arise a hundred idle themes,
Of fans, of flounces, flies and faces,
Of lapdogs, lovers, lawns and laces.
At length this well-known foe to fame,
In luckless hour brings forth my name :
Then they exclaim with great good-nature,
O Lord ! that witty, rhiming creature !
Alternate then their parts sustain ;
Pray don't you think she's mighty vain,
Says one ;—no doubt, another cries ;
Vain,—lord, of what ? a third replies.
What tho' suppose the thing can rhyme,
And on the changing numbers chime,
No merit lies in that, 'tis plain,
And others if they were as vain,

I make

I make no doubt, cou'd write as well,
Would they but try, perhaps excel.

THEN thus *Philantha*, in whose breast
Good-nature is a constant guest,
I own I've heard before with pain
Some people call her proud and vain,
I know her well, yet ne'er could see
This mighty pride, and vanity.

You, Madam, are I find her friend,
But I can never apprehend,
She ever yet a poem penn'd. }
They're all another's work, no doubt,
With which she makes this mighty rout.

THAT's very like ; but, Miss, suppose,
She does the tedious stuff compose ;
Yet for my part tho' some may praise,
And stick the creature out with bays,
I can see nothing in the scrawls,
That for such vast encomiums calls.
'Tis true, in length if merit lies,
From all she'll bear away the prize.

THIS for her poems may be said,
They're mighty good to lull the head ;

For

For nothing there picquant you'll find
 To raise a laugh, or rouse the mind.
 No doctor's opiate can exceed 'em,
 Whene'er I want a nap I read 'em.

PHILANTHA then — 'tis so well known,
 That all those poems are her own,
 I wonder any one can doubt it,
 Or have a single thought about it ;
 And oft' I've heard the lines commended,
 Then all allow they're well intended.

THAT may perhaps be true enough,
 But who's the better for her stuff.
 I see no difference in the times,
 The world's not mended by her rhimes.
 She to the men I apprehend,
 Intends herself to recommend
 By scribbling verses, but she'll find,
 They don't so much regard the mind ;
 For tho' they're civil to her face,
 'Tis all a farce, and meer grimace ;
 Her back once turn'd, I've heard 'em swear,
 They hated wisdom in the fair.

THEN she's so nice, and so refin'd
 About the morals, and the mind,
 That

That really, Madam, I'm afraid,
This rhiming wit will die a maid ;
And if she weds, it is high time,
I think she's almost past her prime.
Why with the men as I've been told,
She'll paper conversation hold.

MADAM that's fact, I long have known it,
Without a blush i've heard her own it.

GOOD Lord, some women are so bold,
I vow, I blush to hear it told.
I hate censoriousness, but when
Girls freely correspond with men,
I can't forbear to speak my mind,
Altho' to scandal ne'er inclin'd.
Well, I protest I never yet
To any man a letter writ ;
It may be innocent 'tis true,
But 'tis a thing I ne'er could do.

WELL cry'd *Philantha*, I protest,
I almost think you are in jest,
For really, miss, I cannot see
In this the breach of modesty ;
With men we chat away our time,
And none regard it as a crime ;

And

And where's the difference if we write,
'Tis but our words in black and white.
I think, we may without offence,
Converse by pen with men of sense.

WELL let us say no more about her,
But entertain ourselves without her ;
No harm I meant, nor none I wish ;
Miss won't you drink another dish ?
Not one drop more, I thank you, madam,
Here take away the tea-things, *Adam*.
And bring the cards, and since we're met,
Pray let us make at whist a set.

THUS tea and scandal, cards and fashion,
Destroy the time of half the nation.

BUT Sir, methinks, 'tis very hard
From pen, and ink to be debarr'd :
Are simple women only fit,
To dress, to darn, to flower, or knit,
To mind the distaff, or the spit.

WHY are the needle and the pen,
Thought incompatible by men ?
May we not sometimes use the quill,
And yet be careful housewives still ?

Why

Why is it thought in us a crime
 To utter common-sense in rhyme?
 Why must each rhimer be a wit?
 Why mark'd with that loath'd epithet?
 For envy, hatred, scorn, or fear,
 To wit, you know, are often near.
 Good-natur'd wit, polite, refin'd,
 Which seeks to please, not pain the mind,
 How rare to find! for O, how few
 Have true and gen'rous wit like you!
 Your mind in different mould was cast,
 To raise a character, not blast;
 Please to encourage what I write,
 And smile upon my humble flight.

1748.



DIREC-



DIRECTIONS,

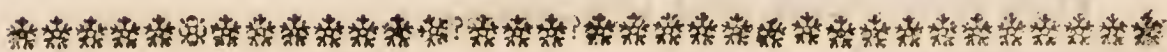
How to Steer with

EASE and SAFETY,

O'ER THE

ROUGH, TEMPESTUOUS SEA of LIFE.

By the Same.



IF thro' the rugged road of life,
An easy course you'd glide.
Free from affliction, care and strife,
These rules shou'd be your guide.

Your spring of life to heaven devote,
Religion will bestow,

The

The safest, surest antidote,
For every mortal woe.

LET virtue, bright, immortal maid,
Be your unerring guide;
And wisdom, with celestial aid,
O'er all your steps preside.

THRO' life be this resolve pursu'd,
Whate'er your lot shall be,
To act with honest rectitude,
And keep a conscience free.

HOPE not your happiness to find
Abroad, but homewards bend,
And ever let your peace of mind,
Upon yourself depend.

PASSION and fancy, hope and fear,
Will sometimes gild the scene,
But move within bright reason's sphere,
And keep the golden mean.

HOPE not for wild, romantic bliss,
Nor wish a lofty state,
The first is folly's paradise,
The last a war with fate.

SEEK not from gold your happiness,
Nor in that bubble fame,

Pain,

Pain, care, disease, the rich oppress,
And envy blasts a name.

FONDLY by childish fancy led,
Ne'er seek for bliss complete;
Pain's twisted in life's slender thread,
And care in every state.

SUFFICIENT ills in life arise,
Then why, with cruel art,
Shou'd we new cares, new pains devise,
And groan with fancy'd smart?

BUT since, while on this stage of life
Fortune oft' shifts the scene;
Since every state with care is rife,
And pain will intervene.

ARM well, with fortitude, your mind,
And shou'd distresses rise;
Think 'tis by Providence design'd,
To teach us to be wise.

IF smiling fortune shou'd appear,
And glittering gifts bestow,
Of pride and vanity beware,
Nor swell with fortune's flow.

Y

THUS

THUS arm'd—when cares and griefs arise,
 (For rise they often will)
 Serenely calm, without surprise,
 You'll meet the lessen'd ill.

WITH steady mind, and equal soul,
 You'll view the changing scene ;
 On soft content the hours shall roll,
 And all be peace within.

AND when the dangerous journey's past,
 And shades of death arise,
 In death's embrace you'll sweetly rest,
 And wake in happier skies.





MORAL and MEDICAL

APOPTHEGMS,

IN IMITATION OF

EPICETUS, LORD BACON, and
ROCHEFOUCAULT.



CONTENTMENT, *the grand Basis
of all Happiness.*

HAPPINESS consists in enjoying what we have in peace, and not in pursuing what we have not : Therefore no ambitious man can be happy ; but like a troubled sea, always in agitation.

THE advantage of riches is more imaginary than real ; since the richest can enjoy but a small part

of what they possess. A competence supplies us with all the necessaries of life, the other with its superfluities.

LONG life, and health, are commonly the blessings of the poor; disease, and anxiety, generally the portion of the rich.

IF the rich man does not live like the poor, he will be miserable with his riches. If he does not use voluntary labour, and govern his appetite by choice, as the other does by necessity, tho' his riches increase, his health and pleasure will lessen and decay.

ANXIETY and restlessness the great causes of debauchery and intemperance; hunting after pleasures when nature does not ask, nor appetite require.

THE greatest pleasure of life is virtuous love, not indulged too far: The greatest treasure is a contented mind: The greatest possession is health: The greatest restorative sleep: And the greatest medicine, and solace in trouble, is a true friend.

THE highest wisdom consists in the knowledge of ourselves.

THE truest happiness is the government of our passions.

IT was the constant and divine maxim of the stoic philosophy, that happiness consisted not in any external possessions, but in the mind itself: The direction of one, says *Epictetus*, is in our power, and the other not.

HUMILITY, and a sense of our own ignorance and weakness, the greatest indications of knowledge and virtue.

PRIDE the greatest friend to vice and ignorance. He who never owns himself in an error, or fault, is absolutely incurable, and incorrigible.

No one happy, who has not conquer'd the fear of death.

NOTHING recommends a person more to the world than truth and good-nature.

NOTHING promotes health more than exercise of body, and tranquillity of mind.

If we would live to be old, we must be old when

young : The wisdom of age ought to check the indiscretions of youth.

THEY who are wise, and abstemious in their youth, may indulge sometimes at forty without danger.

THE quantity of what we eat and drink is generally more pernicious than the quality. Most disorders proceed from repletion, and are cur'd by evacuation.

HE who indulges to a variety of dishes at one meal, must expect a variety of disorders ; unless he has a stomach for every dish.

GLUTTONY and hard-drinking the greatest labour in the world.

THE stomach labours hard to grind, digest, and carry off the superfluous load. Some think if they eat to excess, they must drink in proportion ; as if a surfeit of food was to be cured by a surfeit of liquor ; which is only giving nature a double fatigue.

No possessions good, but by the use we make of them.

THE greatest benefit of wealth, except houses, pictures, gardens, &c. is the capacity and power it gives us to do good : And the greatest blessing to mankind, is a heart to make use of it, and diffuse it.

- “ IN heaps, like amber-grease, a stink it lies,
 “ But well dispers’d, is incense to the skies.
 “ What riches give us—let us first enquire,
 “ Meat, fire, and cloaths—what more, meat, cloaths,
 and fire.
 “ What can they give ? to dying *Hopkins* heirs,
 “ Vigor to *B—w* ? or ease the statesman’s cares ?
 “ Can they in health bid sickly *Celia* glow,
 “ In *Fulvia*’s buckle ease the throbs below ?

AN old man near the *Hague*, says Sir *W. Temple*, who served his house from his dairy, grew so rich, that he left off business, bought a fine house at the *Hague*, and furnish’d it, resolving to live at ease the rest of his life ; but grew so weary of being idle, that he sold it, and return’d again to his dirt and his dairy.

THE same author says, the best books to mortify our vanity, and to curb our pride, are *Solomon*’s *Ecclesiastes*, *Marcus Antonius*’s meditations, and *Almanzor*’s philosophy, the greatest princes, as well as the wisest philosophers, in their own or in any age.

THE poor sometimes in want, the covetous always.

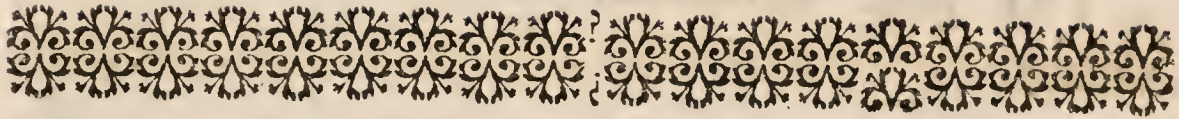
EVERY sincere man is good : Every honest man the most religious : Every guilty mind unhappy.

IT is the common opinion, and maxim of the vulgar, to centre either their happiness or their misery on external enjoyments, or possessions. It is the true essence, and genius of philosophy, or religion, to seek it at home, and to look for it in our own breasts. *Epietetus*. We are still tormented with a fruitless chase, and hunting after imaginary phantoms of happiness, when we have it in possession, if we wou'd sit down contented. But —

“ This cruel something unpossess'd,

“ Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.”

Quod quæris—Hic est, if attended to, would conquer all vain ambition. *Nosce teipsum*, or know thyself, if thoroughly understood, contains a fund of morality and wisdom, and is the basis of all practical philosophy. *Cætera desunt*.



A N

ESSAY on HEALTH.



Mens sana in corpore sano.

NEXT to the peace and welfare of our minds, our connection with a future state, and our happiness hereafter, there is nothing of greater importance than our health, and ease here; nothing which ought more to employ our warmest wishes, and to engage our most diligent attention. Such an esteem even to veneration the antients had for this blessing, that the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans* erected altars and temples to the goddess *Hygeya*, or health; and the inventors and restorers of methods and medicines to promote it, were often idoliz'd and rank'd

amongst

amongst the number of their heroes and tutelar deities. However various and opposite the complexions, the customs, and opinions of mankind in different ages and climates, this has been the most universal object, on which all desires have fix'd, and all passions center'd at last.

VARIOUS are the treatises which have been compos'd on the subject of Health ; this has employ'd the pens as well as the purses of the wisest and richest in all ages. This has exercis'd the labour of the chymist, the penetration of philosophers, and the ambition of mighty princes. But after all these learned researches, it certainly depends more on the conduct of life, and the disposition of the heart, than on the painful pursuits and dreams of chymists, and the idle reverys of the brain ; and is undoubtedly more the true genuine result, and native offspring of practice and experience, than of theory and speculation. If it is taught, and nurs'd up in the schools of philosophy ; it is found in the fields of simple peasants, and illiterate swains ; and thrives and blossoms most in desert heaths and barren mountains : And here godlike temperance smiling with open arms, and a thousand blessings, invites us to her plain and frugal, but happy and voluptuous table, encircled with all the graces, and attended by blooming *Hebe* ; more voluptuous, and truly luxurious, than the most pompous

pompous feasts, and splendid entertainments : As the Poet divinely says——

*Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists in Temperance alone ;
And Peace, fair Virtue, Peace is all thy own.*

VIRTUE never appears more charming, nor the advantages and effects of it in this life more conspicuous, than in its connection with the present subject, and in its contributing to the health of our bodys, as well as to the peace and tranquillity of our minds. Fine and poetical is the description we find given of it by a wise philosopher, and observer of human nature—*Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, &c. long life is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.*

BUT tho' this subject of health has been so often canvass'd, and so emphatically recommended by the ablest writers, and most learned pens, I shall not think my time misemploy'd, to communicate some observations of my own on so important a speculation : For tho' scarce any thing can be advanc'd new on such a trite subject ; yet the same thoughts dispos'd in various views, and in different lights and situations, may convey new and different impressions ; like
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the same object seen thro' various mediums, and in different positions of the spectator : Besides, as this book is like to fall into many hands, I am willing to embrace this opportunity, to attempt something which may be of more real service to mankind than the amusements of rhyme, and the more idle entertainments of poetry ; especially as they are the result for the most part of my own observations, in practising physic, and attending the sick in a large and populous town between twenty and thirty years : And I must have passed my time very ill in such a situation, not to have digested some remarks on the oeconomy of life, and the method of preserving and restoring Health. Others may boast of more splendid and more profitable practice, in wealthy and luxurious cities ; but obscure villages and country towns afford as much, or more room for experience and speculation. Here diseases are found in their more native simple dress ; and are often more the effects of bad air, and contagious effluvia, than the debauches of art, and the luxurious indulgences of high life.

HEALTH, after all the definitions of various writers, may be said to consist in an equal, calm, and uniform motion, or circulation of the blood and juices, through all the tubes and canals of the human frame : Every thing, therefore, which has a tendency to disturb, or obstruct, to accelerate, or retard
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this motion and distribution of the animal fluids thro' their respective strainers, must consequently introduce diseases of one kind or other, and destroy the peace and tranquillity of the animal oeconomy. All habitual excesses, which tend to interrupt this peaceful harmony and equilibrium, are condemn'd at once, as very pernicious to the constitution. I need not mention in particular, intemperance of all sorts, *viz.* too great an indulgence to animal foods, high season'd dishes, and all the poisonous preparations of refin'd cookery; hard drinking, violent exercises, violent passions, midnight hours, &c. which tend to give too quick a motion to the fluids, to hurry on the vital tide too fast, without giving it time to perform the proper secretions: Not that all excess is to be condemn'd at proper seasons, if not repeated too often. The circulation may be sometimes too dull and languid, and a seasonable indulgence will tend to exalt the spirits, remove the lentor, and give new life and vigor to the gloomy frame: Like a ship-at sea, we may sometimes suffer by a calm, as well as a storm: Or like stagnating air and water, which will corrupt, and lose its spring, without proper breezes to fan the current, and give it new life and motion. But here recreations, and the diversions of exercise. will answer the same end, in a much safer, and more effectual manner, than company and the bottle. But all vigorous exercises, such as quoits, tennis, racing, and

shooting, wrestling, &c. are now reckon'd too robust and clownish for the modish effeminacys, and genteel refinements of the modern gentlemen of taste and pleasure. Tho' they were the healthy amusements of people of the first rank, for fortune, parts, and wisdom, amongst our ancestors ; they are now rank'd amongst bear-garden recreations, and rustic pastimes, at country villages and rural wakes.

THIS is justly satyriz'd by *Dryden*—

*Our wise forefathers liv'd on simple food,
Toil strung their nerves, toil purify'd their blood,
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men, &c.*

But these gentlemen of elegant taste, and false pleasure, need no other rebuke or chastisement, than that which is the common result of their licentious life, and voluptuous unnatural indulgencys, which are disease, short life, and all the gloomy train of ills which attend a weak state of nerves, and hypocondriacal depressions ; the gout, the scurvy, the gravel, or dropfy, to whose company I leave them.

ALL the disorders which are incident to the human frame, may admit of two general divisions, and are either original, and hereditary, or artificial, and acquir'd. The chief basis and foundation of health consists in a natural sound state of solids, or what
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is commonly called a good constitution. The old saying or axiom is always true—*Gaudeant bene nati*. The *mala stamina vitæ*, can never be entirely recover'd by all the art of physic, nor all the diligence of regimen. It is like a natural bad intractable soil, or a dull heavy saturnine genius, which defeat and frustrate all the skill of cultivation and manure, and all the pains of education and instruction : But for one who inherits a bad natural constitution, there are fifty that destroy a good one. Lord *Bacon* carry'd this matter so far, as to say, That scarce one in a thousand dy'd a natural death.

WHEN the frame and texture of the habit is thus originally bad, the best method is to live by rule, and to fly to the assistance of art to repair and patch up in some measure the defects of nature : Like a building compos'd of brittle materials, it must be shor'd and prop'd up occasionally, tho' it can never be sound and strong. People of this unhappy complexion, are obliged to live regularly, and to have a strict regard to all the non-naturals : And by this means some of the most tender and delicate nerves spin out the thread of life to a longer period than others of a more robust and athletic composition ; who depending on the strength of their constitution, and hurry'd on by a luxuriant impetuosity of spirits, indulge to those excesses which soon terminate in acute diseases.

diseases. And it universally holds good in these cases, that the stronger the habit, the stronger and more violent is the distemper ; as lightning exerts its influence more furiously on solid bodies, and rages the more where it meets with the greatest resistance. To those who are born with weak flaccid fibres, or bad juices, I would recommend from their infancy, along with proper medicines, the lightest and most simple nutriments, as well as thin cloathing, without the pernicious cramps and confinements of tight swathing, and the barbarous custom of close bandage, and ligatures ; which are little better than committing the innocent babe to prison, under the torture and punishment of pins, rollers, shackles, and linnen fetters ; by whose compression the tender limbs of infants are clogg'd in their growth, which ought to have their full play, extension, and liberty. And this rule will hold universally in all cases.

AIR, exercise, and cold bathing, are also very serviceable, when they can be comply'd with, to answer the same intentions of invigorating the habit. As to bathing, few have either the courage, or convenience to submit to cold immersion ; and some of tender nerves can't well bear the shock of so sudden a transition : To such I wou'd advise what has been seldom thought of, but what has been often practis'd with success ; and this is walking, or exercising naked,
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in any proper apartment, or convenient court or garden: This is bathing in the atmosphere: In a Winter morning, it is a gentler cold bath: And if practis'd often with friction, will vastly promote health, by cleansing, and deterging the cutaneous glands, and promoting insensible perspiration. But the use of old, is the *strigil*, now laid aside, and quite inconsistent with the nicety and effeminacy of the present age. The antients very wisely and successfully recommended a variety of exercises for restoring weak constitutions, of which we know but little more than the name. *Galen*, in his book, *de Sanitate tuenda*, has wrote a large treatise on the benefit of the *strigil*, or flesh-brush, and the vast advantage of frequent chafing, in a variety of cases. The *Discus*, and the *parva pila*, were often made use of, not only for pleasure and recreation, but to preserve health, open the pores, and strengthen the fibres in particular disorders. *Fumigation* was also of great use, as well as *Friction*. As to *Friction*, it is still a common saying among the *Indians*, that none have the gout to any great degree, who have slaves enough to rub them: But horses have now only the benefit of this exercise. Of *Fumigation*, as practis'd by the antients, we know nothing now, any farther than the transitory relief of *sal volatile*, or *harshorn* to fainting or dying people, of the modern practice of taking snuff, which is so far

from being serviceable, unless to divert some rheum, that it is become a very pernicious custom, by clogging the head, and blunting the sensation of the olfactory nerves. *Faciation*, and the *Lecti pensiles*, were very much in request amongst the *Romans*, and answer'd the end of opiates now. Many other exercises were formerly recommended, of which *Herodicus*, *Mercurialis*, and other gymnastic writers have copiously treated.

HAVING thus given some general hints, and directions, for the conduct of hereditary constitutional valetudinarians; the next method or step proposed, was to exhibit some rules for the preservation of health in a good constitution, and the cure or mitigation of *acquired* disorders. And here it may be laid down for a fundamental axiom, That 'tis much easier to preserve health, than to restore it when lost. It is certainly very much in our own power, whether we will be sick, or well, happy, or miserable. It is but to hearken to the voice of wisdom, and attend to the sober dictates of calm sense, and reason. Diseases, and sickness will indeed often proceed from contagious effluvia, various accidents, from impressions of the air, and other involuntary causes; but they are oftner the effect of our own irregularitys.

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I SHALL here only mention three things which very much contribute to the preservation of our health: *Temperance*, *Chearfulness*, and *Exercise*. On these three rules, like so many springs or movements, the wheels of life, or the animal machine, may glide on smooth, and serene, 'till the oil, which nourishes the lamp, is spent, and nature sinks under the rust of time, and the burden of years. *Temperance* has been so frequently and justly recommended by divines, physicians, and philosophers, in all ages, that 'tis almost needless to expatiate on such a beaten subject. But, notwithstanding all these admonitions, it is but to little purpose to dictate to the gayety of youth, the madness of pleasure, the invitations of company, and all the luxuriant follies of juvenile heat. A short life and a merry one carries it. But the misfortune is, these gentlemen of riot and extravagance, miss of their imaginary aim, and lose their happiness in sickness and disease, before they have finish'd the race of pleasure. The sight of a hospital or a church-yard, would be a better monitor to such debauchees, than all the lectures of morality, and the precepts of physic. The diseases of the one, the agonys and convulsions of an abus'd, and ruin'd constitution, and the gloomy horror of the other, would preach more powerfully than *Socrates* or *Seneca*, *Sydenham* or *Sherlock*.

BUT having committed these lunatic libertines to the hospital, for the cure of this disorder of the mind, I shall quote a few lines suitable to the subject.

*Health soothes awhile the gay voluptuous spark,
 A fever argues better than a Clark.
 Let pedants waste their hours of ease,
 And sweat all night at Socrates :
 A mould'ring tomb, or dying bed,
 Says all that the old sages said.
 For me, these shatter'd bones contain
 More morals than the Vatican :
 For when I find my virtue fail,
 And vice and luxury prevail,
 Among the tombs I'll take a turn,
 And meditate on Scipio's urn ;
 There the vile foot of every slave
 Insults a Charles or a Gustave ;
 Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.*

OUR existence in this life is not unfitly compar'd, as well by divines, as poets and philosophers, to a voyage, or transitory passage over a dangerous, rough, and fluctuating sea, ruffled with storms, and agitated by tempests, full of shoals, sands and pirates, where reason is the guide, and polestar, and experience the best pilot.

Thro'

*Thro' life's vast ocean, diversly we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale, &c.*

POPE.

THIS comparison is made use of by *Homer*, who paints out human life in the *Odysssey*, by representing *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* sailing over various seas, under the conduct of *Mentor*, or Wisdom. On one coast the *Syrens*, with all the allurements of love, on another *Circe*, with the intoxicating snares of wine, and luxurious arts, try all their skill to seduce the youthful traveller ; which is beautifully allegoriz'd by the transformation into swine, or fots. But the young adventurer, with heroic fortitude, resists all temptations, 'till he arrives safe at the destin'd harbour.

NEXT to *Temperance*, *Chearfulness* has a great tendency to promote, and preserve health. As there is a near communication, and sympathy between the intellectual, and organical frame, whatever affects one, must also influence the other. This is too evident to require much illustration. How many have pin'd away in atrophys, and dissolv'd in consumptions, by grief, anxiety, and disappointed love, which like a silent canker, or subterranean fire, prey on the vitals, and sap the strongest constitution.—*Vulnus alit Venus, et coeco carpitur igne.*—Gayety, and
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cheerfulness awaken every faculty of the soul, exalt the spirits, and diffuse new life and vigor o'er the animal frame. It was an old saying—*Ira furor brevis est*—or, anger is a short madness. It may be as well call'd a fever of a short duration. And those who are subject to frequent returns of these fits, or paroxysms of passion, ought to bleed, and be dieted, as much as those who labour under an acute distemper, attended with great inflammation, convulsive motions, and a high delirium : people subject to anger being affected with the same symptoms. The government of the passions therefore, as it is connected with the preservation of health, falls under the province of physic, as well as morality. When the mind is calm and serene, the spirits and vital tide are calm and compos'd too; the animal frame sympathizes in the peaceful harmony, and moves in a sedate and regular manner. But violent passions, like a hurricane, throw all into a ferment, and destroy that equilibrium, and tranquility, in which health consists. Passion raises a tempest in the constitution, and is a sort of earthquake in the human frame. We can't command the elements without, nor regulate the clouds, the winds and the vapours; but 'tis very much in our power to keep fair weather, and sunshine within. This subject of the regulation of our passions has been so often illustrated by the best authors, that 'tis impossible to say much upon it without

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out tautology : Tho' such directions cannot be inculcated too often ; nor *Marcus Antonius*, *Seneca*, and *Epietetus*, be consulted too much on this occasion. But I shall conclude these remarks with some quotations from one of the greatest princes, as well as the wisest philosopher amongst the antients ; however unfashionable such citations may be. *Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools. Avoid strife and contention, and peace shall prolong thy days.* Eccles.

NEXT to the peace and tranquility of the mind, the *exercise* of the body (to which may be added air) is vastly conducive to the preservation of health. The very frame and structure of our bodys, silently admonishes us that we were made for an active life. Every organ, and every nerve, is form'd to bear the ply and flexibility of motion, and the muscles to slide on lubricating cartilages, like so many pulleys. Without frequent motion, the blood will stagnate, and the circulation become languid in the capillarys, the fibres stiff and rigid, and contract a sort of rust like clocks, watches, and other machines, if not wound up, and set a going.

NEXT to *Exercise*, there is nothing contributes more to preserve health than air, which may be very properly called the breath of life. People who

confine themselves to little, close, wainscotted rooms, are for this reason apt to be unhealthy ; subject to palpitations, nervous oppressions, and liable to take cold. Some modern rooms are, in a lesser degree, like *exhausted receivers* ; and was it not for the benefit of a chimney, those who indulge to an inactive sedentary life, would be in great danger of suffocation. It is certain, that those who are most expos'd to the air, can best bear the impressions of it. Air is the grand instrument and engine of respiration ; and it depends very much on the weight, and pressure of this circumambient body, whether we are sick, or well, gay or gloomy, according to the different effects of its rarefaction, and elasticity ; or its laxity, and condensation. But without entering into the philosophy, and the wonderful texture, and properties of this invisible fluid, the effects of it are obvious, and apparent, by the health, vigour, and long lives of peasants, shepherds, carriers, and others who are most expos'd to it, in all its varieties. These observations, with regard to air, exercise, &c. may be confirmed by many instances of longævity ; and the examples of those who have run out the longest races, with health, and vigour ; who commonly lived in rural abodes, mountains, and desarts, with great temperance, exercise, and simplicity of diet : Such as the *British Druids*, the *Patriarchs*, the *Indian Brachmans*, the *primitive Fathers* and *Hermits*, amongst whom

whom a hundred years was no uncommon date. I cou'd here mention many more recent instances in our own climate ; such as *Donald Ray*, of *Skie*, *Henry Jenkins*, of *Yorkshire*, who dy'd at 163, and is reckon'd the oldest person we have any account of in story since the deluge ; and *Thomas Parr*, who was brought to court at 152, in the reign of King *Charles* the first, to receive an untimely end, even at that age, by the smoak and diet of a city.

IT is evident from hence, that health, vigor, and long life, are the genuine offspring of sobriety and exercise ; that they thrive more in barren regions, and desert mountains, than in the fruitful plains of *Campania*, or *Andalusia* ; that nature is content with little ; but that air, earth, and sea, and all the elements, cannot satisfy either the thirst of ambition, or the cravings and madness of luxurious epicures.

AFTER recommending these general precepts for the preservation of health, and the prevention of diseases, the next intention was to give some directions for the restoring lost health, and the cure of distempers, by proper regimen and medicines.

AND here it may be laid down as a certain fundamental axiom, or proposition,—That the method of
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cure must vary, and differ according to the different habit, and constitution of the patient ; as well as their different climate, air, manner of living, season of the year, age, and other circumstances. Different complexions, constitutions, and causes of distempers, call for different ways and means of treating them : A person of a thin, choleric, vigorous, and sanguine temperament, certainly requires other medicines, and management, than the melancholy, the corpulent, the cold, and leucophlegmatic : The same holds good with regard to the other distinctions : And indeed the chief practice of physic, consists in suiting and adapting the regimen, according to all the exigencies of the case, and the varieties of habit, &c. We might as well find out one garment to fit every shape of body, and one last for every foot, as one receipt, or file of medicines, to accommodate itself to all disorders. This shews the folly and absurdity of all universal, infallible remedies.

As we are form'd according to the strictest laws of mechanism ; and as the greatest, and most wonderful skill, and wisdom, are display'd in the structure, and organization of our frames ; regulated by the laws of motion, and the forces of muscular power, it certainly requires some skill, if not mathematical knowledge, to rectify the disorders of such a complicated machine. As to our external
frame,

frame, we resemble clocks, or other automata, or rather an hydraulic machine ; where the heart, like a central fountain, distributes the purple tide, thro' an infinite number of cylindrical pipes, tubes, and canals, and is subject to the same laws as other propell'd fluids.* As almost all disorders may be accounted for from too great a velocity, or too great a lentor, and sluggishness in the circulation, the method of cure must depend very much on adjusting the powers of medicines, or their *vis momenti*, according to the greater, or less resistance they meet with. Such reasoning, founded on the principles of mechanical philosophy, may be in many instances applyed to rectify the obstructions of the animal machine ; tho' not with such a degree of certainty as an artificer, who can take abroad and inspect the wheels, and movements of an inanimate machine ; yet a great deal may be done by a thorough knowledge of the human structure, and the laws of secretion, compar'd to the ignorance of those, who depend on mere experience only, and occult, immechanical operations.

WE might as well be thought, according to the Epicurean doctrine, to be created by chance, and

* *Divini conditoris mechanicen, satis admirari non possumus, ad regulas Mathematicas planè-adaptatem.*—WILLIS. PHARMAC.

form'd at random, as to be cured at random. To be thus harmoniously jumbled together by a casual concourse of particles, and the declination of combining atoms, as to be set to rights, and adjusted again, by as fortuitous a combination of medicines, without meaning, design, or rational direction : Therefore all medicinal applications, which are founded on precarious hypotheses, and owe their reputation to the plausible, chimerical, and idle pretences of certainty and infallibility, ought to be despis'd by all men of sober sense and judgment. Such empirical schemes are as romantic and impracticable, as the investigation of the philosopher's stone, or the art of restoring youth to old age, like *Jolauts*. All those pompous preparations of *Elixirs of Life*, *Panaceas*, *Specifics*, divine *Arcana*, &c. are only the idle dreams of enthusiastic chymists, or artful impostors, and are fitter to amuse the imagination, than to inform the understanding, or repair a broken constitution. Yet such is the credulity of mankind, that people, who reason well in other matters, are daily impos'd on by such infallible nostrums ; which are said to work cures without any regard to skill or judgment, and without any previous preparation. But cures perform'd in this manner, must certainly be ascribed to mere chance, or to charms, and fascination. Such remedies, whatever they be, must be supposed to have some secret commission or sagacity, like blood-hounds
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on the scent, to find out the guilty, morbid particles, expel them at once, and put them to a total flight. These gentlemen of mystery, pretend to cure pleurisy without bleeding, fevers without sweating, and all foulness and obstructions in the stomach, and *primæ viæ*, without vomiting, or purging. But *Augeas's* stable might as soon be cleansed by a bucket of water, as such loads removed without some evacuation, unless fasting will do the business. In all these cases, it is certainly best to follow the light and dictates of nature, which direct us far otherwise. A surfeit, or crapula, is often cured by a natural vomiting, or purging; colds, and the first attacks of a fever, by natural sweats; a plethora by natural hæmorrhages, or critical discharges of one kind or other: At least nature, or the constitution exerts its efforts, by some such methods, to conquer the disease, which, if too weak, calls for the assistance of art. But still nature is the guide and polestar, to direct us how to proceed, and steer the medical course: Without whose sacred light, and influence, we are expos'd to the naked rocks, and barren shoals of ignorance, or subject to the capricious direction of every wanton gale, and the piratical attacks of quacks, and empirics, who board us under false colours.

BUT without entering into any philosophical enquiries and reasonings, which I have no room for
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here, I have always found, after much experience and observation, that the cure of most diseases, whether acute or chronical, depends very much on seasonable evacuations, at the first approach and formation of the distemper, by bleeding or cleansing the stomach, and *primæ viæ*, or grand alimentary duct, according as the habit requires. It is reasonable to conclude, as well as matter of fact, that most disorders are originally deriv'd from some irregularitys, and indigestion in those parts: and where the cause is, the remedy ought to be apply'd. 'Twill be to little purpose to aim at cleansing, and rectifying the remoter cells, and finer tubes of the human body, when the obstruction lies in the larger canals, and grand receptacles. We might, with equal reason, attempt to scour the distant pipes and branches of an aquæduct, when the fault, or stoppage lies in the basin, or original fountain. This is beginning at the wrong end, and will never succeed in practice, however plausible it may appear in speculation.

MOST disorders in our climate, except those which are the growth of intemperance, are owing to an obstructed perspiration, or what is commonly call'd taking cold. In these cases the perspirable particles, or invisible steam, which ought to pass off thro' the cutaneous glands, is thrown in upon some of the larger, and noble organs, the stomach, lungs, or viscera.

ra. Here the constitution, sensible of an unusual load, endeavours to expel and discharge itself of the burthen, by various efforts of vomiting, purging, sweating, &c. Thus we are plainly directed what method to take, since as as we are form'd on the principles of self-preservation, nature never errs in her first attempts to relieve itself: and 'tis certain there are more disorders prevented by attending to these first motions and admonitions, than ever are cured afterwards. When we have thus finish'd the great fundamental business of evacuation, the next step is, to reduce, or direct the o'er-flowing juices, like swelling streams, into their antient ducts and channels again. As obstructed perspiration is the original, or at least, general cause of all fevers, the method of treating them in particular, is plainly pointed out, *viz.* To open the secretory, cutaneous pores, by gentle diaphoretics, and plentiful dilution, or in other words to attenuate the too great viscosity and cohesion of the blood, which is commonly the case in fevers of all denominations: as the materia medica abounds with sudorifics, those ought to be selected, which are most appropriated to the exigencys of the case, or the various symptoms of the fever. But in the general, I have always experienc'd that the *testacea*, either with or without the *serpentaria*, or some other warm drug, the most universally successful. A fever is a term of a vague, loose, undetermined meaning; but

but without entering into all its divisions, it may be rang'd under two general heads, which comprehend almost all the different species, *viz. inflammatory* or *nervous*, and depress'd ; high, or low, effluent, or influent ; these distinct tribes require as distinct and different a management. In the first class, when the blood runs high, with an impetuous tide, turgid pulse, deliria, &c. the patient cannot be kept too low, nor dilution indulg'd too much : the milder *testacea*, assisted with cooling salts, and pacific emulsions, are highly necessary, to lessen the velocity, and impetus of the tumultuous fluids. But in the slow, or depress'd kind, the warmer medicines must take place, to diffuse the vital heat, to quicken the languid circulation, and divert the disorder from the viscera, and internal parts, where it is apt to center. Blistering is, more particularly here, of great and universal use, as nothing takes off the lentor of the blood, more than this stimulus, nor opens the secretions better ; and is consequently a most powerful and safe diluter, and attenuator, especially when there is any disposition to comatose symptoms. As to particular, local fevers, such as the pleurisy, angina, sciatica, &c. I have always found, after proper phlebotomy, that blistering as near as possible to the part affected, (with dilution, and suitable attenuating medicines) has caus'd the most immediate de-

derivation and relief. And in all vertigoes, epilepfys, and lethargic cafes, where the head is originally affected, there is nothing better than a large epispastic, to take in all the back part of the head, like a large coif; which, if applied in time, commonly gives a certain relief.

THESE general hints will suffice for the conduct of most fevers, except those of an *irregular, anomalous* kind, which fall under no proper rule, and are subject to no laws, but the all-wise, unerring, and universal cognizance of a *specific doctor*; who can provide for all these varietys, and contingencys at once, by some infallible *Proteus* like medicine, that can shift itself into all forms, and be accommodated to all constitutions, and exigencys, like a conjurer's cap, or a magic lanthorn. Of this kind are Dr. *Henry's* and *James's* powders, and twenty other infallible, omnipotent *nostrums*, which are to cure by patent, and to perform miracles by the sanction of senates, and the authority of parliament. But a conclave of cardinals, and venerable synods may, with as good a grace, dictate to our faith and understanding, as these to our health; and infallible councils as well save our souls, as the other our lives. These *panacean* remedies are calculated for all fevers indifferently, as well as other disorders, and are to cure at all events, and serve for all meridians: They are to perform the attack, and fall on at once, without regard to any pre-

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vious method, order, or evacuation. Sometimes, indeed, like bold undisciplin'd troops, they may obtain the victory, by the suddenness, and impetuosity of the onset, more by surprize, than prudence. But the wise and cautious physician, like a discreet general, makes his approaches in a calm and regular manner; he observes the posture of the enemy, and the disposition of the ground. The *empiric* shoots at random; the other attacks with art, and is conducted by discretion. But credulity will carry it, while the world is more govern'd by the caprice of novelty and prodigy, than by reason and common sense; for there is certainly a great deal of mystery, enthusiasm, and fanaticism in physic, as well as in divinity. Tho' freedom of writing, and enquiry, has gone a great way, in breaking the spell, and dissolving the enchantment, since the days of *Van Helmont* and *Paracelsus*.

MY next intention is to add a few observations, with regard to *chronical* disorders. In these cases there is more room, and time, and a larger field for medicines to exert their force, than in *acute* cases, which soon terminate, and come to a *crisis*. The *Materia Medica*, in both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, abounds with an infinite number of medicines, of various virtue and intention, either *sudorific*, *diuretic*, *alterative*, &c. according as the constitution

stitution is dispos'd, or as nature points out the way. Here experience and observation must be the chief guide, since 'tis impossible to discover the virtues and properties of material substances *à priori*, by any chymical tortures, or microscopical inspections: The texture and configuration of the parts of any simple, after the strictest analytical scrutiny, will never make it confess its latent virtue; no philosophy, for instance, could discover that the particles which constitute *Ipecacuana*, *Jalap*, or *Aloes*, were impregnated with an emetic, or cathartic quality, 'till use and experience had confirm'd it.

BUT amidst all the boundless variety of simple or compound remedies, there are three in modern practice, of remarkable force and efficacy, viz. *Opium*, *Mercury*, and the *Bark*, at least in obstinate chronical cases: These are the three grand powers or pillars of medicine (except the class of evacuating remedies) on which the whole fabric of modern practice is supported; and if any great, and surprizing cures are perform'd, it is chiefly by the assistance, and combination of one or other of those powerful drugs.

OPIMUM, by its pacific quality, gives the most divine and sensible relief, under all violent and torturing impressions of pain, and in most diarrhæas, and other preternatural, profuse discharges; and even in high

inflammatory fevers, there is nothing calms the fury and impetuosity of the blood more than some anodyne preparation ; it is also vastly serviceable in some maniacal cases, if given in large doses, after proper evacuation, for the same reason. A person in a high delirious fever, or phrensy, being, for the time, in a state of madness, and inflam'd with all the symptoms of a maniac. This composing, narcotic drug, soothes the rage of the spirits, takes off the stimulus of pain, and throws the whole frame into a pleasing calm and tranquility, diffuses a sort of music and harmony on the constitution, and produces the same gentle transporting sensation on the body, as harmonious sounds on the mind. *Opium* has also a very great and sensible effect, when applied outwardly, which demonstrates that it is of a most diffusive, penetrating nature. I have often known violent fits of the cholic, and pains in the stomach, and other parts relieved by nothing but proper, anodyne plaisters, where the internal use of it could not be comply'd with.

NEXT to *Opium*, *Mercury* is a noble, and most powerful deobstruent. As it is compos'd of extremely subtle, volatile, and ponderous particles, it is capable by the heat, and molecular action of the stomach, of passing the lacteals in a fine vapor, or effluvia ; and consequently nothing is so well adapted to open all glandular obstructions, and to attenuate

ate the too great cohesion of the blood, by means of its expansive *power*, *fluidity* and *momentum*. As most chronic disorders are to be ascrib'd to too great a viscosity or lentor, the active force of *Mercury*, administer'd in small quantities, dissolves the siziness, opens the natural secretions, and acts as a *glandular purge*, and detergent in the remotest capillarys, and recesses of the human frame; not to mention its more immediate efficacy in obstructions of the great concoctive organ, the stomach, and bowels. The virtues and powers of this noble mineral may be variously applied, and directed, according to the intention in view; and may be made either sudorific, cathartic, or diuretic, if blended and incorporated with medicines, endu'd with those respective properties. Mercurial pills thus compounded are the finest alterative yet discover'd, and will perform wonders in some obstinate cases, and scorbutic and scrupulous obstructions, of which I could give a multitude of instances.

THE next great and powerful remedy is the *Peruvian Cortex*, the discovery of which noble drug has been of more service to mankind, than all the golden mines of that country. This is the only specific we have in medicine, and is infallible in all periodical cases. But without regard to its wonderful use, and virtue in intermitting disorders, it is an excellent *stomachic*, in most cases, attended with relaxation, weak,

flaccid nerves, and moist habits ; and when combin'd and assisted by suitable diaphoretics, such as *Guaiacum*, *Valerian*, *Serpentaria*, the *Pulvis Ari*, &c. to open, and expand its resinous particles, it becomes an excellent *alterative* and *antiscorbutic*. Indeed, each of these noble drugs, or engines of medicine, may be determined thro' various ways or canals, and act with joint forces, when blended with each other, or with different remedys, according to the design and conduct of the physician or manager ; as the pipes of a fountain may be directed this, or that way, or with a greater, or less velocity, or impetus, according to the management or disposition of the cocks and springs.

I HAVE thus concisely hinted at a few of the virtues of these three great, and wonderful remedys : These fundamental, and powerful drugs, together with the *Testacea*, and a few others, will still keep up their credit and reputation, amidst all the *farrago* of medicine, and the confusion and uncertainty of the *Materia Medica*. In the general, I have always observ'd, that the more simple and uncompounded these, as well as other remedys are, they are the more successful and efficacious. The furnaces of the laboratory, and the tortures of chymical fire, with its various *sublimations*, and *menstruums*, have indeed furnish'd us with a great variety of artificial *extracts* *crocusses*,
elixirs,

elixirs, &c. but many of them are uncertain, or violent in their operation, and will sometimes kill, as well as cure : They are, in this respect, like the modern refinements of cookery, and the chymical fire is often as pernicious as the culinary one. The more simple and natural our food, as well as our physic, it is generally the more pure and wholesome. A vast number of these artificial preparations, usher'd in with pompous names, and glittering sounds, have started up in all ages, and overflowed the practice with a deluge of drugs ; but their reign has been generally short, and their reputation transitory ; like successive waves, or alternate puppets, they are soon jostled off the stage, to make way for new comers ; or, like hovering phantoms, amuse our fancies with delusive glare, then shoot away, and vanish into air.

I MIGHT here, if I had room, enumerate the virtues of various simples, and vegetables, which have fell under the course of my practice. Having here perhaps had opportunitys of making more observations than those who live in large cities, remote from herbs, who find that the pharmaceutical preparations of the shops, frequent prescriptions, and the gilded apparatus, and pomp of physic, are much readier at hand, and more pleasing to their patients, as well as more useful to themselves, than the simple, and natural infusion of herbs, decoctions, and all the

useful pursuits of botany. But as I often attend the poor in the country, who can neither see the prescriber, nor pay the apothecary, I have frequently been oblig'd to send them to the fields, and gardens, for those salutary herbs, or roots, which nature has provided for the relief of mankind, without penetrating the bowels of the earth, and ransacking both the *Indies*. I shall here mention a few of the most remarkable simples, however disagreeable it may be to the present fashion, and dress of pharmacy; for there is a fashion, and mode in medicine, as well as in cloaths, tho' the *capital remedies* I have mention'd, have still kept up their credit, amidst all the changes and revolutions of the physical empire.

GROUND-IVY, or *Ale-hoof*, is a valuable, and noble plant, and scarce any vegetable cleanses, and deterges more powerfully, or in other words, is a safer or milder pectoral. This was the herb, as *Temple* observes, with which our ancestors made their common drink, who were esteem'd the longest livers in the world: It is also the more to be valu'd, as it is to be gather'd in almost all places, and all seasons of the year; as if providence design'd that to be most easily obtain'd, which is most useful. *Camomile*, *Rue*, *Betony*, *Liverwort*, *Colts-foot*, and *Buck-bean*, the roots of *Garlick*, *Aron*, *Valerian*, and *Burdock*, have all great and sovereign virtues, in their respective

tive classes, however common, and neglected, as vulgar, and obsolete, by the caprice of new inventions, and the tyranny of custom. The virtues of *Elder* and *Sage* would fill a volume, besides many others of equal worth and value. The wise author of nature has amply furnish'd us with phyfic, as well as food, in these medicinal plants: I have often found well-chosen diet-drinks, effectually remove several disorders, that have eluded all the art of nicer pharmacy. But the study of botany is now too much neglected for artificial preparations, and the genteel cant, and interests of phyfic; nothing will avail with some but chymical compositions, and we are to be conjur'd into health all at once, by some *enchanted pill*, or *drop*, or some such wonderful *catholicon*. But this was not the practice of *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Celsus*, or *Sydenham*, who study'd nature more: *Virgil* mentions it as the principal character of *Iapis*, who cur'd *Æneas*.

Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi.

It was his part

To study herbs, and know the healing art.

SOME people, who perhaps aim more at amusement than instruction, may wonder that I have not been more copious in enumerating the medicines appropriate

propriated to particular disorders, and their respective virtues. But (not to mention that this would be inconsistent with the intended brevity of this essay) I think such disquisitions are more calculated for the entertainment of the reader, than for his real use, and service : For whatever are the general and specific virtues, and powers of medicines, the particular use and application of them must eternally vary ; and depend at last on the skill and judgment of the prescriber. There is nothing more useless, and impertinent, than the confus'd, and immethodical accounts we find in some botanic, and medical writers, who, like *Culpeper* and *Salmon*, ascribe indiscriminately, almost all sorts of virtues, to all herbs, and medicines. But a bundle of receipts, or an apothecary's file, will as well qualify a person for practice, as such common-place cant, and undistinguish'd descriptions.

BUT not having time to expatiate, I shall only observe, that the wise and beneficent author of nature has adorn'd the earth with an infinite, and beautiful variety of plants and vegetables, which are many of them only fit for medicinal uses : And that there is in every climate, and region, a sufficient provision made for the wants and necessities of its respective inhabitants, both *dietetic*, and *physical*. And consequently, navigation has rather supply'd us with materials for the luxury and effeminacy of life, than
for

for its real cravings, and necessities. This is demonstrated from the health, vigor, and happiness of the old *Britons*, *Brasilians*, &c. before they had any commerce, or communication with other nations, or were polish'd and civiliz'd into riches, luxury, and diseases. As *Pope* has beautifully represented.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind, &c.

Sir *William Temple* has also very justly made the same observations ; and has himself took notice of six medicinal plants peculiar to our climate, (tho' many might be added of equal value) *viz.* *Sage*, *Rue*, *Saffron*, *Ale-booff*, *Garlick*, and *Elder* ; the virtues of which he has particularly specify'd.

I HAVE thus communicated a few observations on this important subject of *Health*, chiefly collected from my own experience ; in which my sole view has been to suggest some hints (or rather faint *Sketches*, and *outlines*, for others to fill up, and finish) that may tend to promote the health, and happiness of mankind, without regard to the ambitious and mercenary views of some in modern practice, or to the false ostentation of illiterate pretenders, and designing empirics : And if it don't add to the happiness of others, it will certainly add to my own, that my design was good, and my intention honest. I shall only observe, with a celebrated writer,

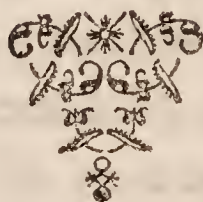
ter,

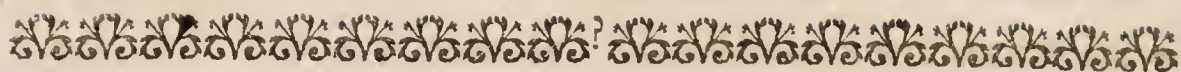
ter, *That Health is commonly the blessing of the poor, and not of the rich : And that if the rich wou'd be healthy or happy, they must live like the poor, tho' they may shine with the great ; or do that by choice, which the others do by necessity.*

IT may be inferr'd from hence, that *Health* is the golden *Hesperian* fruit of *Exercise*, *Quiet*, and *Temperance*, which may be comprised in these two lines :

*A happy being, and a peaceful end,
On Toil, Content, and Temperance depend.*

I SHALL conclude these cursory remarks, with a poem compos'd a great many years ago ; which being adapted to the subject, I have now revised and corrected, tho' a very intractable theme for poetry.





T O
Dr. M O R G A N,
O N H I S
P H I L O S O P H I C A L P R I N C I P L E S
O F
M E D I C I N E.



A S useful labors call for grateful praise,
Accept this tribute of my humble lays :
Great is the task, extensive is the theme,
Great as your work, extensive as your fame ;
Yet shall the muse attempt the vast design,
And your applause resound in every Line.

In the primæval, happy days of old,
When golden years their radiant circles roll'd,
When

When on wild fruits, and herbs, men liv'd content,
 And thankful took what heaven's rich bounty sent.
 No noxious humors stain'd the purple tide,
 Nor *luxury* fought, what *nature* had deny'd :
 They drank the chrystal stream, and sweetly slept
 On mossy couches, with the flocks they kept ;
 Grief then was absent, sickness hardly known,
 Peaceful they liv'd, and dy'd without a groan.

DISEASE at first sprung from its parent vice,
 And hence the *Healing Art* deriv'd its rise :
 Immortal art ! whose power divinely saves,
 From pining sickness, and devouring graves.
 Plain remedies at first were valu'd most,
 The drugs were few, and moderate the cost.
 The sick were cur'd without a *gilded pill*,
 A *sovereign bolus*, or a pompous bill.
 As vice increas'd, so *physic*, by degrees,
 Increas'd its empire, and increas'd its fees ;
 In after ages more mysterious grew,
 As pride prevail'd, and interest came in view ;
 Drest by designing Men, in dark disguise,
 And veil'd in awful shapes from vulgar eyes.

WITH *Galen's* sect a cloud of med'cines came,
 Of various form, and venerable name ;
Physic was all confusion, all profound,
 While jargon reign'd, and learning lay in sound.

Th'

The learned *Arabs*, from old writings, drew
 A compound scheme, and model'd all anew.
 Involv'd in clouds of smoak, and chymic flame,
Van Helmont next, and *Paracelsus* came.
 While truth, and nature's light, was darken'd o'er,
 And the great *Coan* precepts shone no more,
 'Till the last age appear'd, when gleams of light
 Shot thro' the chaos, and dispel'd the night.

THEN *Bacon* flourish'd, whose extensive mind,
 On solid fact immortal schemes design'd :
 While *Hobbs*, and *Harvey*, *Clerc*, *Baglive*, and *Boyle*,
 Pursu'd fair truth, with an unweary'd toil.
Boyle on experiment alone rely'd,
 And nature, which he lov'd, was still his guide.

LOCKE now appear'd like some propitious light,
 And chas'd the shades of metaphysic right ;
 He all the schoolmen's sophistry display'd,
 And welcome truth to every art convey'd.

SYDENHAM made practice by experience plain,
 Taught by no idle fictions of the brain ;
Sydenham the old, the simple way renew'd,
 Nor study'd what was *great*, but what was *good*.

THE scene still changes each revolving year,
 And lo ! new wonders to our view appear :

See

See health on Seraphs wings, divinely bright,
 Shines with the rays of *mathematic light*.
 Such was of late the pleasing vast surprize,
 When northern streamers lighted all the skys ;
 When, soon as shades of night the earth o'erspread,
 Amaz'd we saw new morning o'er our head.
 With thirst of knowledge fir'd, see every sage,
 With learned labor, in the work engage.

BUT tho' such numbers have pursu'd the theme,
 To you alone we owe a *finish'd scheme*.
 All that *Bellini*, *Keill*, or *Pitcairne* dar'd,
 At best is faint essay, with your's compar'd.
 The great *Boerhaave* will hail the grateful sight,
 And read you o'er with wonder and delight.

You leave the beaten circle of the schools,
 And the dull round of antiquated rules ;
 On *facts* depend, then *reason from th' effect*,
 And with establish'd truths your scheme connect ;
 While by just consequence, from these you draw
 Some *fundamental* rule, and *useful law*.

SUCH was the path immortal *Newton* trod,
 He form'd the wond'rous plan, and mark'd the rod ;
 Led by this clue, he travel'd o'er the sky,
 And marshal'd all the shining worlds on high.

Mature in thought, you *Newton's* laws reduce
 To nobler ends, and more important use :
 To guard man's feeble frame from fell disease,
 Or when we sink with pain to give us ease :
 For every ail ascribe its proper *cause*,
 To nature's govern'd by *mechanic laws* ;
 You shew how springy air affects our frame,
 To raise, or to depress the vital flame :
 How orbs above by gravitation steer,
 Impress their force, and influence the air ;
 How *Cynthia's* silent energy presides,
 Ferments the blood, and agitates the tides.

WHEN fatal fevers kindle flames within,
 Which raging glow o'er all the scorch'd machine,
 You shew how nature prudently detains
 Diluting serum in the burning veins ;
 Your well-tim'd medicines mitigate the heat,
 And o'er the frame diffuse a balmy sweat :
 The monster *Febris* flies the potent spell,
 In haste retires, and calmly seeks her cell.
Medicine from hence shall triumph with success,
 Nor pining patients linger in distress.

MY raptur'd muse sees with prophetic eyes,
 New ages roll along, new systems rise ;
 Sees phyfic on *mechanic reasoning* climb,
 And raise a structure to the skys sublime ;

Sees sickness fled, *Health* bloom with cherub face,
 And age creep on, with slow, reluctant pace;
Experience with her torch, direct our youth,
 Scatter the mists, and light the way to *truth*.
 While dark Hypothesis no more prevails,
 Nor pupils listen to romantic tales :
 Nor proud *authority* with bug-bear rules
 Enslaves our minds, or dictates in the schools.
 But *liberty* sits Goddess of our isle,
 And peaceful blessings all around her smile ;
 Darkness and bigotry before her fly,
 And truth, and virtue, grow beneath her eye.





The S U R P R I Z E :

Occasion'd by a Person's Receiving

Mourning for a FRIEND, a young Lady,
Who Feign'd herself Dead.



A R E these the presents friends bestow ?
Sad representatives of woe !
Black trophies of departing breath,
Signals of darkness, and of death.
Unwelcome gifts ! which only wait
To dress the messenger of fate.

AND is the blooming fair one fled,
And *Delia* mingled with the dead ?
She who all other darts defy'd,
Herself the fatal shaft has try'd.
Her air so sprightly, and so gay,
She banish'd every care away ;
And when alive cou'd wonders do,
And keep her friends from dying too.*

* Alluding to her curing some young Ladys of the Vapours.

THUS while I musing sat in tears,
 A grateful sound salutes my ears :
 It is her voice, her air, her frame,
 Or else, some visionary dream.
 'Tis *Delia's* self! with glad surprize,
 The living fair salutes my eyes.
 To dying criminals, reprieve
 Cou'd ne'er more rapturous pleasure give.
 Not showers which cool the thirsty plain,
 Not smiles to a despairing swain,
 Than to my mind, oppress'd with care,
 This *Resurrection* of the fair.

LIFE, like a flower, we often say,
 Blooms fair awhile, then fades away.
 You best the metaphor explain,
 For you can *die*, and *rise* again.

BUT oh ! how barbarous, how unkind,
 To torture thus your lover's mind ?
 Each friend, for such rude treatment, thinks,
 You are more savage than a *Lynx* ;
 And frolic as the apish tribe,
 In the same region who reside.
 May you, for this, for ever more,
 Transported be to that wild shore,
 Where baboons dance, and lions roar.



T H E
WHEEL-BARROW,
A POEM:

Occasion'd by the Author's seeing his own Works truckl'd
along in Bundles, in a WHEEL-BARROW.



'T IS said, all nature moves on wheels,
And every world the impulse feels;
The purple tide, on wheels unseen,
Glides thro' the animal machine;
On wheels of state great kingdoms move,
And imitate the orbs above;
State-lott'rys thus are wheel'd about,
Where fools put in—and knaves draw out;
The cart-wheel round its axis rolls,
As stars revolve about their poles;
And thus the lofty *Muses* song,
In humble *Barrow* rolls along.
Oh! how the bard's bright fame shall rise,
That in a *Wheel-Barrow* mounts the skys!

AM-

AMBITIOUS poet ! tell us why
 You stoop so low—to rise so high ?
 The lofty Muse sublime, shou'd dare
 Ride in her chariot thro' the air,
Elijah like, as 'tis related,
 In flying coach to heaven translated.
 Sure *Pegasus* is grown a jade,
 To be thus slovenly convey'd :
 Yet *Blackmore* was condemn'd to *Styx*.
 Tho' wont to ride in coach and fix.

OUR poet, sure, cou'd have no pride,
 In such a Phaeton to ride.
 Can this vile vehicle be fit
 To carry poetry and wit ?
 This rumbling implement, design'd
 For uses of ignobler kind ;
 To carry rubbish, loam, or lime,
 Now groans beneath a load of rhyme ;
 Yet partly its old use retains,
 To bear the *rubbish* of the brains ;
 And as it bears the poet's song,
 With its own music wheels along.
 Oh ! how the anxious bard wou'd rue,
 If thus the verse shou'd rumble too.

I DOUBT it bodes some fatal spell,
 To mount in such low vehicle.

In carts as malefactors hie,
 At *Tyburn's* tragic tree to die :
 To see your tomes in *Barrow* vile
 Convey'd,— wou'd make a *Cynic* smile :
 And shou'd they share an equal fate,
 How short would be the muse's date ?
 But 'twou'd be most infernal sentence,
 For *Bards* to die without repentance :
 Yet thus you'd mount toward the sky,
 Aloft in air suspended high.

THIS *Barrow* now shall wheel no more,
 In dirty errands, as before :
 Shall that machine which bore the bays,
 And truckl'd with immortal lays ,
 Be doom'd to labour in highways ?
 To carry fruit, or lumber fit,
 Which bore the golden fruit of wit ?
 It wou'd, thus prostituted, mourn,
 To the old drudgery to return.
 Triumphal chariots still by charter
 Repose in pomp forever after.
 'Tis said the famous *Bucentaur*,
 Which once the *Doge* of *Verice* bore,
 For such high service does remain
 In state—and seldom fail again ;
 And thus the *Barrow* shall be blest,
 And rot in everlasting rest.

CHARIOTS, which won th' *Olympic* race,
 Of other chariots still took place :
 So shall all other *Barrows* bow,
 And *truckle* to this *Barrow* now.

By sage astronomers we're told,
 In fabulous history of old,
 That fam'd *Auriga** by translation,
 Became a radiant constellation.
 Then who this *Barrow* can deny
 An equal honour in the sky ?
 There for such merit to remain,
 Immortal made, like *Charles's Wain* :
 On this base earth no more to drag on,
 No *Wheel-Barrow*, but now a *Waggon*.

* The celestial *Waggoner*, or *Carter*, a Constellation, consisting of 14 Stars. The Inventor of the *Waggon* was said to be translated to Heaven by *Jupiter*.

F I N I S.



